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FROM YOUR PUBLISHER

How many times have you heard a familiar song on the radio and it's taken you back to when you were first in love? A certain stroke on the guitar flashes the memory of his lips on yours....Music arouses so many feelings, and ties the special moments of our lives together in one seemingly continuous chord. It can make us smile, weep and laugh—sometimes all at the same time.

I once heard a successful rocker say that in this world, love and music were inseparable—that every time he had sex with a woman, some sort of love was exchanged—no matter how fleeting and temporary the relationship. He felt strongly that this was a view held by the majority of musicians that he knew. It may seem a rather odd concept coming from the world of rock 'n' roll, where images of anonymous and immediate self-gratification spring quickly to mind, but maybe it's a part of why we become so enamored with rockers. Their raw energy and sexual honesty seem to overflow from the stage. They offer a visible and seductive passion for life that's completely intoxicating. But as gorgeous and sexy as they are, they also teach us to remain true to our desires. They show us how to express ourselves with unbridled freedom, and from them we can all learn to apply this lust for life to our own lives as well.

Charmian Carl

Charmian Carl
Publisher



FROM YOUR EDITOR

Get ready to rock and roll with our sizzling August issue—bound to set your summer on fire! You'll find an orgy of tantalizing tales and pictures to whet your appetite for love and passion with a rock god of your own.

Our annual roster of the 10 Sexiest Rockers, the music world's most sensual specimens, is just the foreplay to our erotic and seductive celebrity centerfold—Type O Negative's Peter Steele, who reveals his astounding physique, as well as his soulful fantasies in an intimate interview exclusively in our pages. The Rolling Stones' wild man Keith Richards is yet another exclusive, naked treat.

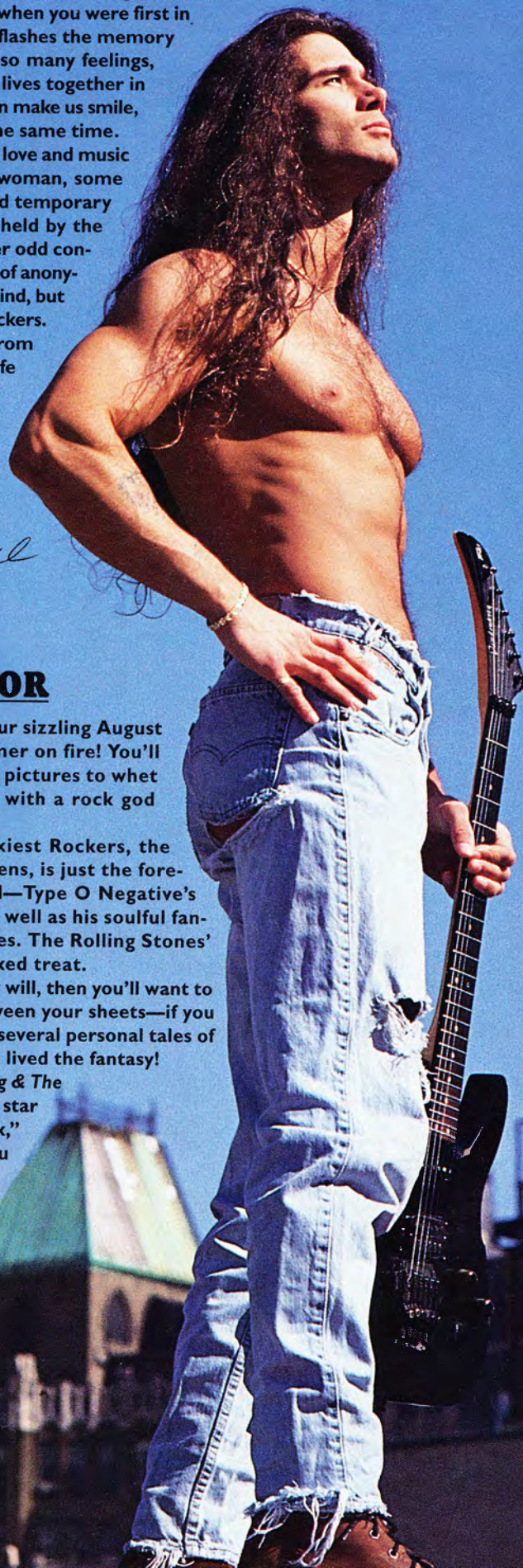
If these ignite your imagination, and we promise they will, then you'll want to read *Bed Rock*, our primer on how to get a rocker between your sheets—if you dare—and live harmoniously ever after. You'll also find several personal tales of close encounters of the rocker kind—from women who lived the fantasy!

And as if that weren't enough, we bring you *The Young & The Restless* heartthrob Shemar Moore, as well as *NYPD Blue* star James McDaniel. For you adventurers, turn to "Girl Talk," where our chat with author Cathy Marks will enlighten you on how to put some swing into your sex life!

Aside from our naked music men, we bring you the usual bounty of beautiful, alluring guys. Enjoy!

Laurie Sue Brockway

Laurie Sue Brockway
Editor-in-Chief





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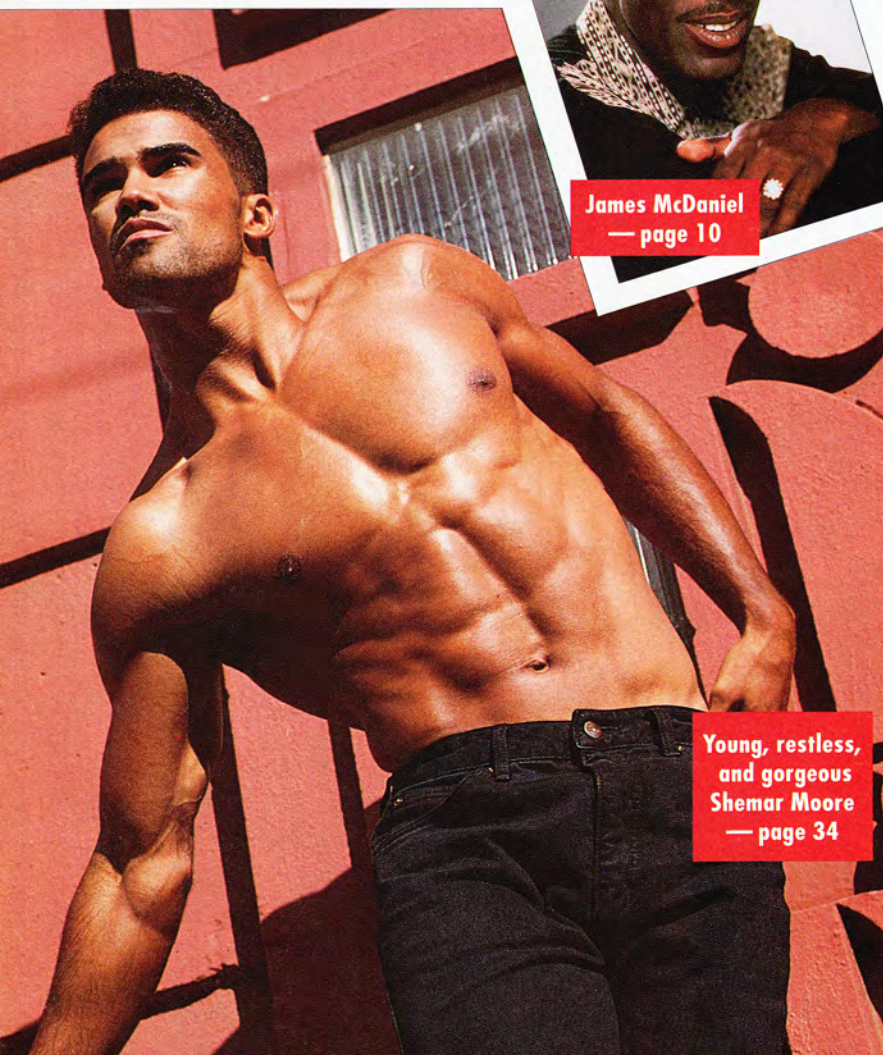
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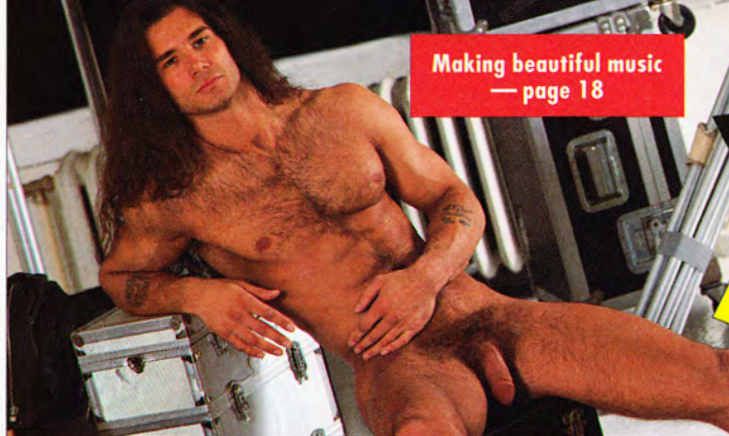
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EXCLUSIVE
CENTERFOLD
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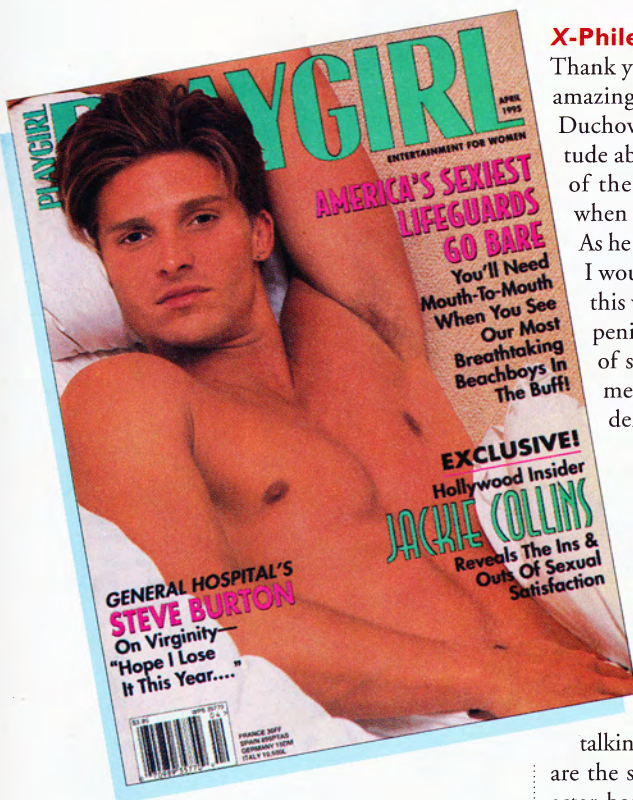
TYPE O
NAKED-TIVE!

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Letters

We love hearing from our readers!

Please send all correspondence to: **Letters, PLAYGIRL,**
801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017.
Or fax to (212) 697-6343.



Hurtin' For Burton

When I saw your cover of Steve Burton on the newsstand, I practically broke my neck racing to grab it (April 1995). Though I am usually ultra-busy with school and work, I always record *General Hospital* for three reasons: It's a great one-hour escape from the day's madness; the show has better acting than any of the other soaps; and I get to get a gander at the gorgeous Steve Burton. Thanks for great photos and tons of fabulous personal stuff on my favorite daytime dream.

Alicia M.
Poughkeepsie, NY

You folks did it again! Did what? Presented sexy photos of celebrities like no other magazine ever can. Specifically, your Steve Burton pictures were so wonderful that I put two of them on the wall next to my desk. Being able to look at them all day makes it easier to stand the wait until I get home at night and can watch *General Hospital* on my VCR. Thanks a million!

Becky K.
San Francisco, CA

X-Philes

Thank you for your very informative and amazingly candid interview with David Duchovny (April 1995). I find his attitude about penises refreshing. I'm tired of the double standard that prevails when it comes to filming nude scenes. As he said, "It's just a penis, you know." I would also like to inform David that this woman is *very* interested in men's penises, soft or hard, and the thought of seeing him with a hard-on leaves me breathless. He can take up residence on my thigh anytime.

Paula M.
Fremont, CA

Your interview with David Duchovny, the sexy star of my all-time favorite show, was great. It's hard to imagine that the straightlaced Fox Mulder and saucy David—the guy who was talking about hard versus soft penises—are the same person. He *must* be a good actor, because I can't imagine Agent Mulder talking so seductively and provocatively (although I would love to hear it!). His co-star, Gillian Anderson, is one lucky woman. (Yeah, I know she's married, but she's not *blind*. She *can* look.)

Debbie H.
Cocoa Beach, FL

Beachy Keen

As I was turning the pages of your April 1995 issue, a god appeared. His dark hair, eyes and golden beauty sent shivers down my spine. His name is John Delgado, and he's one of the sexiest men I've ever seen. He made my heart race and blood pressure rise. Now I have a perfect reason to go to the beach and *pretend* I can swim. Thank you, PLAYGIRL. You sure made my day.

Heidi C.
Palmdale, CA

Be still my water-logged heart! Your round-up of sexy lifeguards was powerful enough to send me down to Davy Jones' locker and back. The sight of them in their tight little bathing suits was almost as exciting as seeing them with it all hanging out. It's a good thing none of them works on any

beach I ever go to—it's hot enough out there already without those sexy studs also heating up the place. I'd burn up quicker than an egg on Georgia asphalt in July. *

Betty C.
Virginia Beach, VA

The Moyer, The Merrier

Moyer Colquitt is a beautiful man and a perfect Southern gentleman indeed (April 1995)! Thanks for giving me a portrait worth framing. It now adorns my bedroom wall.

Karen L.
Paducah, KY

I was having the worst day imaginable until I got your issue in the mail and opened it to find Moyer Colquitt. My *day* might have been horrible, but my *night* was ecstasy.

Clarice Y.
Boston, MA

The Hunt is Over

I was waiting for someone else to discover the delights of smooth-singin' country crooner Jesse Hunter, and discover him you did. I was sorry to hear he's had his share of heartache, but they're not total losses because it's so true that the hearts that have hurt the most produce the best songs. I really love his long blond hair and think his look is a great change from the male country singers who look like cardboard cutouts. I look forward to watching his career continue to rise.

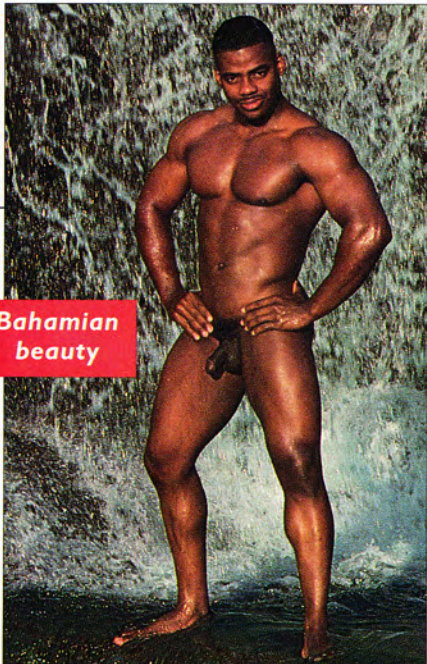
Beth G.
Daytona Beach, FL

Dave Who?

I purchased the April 1995 edition of your magazine today and I must convey to you my dismay over *Guest Room*—not over the article itself, but the subtitle.

Ms. Markoe and Mr. Letterman ended their relationship nearly 10 years ago. Can we let go of this? Is there any reason to continue to identify her solely on the basis of with whom she "slept?" She is a gifted writer and comedic talent in her own right, without the crutch of her former paramour.

We've had the pleasure of seeing her on *TV Nation*, PBS's *Edge* and various other shows. She has had two books pub-



Bahamian beauty

Marvelous Mario

I've been a PLAYGIRL subscriber for over a year, and every month I race to my mailbox with the hopes that your magazine will be there. I just received the latest issue and couldn't believe the "black beauty" of Mario Watkins (April 1995). He is definitely a sight for sore eyes. As an African-American woman, it is a pleasure to see my race so well represented. Thanks for making my day. I look forward to more bodacious black babes being brought into my bedroom. Tell Mario he can be my "Bahama baby" *anytime*.

Dawanda J.
Greensboro, NC

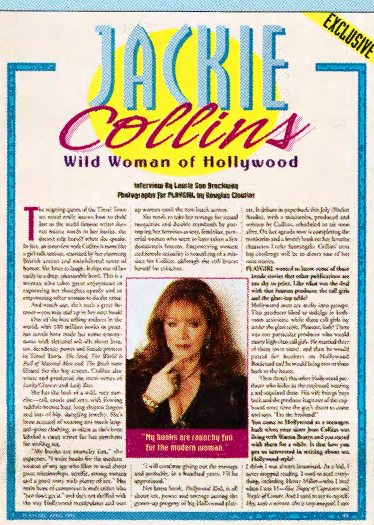
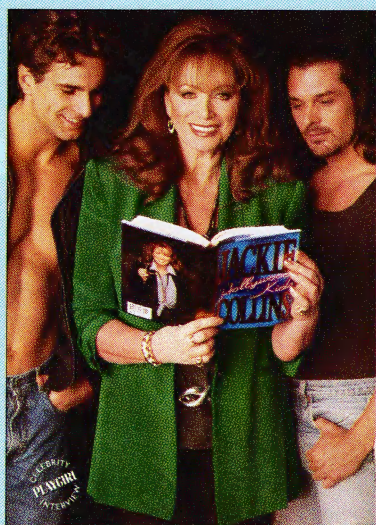
lished, and has written numerous magazine articles for many diverse publications, including that "bastion of American culture," *TV Guide*. She doesn't need to be known as "Dave's ex."

After all, nobody labels Mr. Letterman "Markoe's ex." Let's grant her the same respect.

Lucy P.
Decatur, GA

Mario Watkins *is* paradise. All we need now is a centerfold of this Bahamian prince. That beautifully bronzed brown body under the cool flowing waters brought a lot of warm tropical thoughts to mind. He could be a real asset to Nassau's tourism board!

Y.M.
Chicago, IL



Author! Author!

Thanks for your article on my favorite writer, Jackie Collins. I'm sick of so many male authors getting tons of praise for their work when there are so many great female writers out there who toil without recognition. She really has a handle on sex from a woman's

point of view and emphasizes the fact that women should not be ashamed of their sexuality and downright lust. No wonder I've read every book she's even written!

Betsy F.
Augusta, GA

PLAYGIRL

SINCE 1973

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PLAYGIRL'S INSIDE SCOOP ON ALL THINGS HOT

PLAYGIRL EXCLUSIVE! PLAYGIRL EXCLUSIVE!

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KEITH RICHARDS: BETWEEN THE BUTTONS

Some Girls May Get Sticky Fingers—
When They See Keith's Pix!

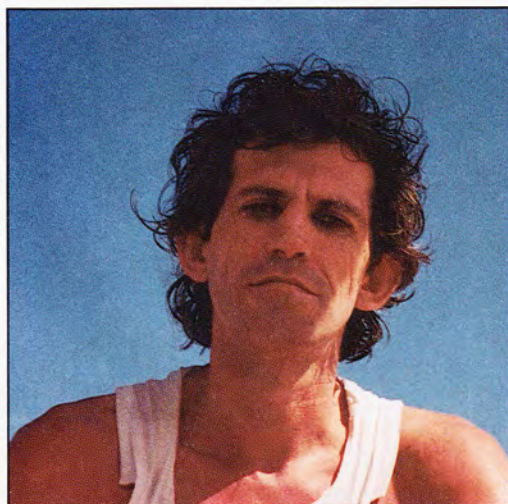
He's a founding member of the famed and fabulous Rolling Stones, a man who helped set the stage for the legendary excess of the rock 'n' roll lifestyle, a guitarist who embodies the reckless rock spirit of the raucous '60s and '70s—and here he is.

In *all* his glory.

Rock 'n' roll is synonymous with freedom of expression, with sexuality and openness. This PLAYGIRL exclusive, an enlightening exposure of Richards in the raw, was snapped in the tropical paradise of Mexico. We think he's held up quite well after several decades of debauchery!

This Keith is a little different from the Brit we usually see sporting opaque sunglasses, an ever-present cigarette clouding the air around him. Here is his *other* side! A natural, mellow pose as he embraces the wind at this Mexican waterfront Eden. Close your eyes and you can practically smell the salty air, taste the bite of the Cuervo Gold and hear his guitar in a sexy, sultry strum....

We know *wild* horses couldn't drag you away!



It was the Spring of 1990; I was...young.

René, Carrie and I were on a shopping excursion in lower Manhattan. As we strolled along the crowded Broadway sidewalk, a striking quintet of men passed by. René tugged on my jacket.

"Drew!" she whispered urgently. "I'm not entirely sure about this, but I think that was Keith Richards. Do you...."

Before she could finish I had turned on my heels and started speed-walking back toward the group.

Keith Richards, I thought. A rock legend. A fucking Rolling Stone! Holy shit!

Never in my entire life had I asked for an autograph, but if that scraggy-haired man with the blue suede boots was Keith Richards, I better have brought my pen!

I was closing the distance between myself and the men. *It has to be him, It has to be him*, I repeated in my mind like a mantra. Just then, the man in the center of the group turned to look at me as he strode uptown. I remember it in slow motion—and I'd swear that's exactly how it happened.

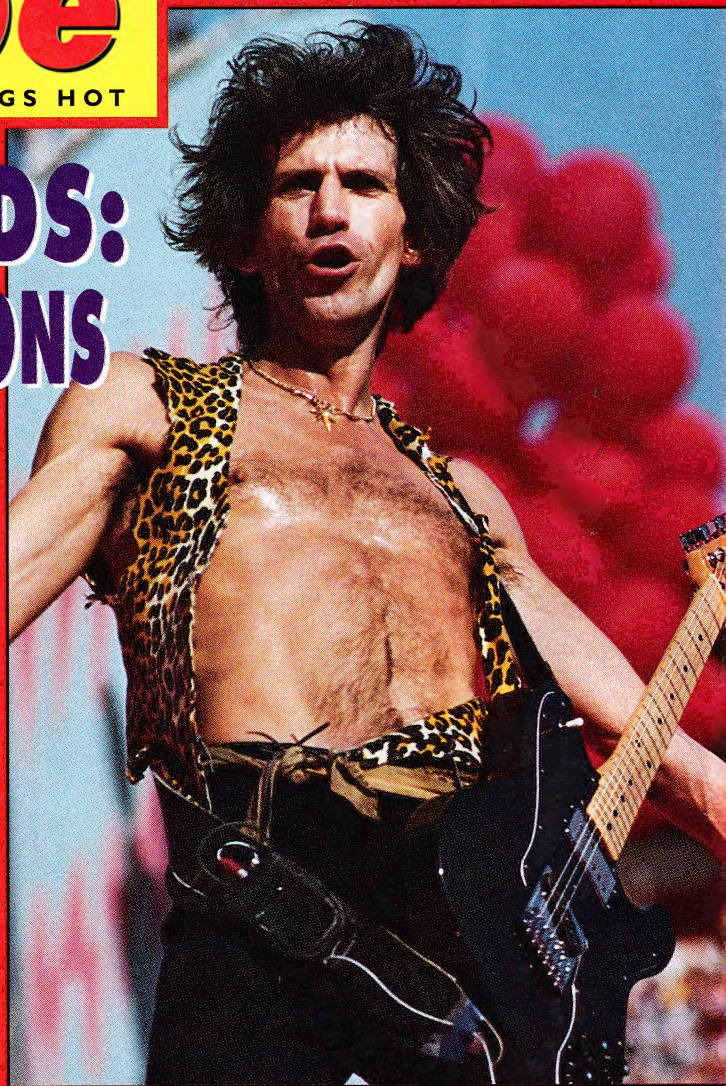
He was not very tall, but radiated a presence of someone who's seen and done it all. His hair was thick

and had *serious* volume. It looked as if he'd simply woken up from a very late night, run his fingers through it a few times, and proclaimed it fit for viewing. His skin was weathered and lined like a comfortable leather jacket, and a long black trench coat fanned out around him as he walked. He wore jet-black, wrap-around shades, but I knew he was looking at me.

However, when my eyes reached the cigarette—burned nearly to the filter—that dangled dangerously from his smirking lips, I *knew* that it was him. I jogged up behind him as he crossed the street, right in the middle of the hectic midday traffic. I put my hand on his upper arm.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, feeling about eight years old. "But if you are who I *think* you are...."

"Yes, luv," he said in a British voice that was rough and warm like whiskey. His hand reached out and



KEITH RICHARDS (ABOVE); ROCKY WIDNER/RETNA

PLAYGIRL EXCLUSIVE! PLAYGIRL EXCLUSIVE!

rested on my cheek. I was momentarily stunned by the glint off the large, silver skull ring he wore. His palm was smooth, his fingertips slightly rough and callused.

I was going to tell him that *Goat's Head Soup* was one of my favorite albums, that I listened to "Winter" whenever I was sad and it made me feel better, that it meant so much to be standing here with him and he wasn't blowing me off. I opened my mouth to speak....

"OHMIGOD! Keith Richards!" my friends screeched as they came barreling over, only nearly missed by two taxis and an irate bike messenger as they approached.

My moment had passed, extinguished in a syrupy gush of groupie squeals. My disappointment went unnoticed—or so I thought. Keith took it in regal fashion like the rock royalty he is and waited patiently for me to find a pen.

I rummaged through my bag for a scrap of paper he could sign, but all I had was a 50-dollar Victoria's Secret gift certificate I had received for the holidays. I handed it to him.

"Out for knickers today, luv?" he teased, smiling as he scrawled his name on the back.

"Come have a drink with us," René said on a whim, thumbing over her shoulder at the pub on the corner.

"No thanks, luv. I'd love to, but I've got someplace to be."

He shook hands with Carrie and smiled at René before his eyes came to rest on me. My hands were trembling; I'm pretty sure he knew it.

"It was really nice to meet you," I said. And I meant it.

"A pleasure, luv" he replied he said, and began his descent toward me slowly and fluidly. His jacket rustled as his arms came up under mine, and the mingled scent of soap and cigarettes enveloped me. His lips

pressed against my cheek and mine on his. He hadn't shaved that morning, and a pleasant, bristly sensation scratched softly against my cheek.

He held both my hands for a brief moment, looking into my eyes. Then he said good-bye and strutted confidently, entourage in tow, with all

the swagger of a Rolling Stone, slowly out of sight.

Reluctantly, I washed the cheek he kissed—but I never did spend that gift certificate. ♥

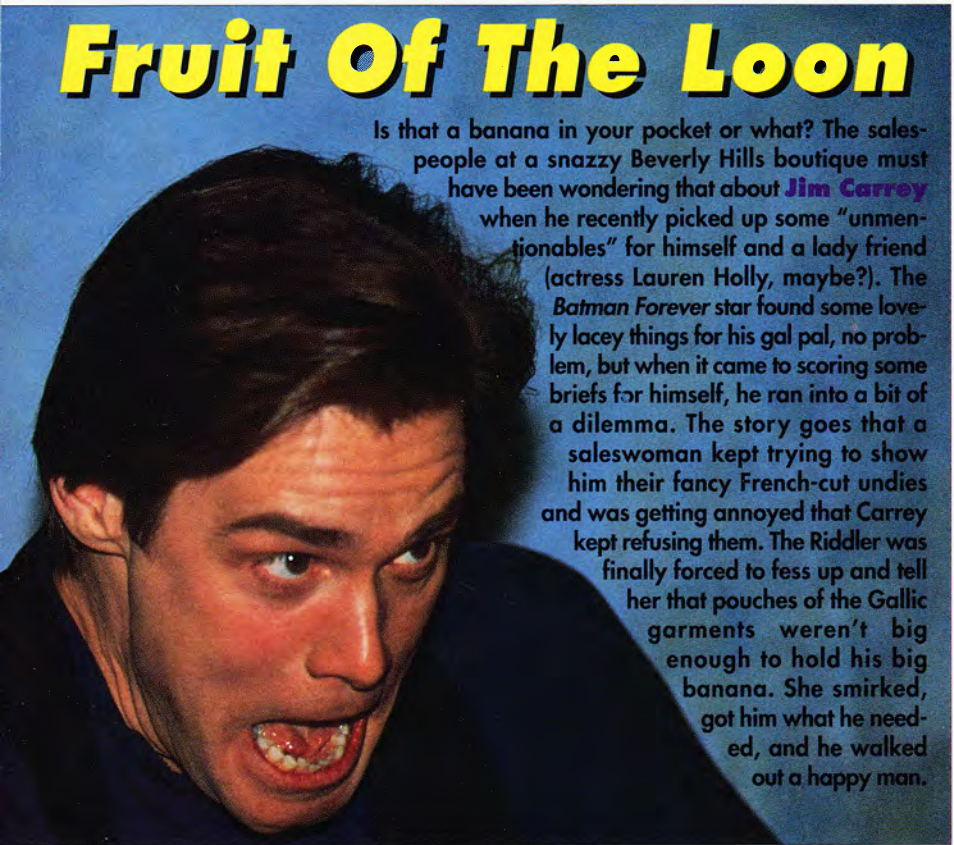
—Amy Drew Teitler



The Probe

PLAYGIRL'S INSIDE SCOOP ON ALL THINGS HOT

Fruit Of The Loon



Is that a banana in your pocket or what? The salespeople at a snazzy Beverly Hills boutique must have been wondering that about **Jim Carrey** when he recently picked up some "unmentionables" for himself and a lady friend (actress Lauren Holly, maybe?). The *Batman Forever* star found some lovely lacey things for his gal pal, no problem, but when it came to scoring some briefs for himself, he ran into a bit of a dilemma. The story goes that a saleswoman kept trying to show him their fancy French-cut undies and was getting annoyed that Carrey kept refusing them. The Riddler was finally forced to fess up and tell her that pouches of the Gallic garments weren't big enough to hold his big banana. She smirked, got him what he needed, and he walked out a happy man.



Bulk Male

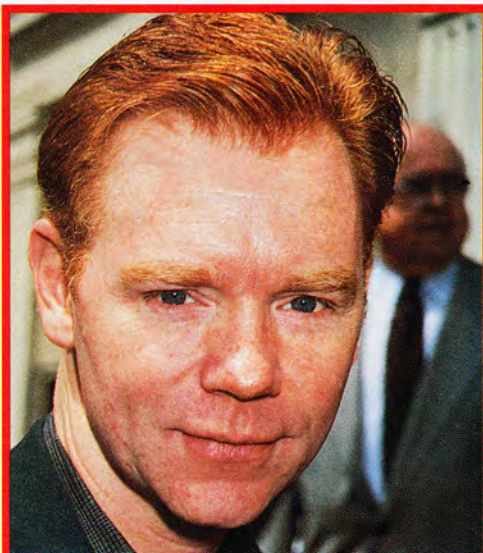
Is that old adage, "Men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses" still true? How about, "Gals don't make passes at guys with fat asses"? We're not too sure about the first one, but the second one doesn't hold water in the case of *Saturday Night Live*'s bespectacled behemoth **Chris Farley**. Night-owl spies at NBC say that the though the fair-haired funny man is horizontally challenged, he has women clamoring for his attentions following each show just as much as the slimmer guys in the cast do. Farley, in *Seventh Heaven* over this, reportedly thinks that all the attention gives him less incentive to trim the fat. Guess we'll just have to *weight* and see.

CATTY CORNER

☞ Get a load of that popular young TV star who gets all lovey-dovey with his co-star and "girlfriend" in public. The guy's not even *into* girls!

☞ We hear that the obnoxious personality of an arrogant, self-centered actor isn't much different from that of the obnoxious doctor he plays on one of TV's hottest shows.

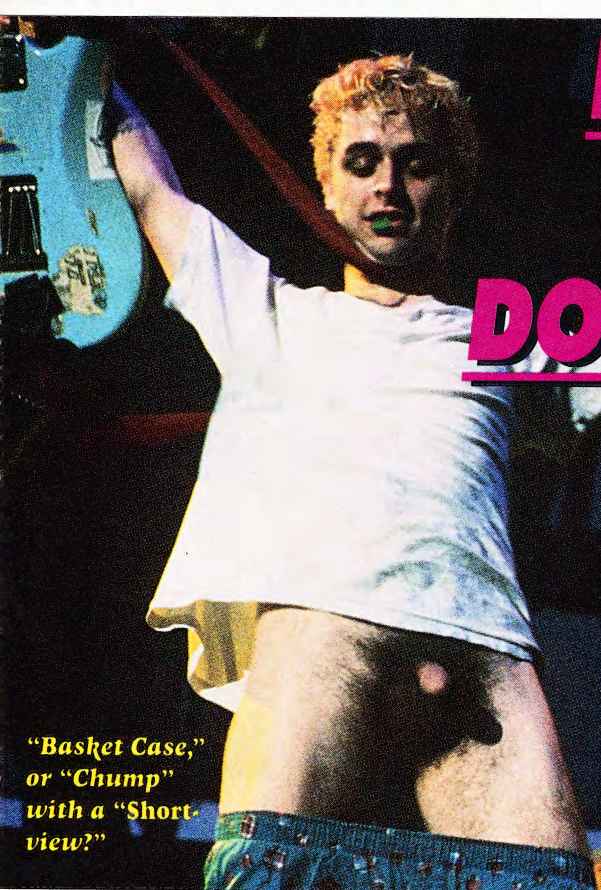
☞ Too bad that a famous duo wasted 100 bucks to keep a hotel maid quiet after she walked in on their strange sexual antics. Why? The woman barely spoke English and had no idea who they were.



CARUSO'S RED MENACE

Kermit the Frog once lamented that it wasn't easy being green. For **David Caruso**, it ain't easy being red. Hollywood buzz says that the ex-NYPD *Blue* actor, who co-stars with sexually dominant woman supreme Linda Fiorentino in the upcoming feature *Jade*, has purportedly found that some women just don't dig the hue of his hair and find his intensely tinted tresses kind of a turn-off.

Now here's a anecdote going around town that even we find hard to believe: A woman he was dating actually requested that he darken *all* of his hair. He *did* consider it because he was kind of stuck on her, but they ended up breaking up before he could decide if she was worth dyeing for.



PUT UP YOUR DOOKIES!

In response to Green Day's lead singer **Billie Joe Armstrong** who replied via his publicist when informed he was being considered for PLAYGIRL's Sexiest Rocker list, "I'd rather have my fingernails pulled out slowly one by one than appear in *that* magazine."

Do we have time to listen to you whine? We think not....

"Basket Case," or "Chump" with a "Short-view?"



TIM ALLEN'S GAG REFLEX

What some celebrities have to put up with....Just ask TV's **Tim Allen**. Seems the *Home Improvement* star allegedly gets a lot of ribbing because his show-within-a-show is called *Tool Time*, and some folks just can't help but remind him that another name for a penis is "tool."

"How's your tool?" "Tell me about your tool?" and "When do we get to see your tool?" are some of the pesky questions he's said to get huffy over. Tim's image is that of a wholesome guy (despite his 28 months in the hoosegow for selling cocaine), and he doesn't appreciate the constant comments, especially with kids around. The again, what can you expect from a guy whose real last name is *Dick*?



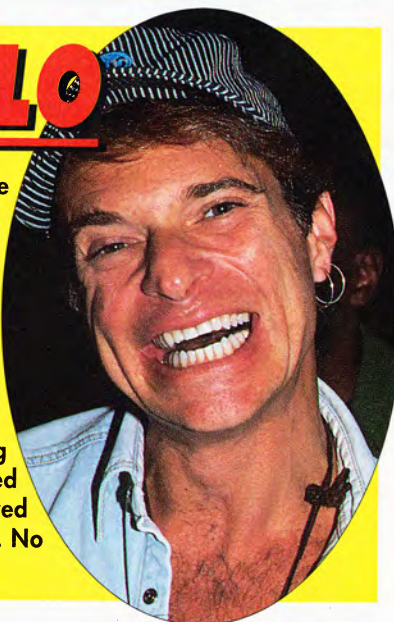
Winona's Sperm Wail

Is it, as Shakespeare said, better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all? **Winona Ryder** might be wondering the same thing, too. We hear that the hot-as-a-match actress is allegedly still stuck on ex-fiancé Johnny Depp and occasionally calls out his name in her sleep. This does not bode well for her relationships with subsequent beaux, including *Soul Asylum*'s David Pirner, and she's just hoping that she won't moan his moniker while in the throes of orgasm.

Johnny, however, seems to have gotten an emotional grip on things. He started erasing his Ryder-related tattoo long ago, and quickly became a rolling stone who gathered Kate Moss.

JUST A GIGOLO

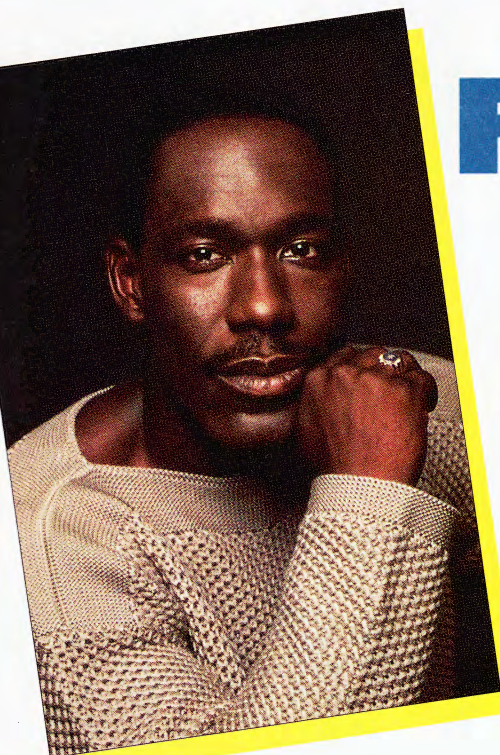
An American Express card isn't the only thing some folks shouldn't leave home without. Manhattanite and former Van Halen singer **David Lee Roth** was visiting some pals staying at a local hotel when, right before their big night on the town, they all realized that no one had a stash of condoms. Assuming that the hotel's shop was closed and not wanting to hunt around for an open pharmacy, an alarmed Roth allegedly made a hasty call to the concierge, hoping that the guy would do what all good concierges are known for: coming through in the clutch. Roth and company were relieved when the man discreetly came to the rescue and showed up shortly after with more than enough for the night. No word if he or his cronies ended up needing any.



The Probe

NYPD Blue's

James McDaniel Fancy That....



James McDaniel has an impressive presence that oozes from the confining space of his trailer on the Fox studio lot. His large frame sports the familiar detective garb—blue tie, white starched shirt and, nestled on his hip, a very realistic looking prop gun. When he speaks, his many years of theatrical training are evident in the deep, commanding voice which resonates from his sensual mouth—a mouth that looks as if it might swallow you up in one delicious gulp.

Pictures of his beautiful wife, Hannelore, and his two children, Evan and Dorian, are taped to the refrigerator door. Reality seems to blur with fantasy here. Have we stumbled into Lieutenant Fancy's office, or are we in James McDaniel's trailer on the set of TV's hottest cop series, *NYPD Blue*....

As Arthur Fancy, James has become the calm in the storm of the bustling New York City police precinct where *NYPD Blue* is set. At the beginning of the series, Fancy was more by-the-book and uptight, but he has recently learned to relax and take more chances. Says James of his character, "He reminds me of my grandfather, one of those stoic individuals who spoke very softly, but all the kids knew not to cross him."

James' first audition in Los Angeles landed him a guest role on *Hill Street Blues*, his debut in a series of Steven Bochco pro-

ductions. He became a regular on the short-lived TV series *Cop Rock*, and later guest-starred on primetime sizzlers *L.A. Law* and *Civil Wars*. James has been involved in many major TV, theater and film productions, his parts ranging from the portrayal of army surveillance expert Earl Grant in Spike Lee's *Malcolm X*, to the role of Paul Poitier in the award-winning Broadway production of *Six Degrees of Separation* (for which he received a Tony nomination). Busy as he is, James continues to participate in a variety of theatrical productions—time permitting. And as if his schedule weren't packed enough, he's actively involved in a mentor program that connects professionals from diverse fields with inner-city children.

In conversation, James is generous yet cautious—his talk a mix of quick wit and kindness that draws you in and holds you spellbound. A glimmer of devilish humor twinkles from his eyes, waiting for you to catch on that this serious, commanding fellow has a playful (and lusty) side as well.

PLAYGIRL: You were recently quoted as saying, "Next season, I'm going to do full frontal nudity. It's a new wave. They thought they'd lead off with me and satiate my exhibitionistic tendencies."

James McDaniel: (Laughs) That's exactly how I said it. I cannot deny it.

Do you support the fact that they expose butts on your show?

Yeah, sure. Sometimes, it's a funny butt, sometimes it's a sexy butt, you know what I mean? A butt is a butt is a butt. There's this thing in American films right now—we're experiencing growing pains and everybody wants to see your butt. You've got a round butt? You've got a saggy butt? Or do you have a double butt?

What's a double butt?

(Laughs) A double butt is when they use somebody else's butt. It's when you have to bring in a utility butt.

I can think of some films

where they should have used a butt double....

Right. You've got to think about your butt these days.

Would you ever go nude if the script required it?

I'm in no rush to take off my clothes, but if they want me to, I will. The funniest thing would be to stand up nude in front of the rest of the cast and crew. It could give them so many openings to poke fun at me. But 60 million people...doesn't bother me.

Are you talking full frontal nudity?

Oh, come on! Who's going to ask me to do full frontal nudity? I'm not the one to "spearhead" that movement, so to speak.

We call the penis the final frontier when it comes to...

A theater near you? (Laughs) We're going through such a weird body-conscious period now. I recently went to a club in Manhattan with a friend. Everyone was so uninhibited and exhibitionistic. They were wild. And I figure it's due to the fact everybody's frustrated because they can't do it. That's why they push sex and nudity in films—because that's the only way some people are getting it.

What do you think of women objectifying men?

Why not? It's fun to know that women feel that way. I think most men would really like



to be the fly on the powder room wall. You always hear women insisting they're above that, and that size doesn't matter. But my guess is that women think about sex as much as men do. I hope they do.

Do you believe women should take more control over their sexuality?

If women are never taught to be the aggressor, they may be suppressing a lot of their actual feelings. They need to have more of a license to put it out there.

We hear you met your wife at a pay phone in Manhattan?

I was across the street at my dentist's, who was so cheap he wouldn't let me use his phone. So the phone was in front of the YMCA at 63rd Street. I found the biggest bill in my pocket and asked for change—which of course, I already had. That was the ice-breaker. It was smooth.

Click.

She wouldn't give me her phone number, so I gave her mine. She called a couple days later and we went to see *Raging Bull*. Real romantic, fists flying all over the screen.

And?...

Oh, wait! (Laughs) You want the intimate details?

Of course.

I'll tell you what a slow mover I was. She thought I was gay for our first three dates.

Why would she think that?

I was dancing at the time and had this way of standing kind of "pulled-up," like I was in ballet class. She didn't know I dated all the ballerinas in the class. Also, she met me at the YMCA...come on. And I didn't move in on her right away. At the end of the third date, I gave her a good-night kiss and she got really confused. A couple of years later, we got married.

What did you first notice about her?

Her cheekbones.

Uh, huh....What else?

I forgot, this is PLAYGIRL. You want to know what other parts of her anatomy? I'm above all that. We established eye contact, and it has been unailing ever since. (Laughs) I still don't know what's below her neck...and we've already got two kids.

Did you fall in love at first sight?

I told her on our first date that I was going to marry her.

How do you feel about your success?

I'm kind of in a funk now. I'm trying to figure out what this strange new planet is that I landed on. I'm analyzing the possibilities of where I go from here. You have to fight the insecurity.

Is there any particular dream role you have in mind?

There's a zillion of them—especially for black people. Our territory is so untapped.

Unfortunately, now they only want to show you the street kids, guns and things like that. But there are so many fascinating subjects to touch on that are still virgin landscape.

Racial issues do seem to be a constant both on and off TV. Do you think Hollywood—or society—has progressed in the last 20 years?

(Long pause) That question encompasses the world. No matter what direction I stretch out in, it becomes a seven-hour dissertation. It's not just a sound-bite.

Do you consider yourself a role model?

I decided what I was going to do with my life as an artist. The last thing I layered onto the picture was whether I was giving the image I wanted to set out to the world. You have to balance art and real-life aspects. Robert De Niro and Anthony Hopkins can get Academy Award nominations for playing mass murderers. For people of color, it takes on a completely different overtone. I'm not just one individual at a particular time and space, I'm a spokesperson for my entire race. I know it's not fair, but that's the way the world is.

Do you think it will ever change?

I have children, so I hope it will. But there's always got to be the winner and the loser. You see it throughout the world.

Tell us a little about Lieutenant Fancy.

My character's been changing a lot in the last year and developing more. Now that the show is a success, it's taking shape. Everybody starts to get out of their little boxes. You want to learn how your character would relate to the death of a child, or to being an alcoholic. So you're constantly re-evaluating and learning about yourself. Just like you are now. You're finding out how to respond in front of this incredibly gifted and good-looking actor from a hit TV show. (laughs)

Don't laugh too hard. You have a gun in your pocket.

I'm happy to see you....(Laughs) Don't think it. Don't even go there!

Let's talk about your early days in New York. You miss it don't you?

Yes...because I like blood.

What makes New York so special?

It's all those people piled on top of each other. They're either going to eat each other or learn to crawl all over each other. It takes a certain talent to intermingle like that. It keeps you sharp. You have to be lean. There's no such thing as hand-to-hand combat in Los Angeles. The people here don't like the thought of getting their hands dirty.

In your dating years, were you ever a hound for women?

(Continued on page 109)

NUDE REVIEWS By Vivian Holland

NUDE AND NUDER

Everyone says that today's movies are getting "dumb and dumber." But I'd like to also point out that their male stars are getting *nude* and *nuder*. In *Dumb and Dumber*, the hilariously stupid hit, dumb Jim Carrey doesn't get naked, but dumber Jeff Daniels does. Unfortunately, the two times we see Daniels' tired behind, it verges on the revolting. As he sits in a field with his back to us, his pulled-down pants reveal pimply, reddish cheeks that look like two cans of Spam.

He then has a scene for which his career will probably best be remembered. Carrey gives the unsuspecting Daniels a huge dose of "Turbo Lax" and sends him off on a date with the woman they're fighting over. He subsequently spends the rest of the time in the bathroom seated on the porcelain throne. His butt looks nicer from the side while sitting on the toilet than it did in the field, and the sound effects and Daniels' facial expressions as the laxative takes its toll are priceless.

Ass aficionados, take heart. Daniels is not so dumb after all. He was smart enough to let his backside be filmed when it was cute and young. In *Something Wild*, all 6'4" of him is naked on a motel bed. His ass is smooth and firm, not at all like the luncheon meat it later became.

But he really gives us all a thrill in *Love Hurts*. Here we are treated to two nice extended shots of his big butt in another motel room, this time with Judith Ivey. Fast-forward to the movie's end to catch his rear end.

Daniels must have realized that male nudity is a source of major hilarity from Carrey, who certainly didn't mind taking it all off in *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*. Toward the end of *Ace*, Carrey kisses Sean Young and then finds out that she is really a he. The theme music from *The Crying Game* plays as he rushes into the bathroom to cleanse himself of the kiss, culminating with a shower (above). Carrey's double-jointed, rubber band of a body is lithe and trim, but strangely lacking in definition, so he looks skinny rather than muscular.

C'mon, Jeff and Jim! Enough of this nonsense. Now that you've shown us the asses you are (and have) and that there's nothing between your ears, why not show us what's between your legs? Who's big and who's bigger?

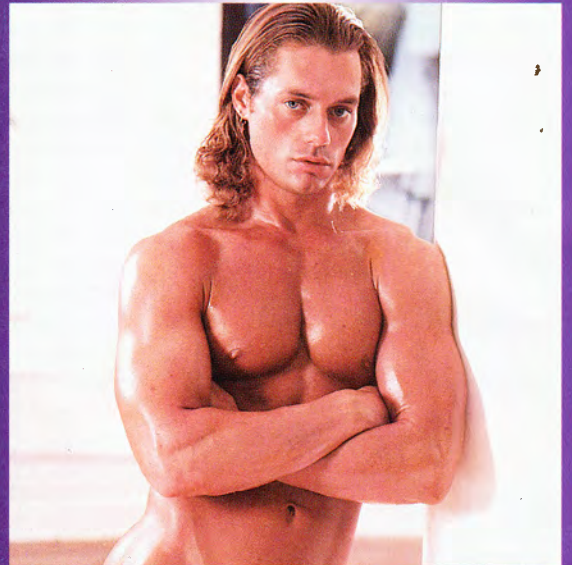


Meet The Man Of Your Dreams

You're just a phone call away from the passionate encounters that you've always longed for. Our lines are jam-packed with hot, pleasure-seeking men that want to get to know you. Haven't you waited long enough? Take a step toward fulfillment today....

"I'm waiting for your call."

011-592-595-669



LIVE!

"I need to get to know you."

1-900-463-4739

"Let me towel you off."

011-592-595-666

011-592-595-670



LIVE!

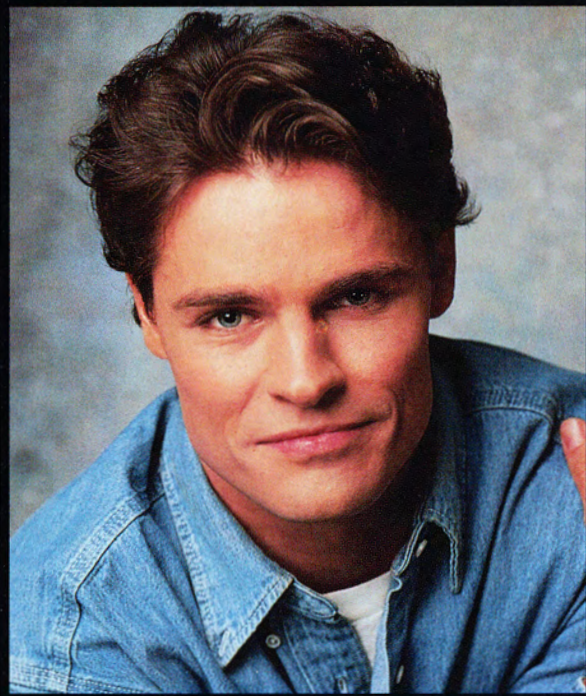
"Join me for a soak in my hot tub."

1-800-208-HUNK

(4 8 6 5)

Must be over 18. 900 numbers-\$3.99/min.
011 numbers-International LD rates may apply.
800 numbers-Optional billing services available.

Hunk of the Month: DYLAN NEAL



MONTY BRINTON

On Dylan Shaw: "He's a very motivated, eager, career-oriented person. Before he met Jessica, he was only concerned about moving up the corporate ladder. When she came along, she became his first priority. He's a real nice guy, and hopefully people don't find him too boring."

A Dylan By Any Other Name.... "My character was originally named something else, and when I got the role they asked if I wouldn't mind using my own name. I thought, *Why not, let's have five in the soap world now.* I actually like it, though, because it lends a certain amount of realism to any scene I'm doing when someone's calling me 'Dylan.' I thought I might mind it, but it's working out well."

Romantic status: "I live with my girlfriend, Becky."

How often he's been bitten by the love bug: "About four times."

Signs that he's in love: "I want to be with her 24 hours a day, find out everything about her and see if she feels the same way about me. It's the best feeling in the world."

What makes a woman sexy: "A little bit of spontaneity, a carefree attitude and wisdom. You can be intelligent and not have wisdom, but if you're wise, you'll always

have intelligence. I don't want to be with someone I feel like I've got to carry around like a schoolgirl. I want an equal or a better."

His favorite female body part: "I'm a breast man. They just have an aesthetically pleasing quality that, as an artist, I can appreciate."

Does he like music in the background during sex? "Generally, no. I usually don't try to set the mood—or create an event, if you will."

With the lights on or off: "Either's great."

The weirdest place he's ever had sex: "In a bathroom during a party. That was tricky because bathrooms are in high demand during a party. Trying to go in and get out together without being seen is a tricky one, particularly when people are knocking on the door while you're in there."

On the dating games people play: "I don't try to play games or be super-cool. I'm too goofy to do that anyway. I try to get things out in the open early on, and I'm such an open book that the girl either has to like that or hate it right off."

On doing *B & B* love scenes: "I have a pretty easy time of it because Maitland [Ward] and I are friends so it's not uncomfortable, and I certainly try to make her as comfortable as possible."

How he prepares for them: "I carry around Binaca, Scope. I'm basically a pharmacy before a love scene."

How his girlfriend likes his TV love scenes: "She's actually pretty good about it. What can you do?...I'm an actor, it's fantasy. There are probably times when she wishes I were a doctor or something."

Would he bare his butt for a good primetime part? "I wouldn't decline it outright. It depends on the piece and if the scene fits."

Why most of his friends are women: "I've always felt more comfortable talk-

ing with girls. There's not the competition and ego involved with a bunch of guys—who can fart the loudest or spit the farthest....I was raised by just my mother and I don't have any brothers or sisters, but my mom ran a foster home for a number of years, and most of the people who stayed with us were girls."

I believe that women are the stronger sex. All my guy friends freak out when I say that. Maybe it's because they bring life into the world. Also, there's a wisdom present in women that's not in—or doesn't come easily to—men."

Why he's scary in the a.m.: "I'm such a lousy morning person...so dead....If there were one thing I could change about myself it would be that I could get up in the morning bright, refreshed and ready to go. It's great being on a half-hour show like *B & B* because our workday usually doesn't start until around 9:30."

On spooky stuff: "I've had plenty experiences with supernatural occurrences and the occult. I've had Ouija board experiences that have been quite illuminating to quite terrifying. I haven't done it in a long time. I believe it's not a good thing to be involved with—it's addictive. My mom had psychic testing done through a university program in Canada and [scored high], so she might have passed something on to me."

On his eight years at a strict all-male boarding school: "We had classes six days

Catch him on: **CBS's *The Bold and the Beautiful***

Character: **Dylan Shaw**

Height: **6'2"** Age: **25**

Hometown: **Oakville, Ontario**

a week, wore a suit every day and attended chapel every morning. Sports were mandatory. I really enjoyed my time there and excelled in that environment, but something was missing, and I wasn't exactly sure what that was. I knew it was time for a change, so I went to a public high school—with girls—my junior and senior years. It was a big eye-opener."

His eating habits: "I'm a spaghetti and ravioli kind of guy and I eat cereal every morning. I have very boring eating patterns, just because I can't be bothered with cooking. If I can nuke it or boil it, it's done."

Is he easy to live with? "My girlfriend rates me a seven out of 10." ♥

—Jenny Higgons

Bed, Bath And *Way* Beyond

An ambitious mattress model beds down for good business.

By Pamela Margoshes

I'm an actress. I can do anything, play anything. My specialty lately has been bachelor parties. At the most recent one I was a cross-dressing, congested cartoon character. The guys wanted me to be Sneezy from *Snow White*, which entailed wearing a red costume and dancing on a table. That was a great gig, but my boobs kept tumbling out of Sneezy's hot-to-trot dress. The guys were happy, though. They all lined up for the finale to stick their faces in my cleavage, breathe in real deep and sigh.

Then there was a group of ex-Marines who hired me to put on a juicy red rubber tomato costume and bump and grind to Donna Summer's "Love To Love You Baby." At the climax of the song (or was it Donna's climax?), some guy dressed as a beefsteak attempted to give me his "meat" through a slit in the backside of the costume. I drew the line there, yet managed to entertain them and keep both my dignity and butt intact.

I like to think that I know what turns men on, and I admit that I go the extra

distance to put a gleam in their eyes and a mountain in their Jockey shorts.

Those were the last bachelor parties I did for a while until the need to eat three meals a day drove me to the want ads. I really wanted to go more "high-concept" this time, to jump-start my acting career again, and got real lucky when I noticed this ad:

He'd look at me through slitted, turned-on eyes, shifting slightly to adjust the hard-on in his pants....

"Mattress model wanted for new upscale department store. Slim, good looking, 36-24-36. Only experienced need apply."

Well, I was experienced—both in acting and in hauling around an impressive pair of "36-Ds"—so I applied, figuring that the job was probably free-form performance art.

The audition went like this: I showed up early, about 8 a.m., with costumes and makeup. There were six other women already there. They consisted of a bottle-blond who looked like Mae West on a three-day bender; a perky brunette with no bra and the shortest skirt I'd ever seen; and a trio of black-haired women who looked like they were into spells and potions. Then there was me, a medium-height, natural blond.

The owner of the store, a cute, smart, short, somewhat shy guy named Pete, explained that this was a unique mattress promotion. He wanted a sexy woman with great moves to sit and lie on a king-size mattress in the store window for a couple of days and pretend that she was sleeping or doing her "toilette" or combing her

hair or just daydreaming. "Or daydreaming, for all I care," he added, looking at us with hopeful eyes. "Just hang out on the bed and look cute," he told us applicants. The winner would wear really sexy negligees and, in the words of Pete, "get great exposure. She can do just about anything as long as it's done on or next to the bed."

It sounded real simple:

Just lounge around, look luscious and watch the clock tick away. I could definitely handle that.

One by one, Pete took the women into the back room. One by one they all came out, looking outraged and insulted—and unemployed. But not *me*. Not this trouper. I hadn't done five years of bachelor bashes for nothing. When Pete got to me, I was pumped. I knew he wanted me to play something kinky—and I gave him kinky. But I told him he could stuff his job if I had to get really down and dirty for it. He was impressed...*real impressed* by this girl's spunk and daring.

He wanted me to play "Nurse Without Panties," but I told him, "Not until I get my final paycheck, Fever-Boy." And he agreed—not that I planned on ever actually giving Fever-Boy his medicine, but leading him on would do wonders for his complexion and anything else that ailed him.

And so I began living in the window of an upscale department store. In a make-believe bedroom complete with a pink, frilly canopy over a pink, frilly bed with a pink, frilly night table, and a pink, frilly lamp. Only my pink, frilly pussy was hidden. Not for long, though, because I was decked out in a short, sheer white lingerie set with white satin panties, which I was told to show often and in as many poses as I could get away with without the cops being called.

On day one I was feeling really good, frisky, even hot. A small crowd of men was gathered in front of the window, their eyes (and in two ultra-horny cases, their mouths) pressed up against the glass. I was front and center in their fantasies,



combing out my long hair and looking dreamy-eyed ("Look just-fucked, doll," Pete advised.), remembering to keep my legs open just enough so that the normal-looking guys could get a quick peek at the creamy white satin panties slowly riding up my crest, and the weirdos who were clustered on the side couldn't see much at all.

I pretended to be asleep, with my hair fanning across the pillow. Every now and then I'd move provocatively back and forth, open my legs again, flash a bit of my mound and then move onto another part of the mattress and moan, freshly-fucked in my dreams and in the eyes of the men. Ten minutes later, I'd sit up in bed, stretch my arms wide, making my tits rise and the slinky white fabric across them open slightly. Then I'd stretch like a cat, arching my back and sticking my butt in the air, causing the whole group of guys to race to the side of the window to get a better view. Then I'd do the dog pose, getting off my perch, bending down with my palms flat on the floor and stretch out. The band of guys raced to the other side of the window like a pack of crazed hounds.

I had to admit that I was really enjoying this. By day three, I was really getting into it and starting to acquire "regulars." There was this one really well-dressed, wealthy-looking, gray-haired guy who wore fabulous pin-striped suits and toted a briefcase that probably cost more than my first house. He'd look at me through slitted, turned-on eyes, shifting slightly to adjust the hard-on in his pants, huge shoulders tense, his bulge straining against all that expensive fabric. He looked me up and down with those beady eyes as though daring me to go further, to turn him on even more. I loved dancing in front of his face, no farther away from his eyes and his tongue than a pane of glass.

Then there were the two construction workers who didn't even bother to hide the bulges in their jeans. One of them, a hunky blond, took out his dick, hid it under a newspaper—but I could see it—and rubbed it up and down while I was slowly combing my hair on the bed, legs open. I titillated him through the glass and he loved every moment of my prick-tease. He shot his load right after I blew him a kiss.

Moments before day four started, Pete asked me to shed my panties. "Just for the day," he cajoled. "Just for the lunch crowd, just for an hour."

"No dice," I said. "I'm not risking a vice charge."

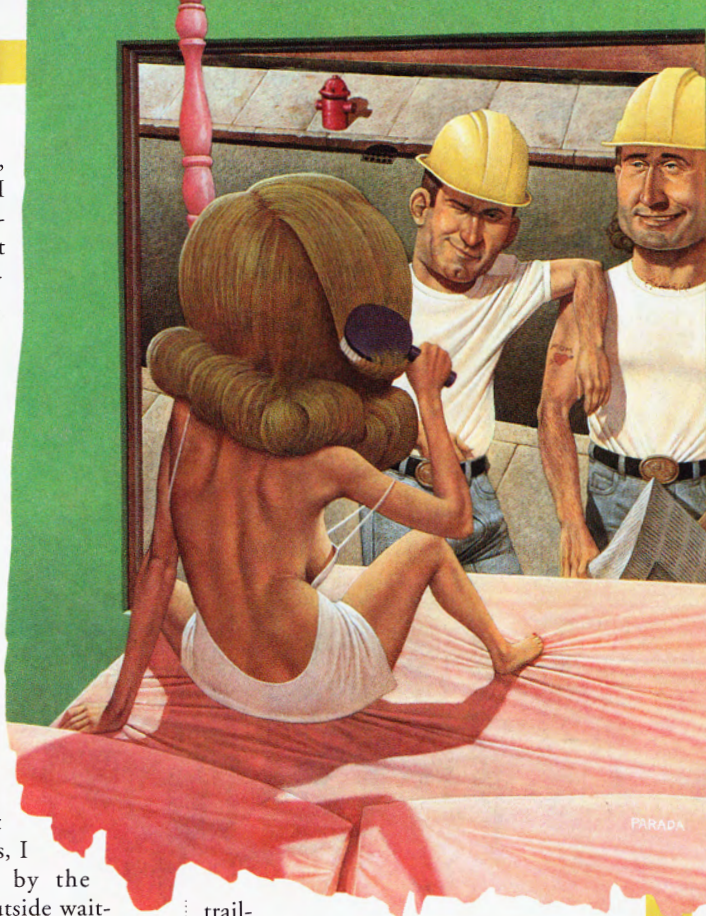
But he begged me, pleaded with me. So I put on a pair of flesh-colored panties that *looked* like I wasn't wearing anything at all and made my pussy look like it was freshly shaven and hairless (which it was, just for the occasion).

I took off my white panties in front of Pete and dropped them on the floor. Then I put on the flesh-colored ones and looked back at him right before I went into my window. He picked them up, sniffed them and buried his face in them, which really turned me on (but I'd save that urge for later!). Besides, I was already excited by the thought of the men outside waiting for me.

I bounced onto the stage and heard wild applause breaking out on the other side of the glass. Turned on by the crowd, I twirled around, cheerleader-style, my no-panties-look pussy gleaming in the morning sun. The crowd went wild! The two construction workers, who had held up a sign with their names and phone numbers written on it the day before, lost all control. Their hands made a bee-line to their pricks. Even Mr. Cool businessman looked more flushed than usual. That expensive pants fabric was about to burst at the seams. A few minutes later, we got complaints from a group of tourists, and I had to go back to my white panties-but-just-brief-peeks act.

Then, suddenly, it was my last day. Time to give the guys something they'd never forget. I put on the music and twirled around so that everyone could see my pussy outlined and throbbing against the satin fabric of my panties, which were becoming darker in the crotch and more sodden with every passing hour. I was Miss Queen Twat, Miss Bedroom Tease.

I turned on the music and danced my final dance, twirling close to the glass to make the guys go wild and then dancing away from them. And for my finale, I went right up to the glass and lifted my lingerie top quickly and let three of the guys kiss my tits through the glass. Then I moved my panties down really slowly, pushing my pelvis right up against the glass and



trailing my fingers through my pubic hair. I let two of the hornier guys give my pussy a quick tongue kiss as I shut my eyes and moaned against the glass.

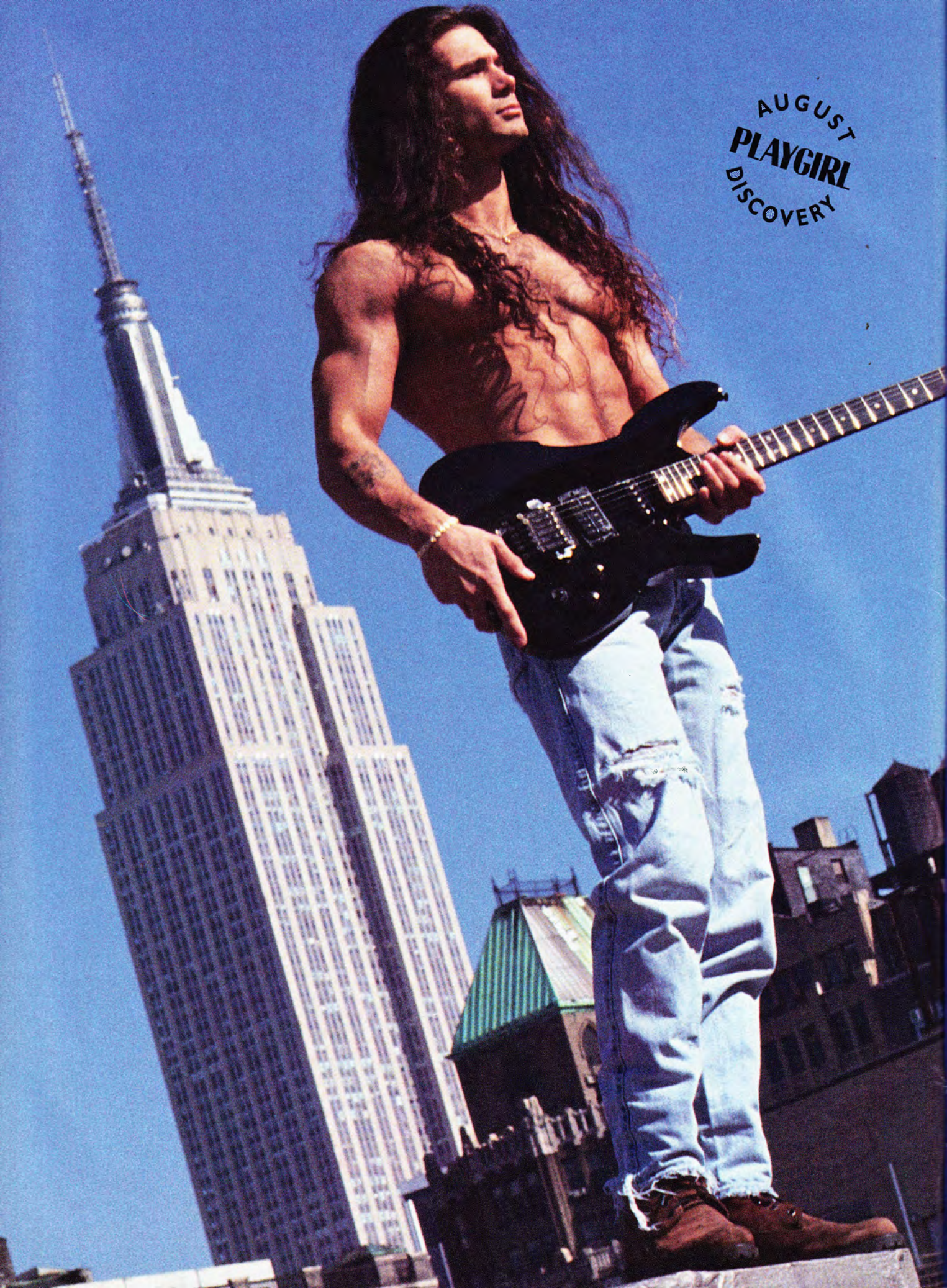
I collapsed on the bed and felt terrific, ecstatic, fulfilled. The last thing I saw before I went off stage for the final time was Mr. Businessman. He looked stunned, transported. The expression on his face was pure rapture. The first rule in show business: Always leave them satisfied. Even if it's through a window, with every eye on the pussy juice stain that I left on the bed.

This had been a dream stint for me because I'd felt safe and free to follow my fantasies wherever they took me—and take a bunch of very happily aroused guys along for the ride...one very long, stimulating, juicy ride. For a week I was in charge. I'd followed my own number one rule: Always leave *me* satisfied. I'd excited mucho men and followed my own hot personal movie script. *I* was in control. *I* was the star. The movie credits were rolling now, and *I* was one happy player. But sadly, it was time for this mattress model to roll off the bed and head home.

I blew my fans an exceptionally wet and pouty kiss and exited—stage left. ♥

Pamela Margoshes is a Washington, D.C. based freelance writer who hardly ever sleeps on the job.

AUGUST
PLAYGIRL
DISCOVERY





Star

POTENTIAL

Sensual Troy Walstrom Will Rock Your Socks Off

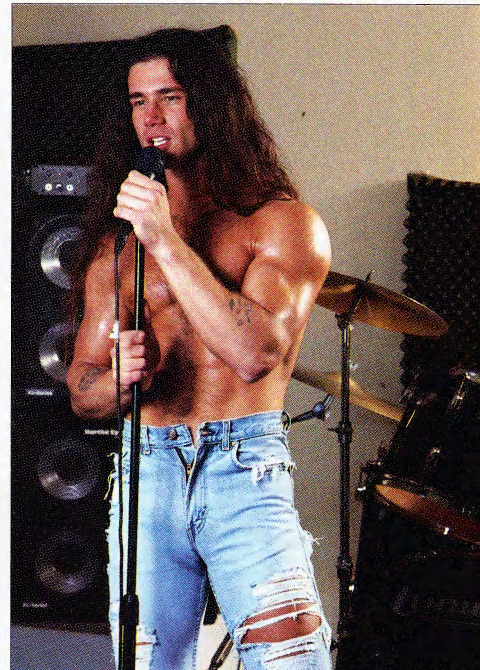
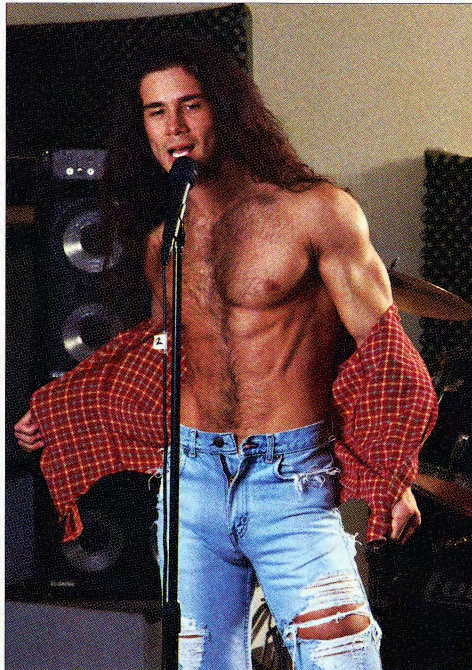
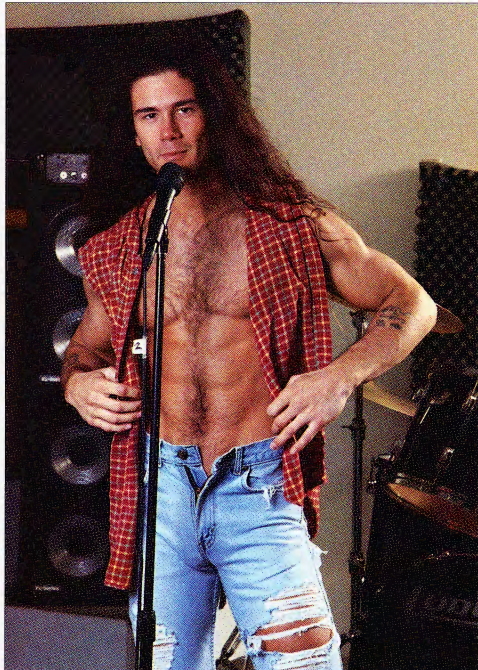
Troy Walstrom is a rocker on the rise. With long, sexy hair, a lean-yet-solid body, a gorgeous face and soulful sensuality, he's clearly got "the look" that says he's on his way to becoming a rock god.

The 25-year-old's dogged determination and unstoppable drive don't hurt either. "My goal is to go to the top of the music business," Troy says with conviction. "Music has always been my first love. I've been playing guitar since I was 12, and right now it's my first priority in life." Not surprisingly, he comes from a musical family.

Troy currently plays and sings in a band that spends most of its time performing at the hottest spots in Iron Mountain, Michigan, not too far from his hometown and current residence in the city of Escanaba. But he *does* know that someday, when his career *really* starts taking off, he'll have to settle down in the entertainment meccas of Los Angeles or New York. Until then, he and the band will continue to churn out the hard-driving songs that make the local women go wild.

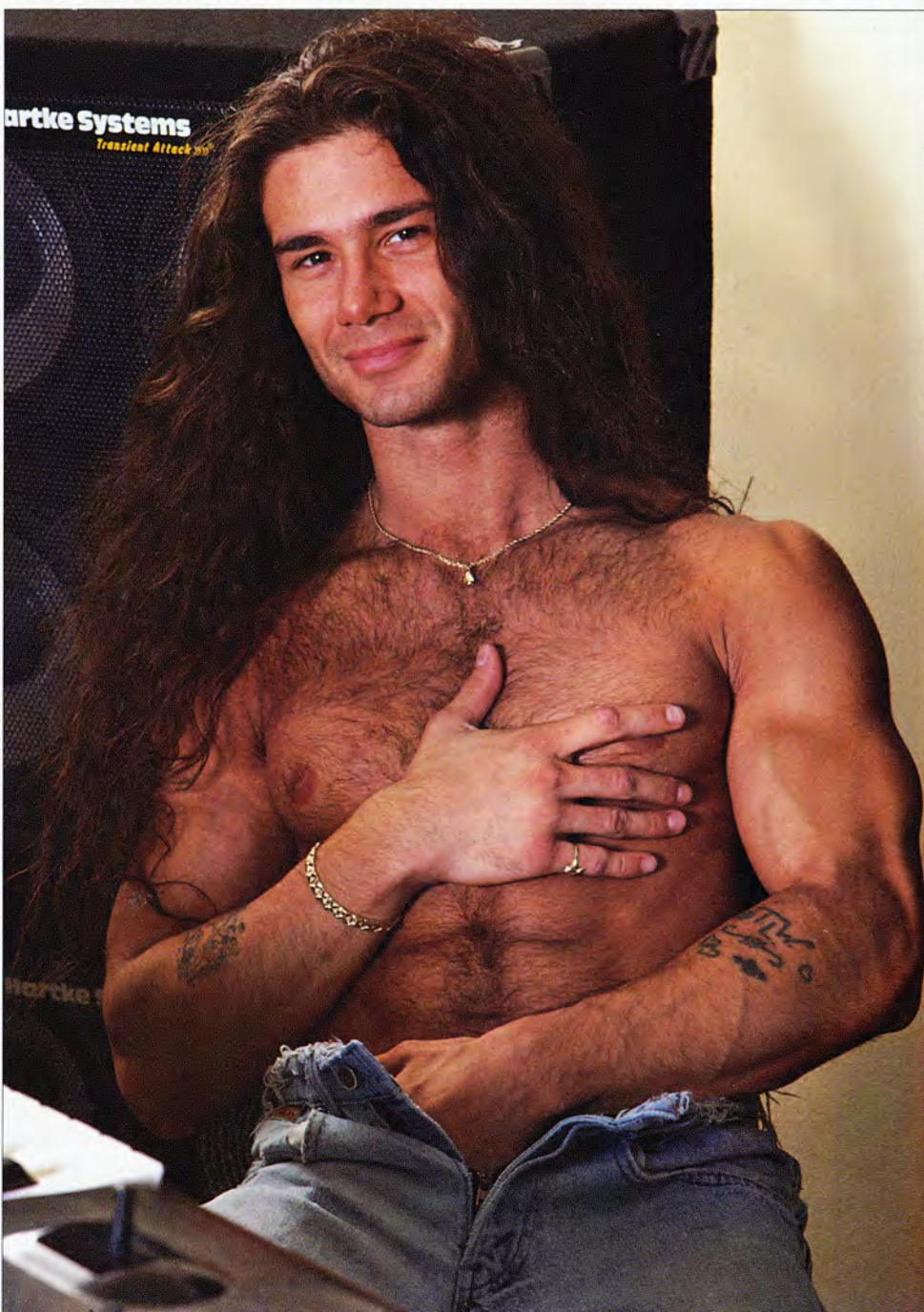


Photography By Jean Gabrielle



Troy may put a lot of time and hard work into his craft, but that doesn't mean that he hasn't got time for anything else. The six-footer boxes to keep his 165-pound body in remarkable shape, and he's just recently taken on a coach to help him hone his skills. "I've boxed for a long time and never really competed," explains the dark-eyed dazzler, "but my coach thinks I have the potential to go far. He's going to put me in a middle-weight competition. I'm really excited about that."

But what about the risk that one too many punches could mess up that beautiful face? "The thought *has* occurred to me," he concedes. "I wouldn't want to break my nose or bash my face, but I'm not worried about it. If you're good enough, you don't get hit."





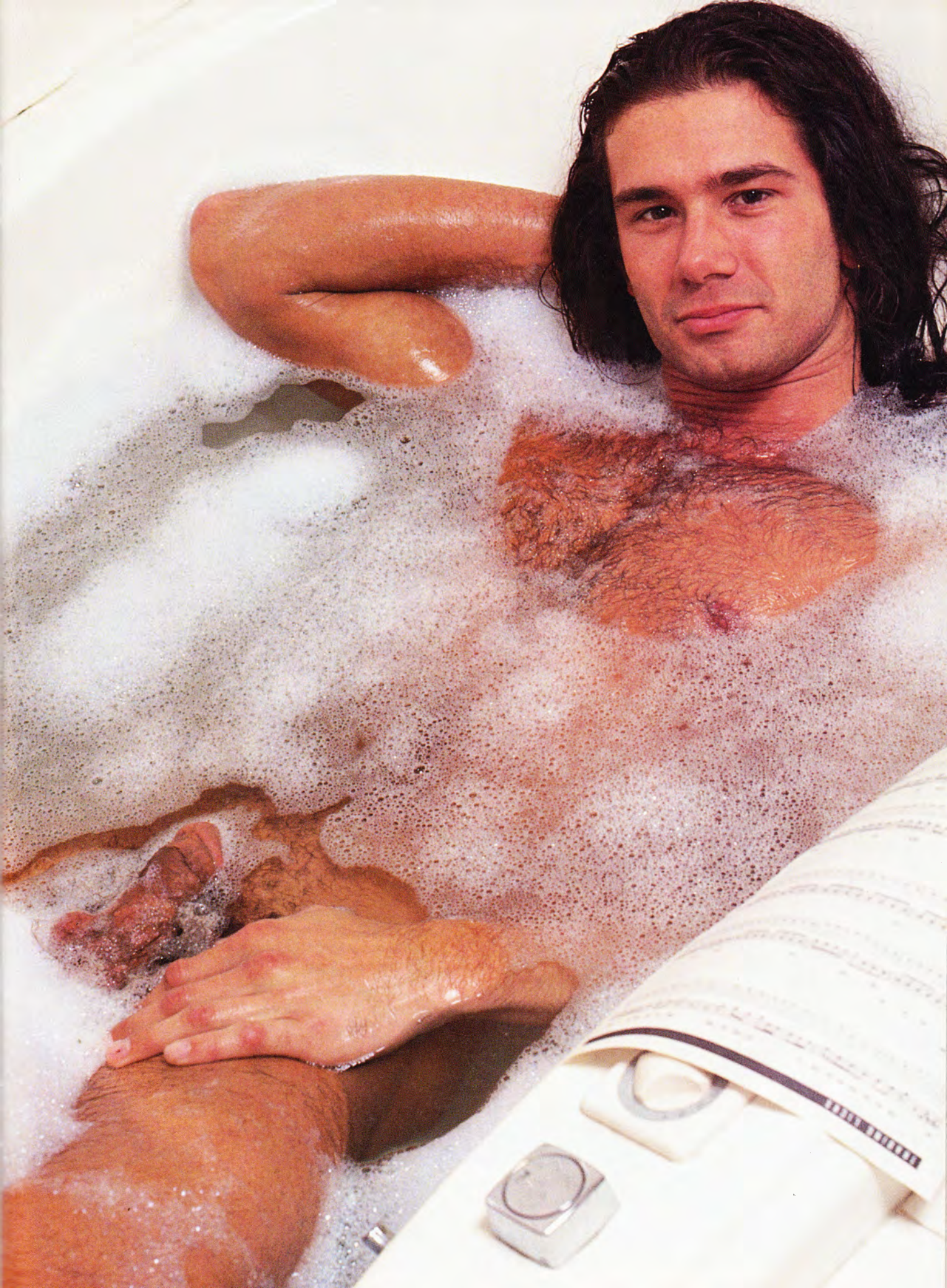


Troy's love of boxing almost matches his devotion to music, and the combination of the two is enough to fill up his day. "My two favorite activities in the whole world are training and playing music," he explains. "If I'm able to squeeze both of them into one 14-hour stretch and then take a warm, soothing bath, I can go to sleep a happy man."

Just as those words leave his mouth, a sly, mischievous smile crosses his face, and you just *know* he must be thinking something wicked. "You know what would be a *real* capper...the icing on top of the cake? All that *and* a marathon session of sex! It'd be heaven on earth."

Oh, Troy, let's rock 'n' roll....♥





GET IN TOUCH WITH A MASCULINE MASTERPIECE

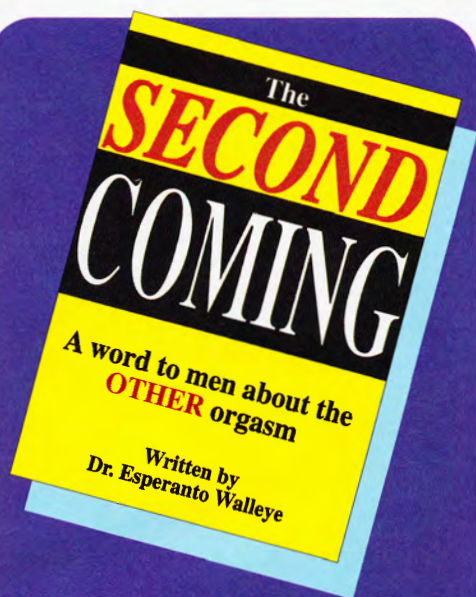
A call to PLAYGIRL's exclusive Chat Line is bound to get more than just your *creative* juices flowing. Our handsome hunks are waiting to satisfy your most intimate needs for "person to person" communication. Bring your erotic fantasies to life with the Number One Party Line for women who know what they want, and can truly appreciate men endowed with life's finer qualities.

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Must be over 18.
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FGLI

BY CHARLOTTE ROSE



MAKE HIM KEEP Coming BACK FOR MORE!

One of the most uncharted areas your man's anatomy is his butt. Dr. Esperanto Walleye (a pseudonym for a writer who is an expert on stimulating orgasm through the prostate gland) gives a pocket-sized primer on how to give your man a climax that will knock his socks off in *The Second Coming*.

First off, don't be shy about sensitively exploring the region beyond his sphincter muscles and learning to feel for the little walnut-shaped gland that finds its home there. That's the prostate gland—also known as the "male G-spot."

Like a woman's G-spot, the precise shape and location differs from man to man, yet on this you can rely: You'll need lots of lubricant and, for safer sex, a latex examination glove. Stimulating the gland a certain way will drive him wild with pleasure and he may achieve a prostate orgasm. Make sure the lights are low, the music is sexy and he's relaxed before you start!

Cost is \$5. Out of Hand Books, 110 East First Street, #18, NY, NY 10009



Let Him Have His Just Desserts

The words "Eat me!" will take on new meaning when you slather yourself in tasty sauces that your honey will love licking off your most scrumptious body parts. Tuck a note in his pocket when he leaves for work: "Tonight, dinner is on me." You can be the special treat for the man who loves pleasuring women! Try *Chocolate*

Sauce with Mini Marshmallows on your left nipple, and *Spicy Apple Pie* on your right. Let him lick

Peaches-N-Cream right from your lips, or tease him with *Savory Strawberry*, *Cherries Jubilee* and *Raspberry* between your thighs. It's a dessert menu he won't easily forget! Of course, you might want to reciprocate the fun by massaging him with body sauce, then licking it off each inch of his flesh.

Cost is \$24.95, plus \$6.95 S & H. Eden, P.O. Box 318, South Plainfield, NJ 07080



PLAYGIRL
TEST
DRIVE

The More Balis The Merrier



Not all men are big on sex toys, but if yours enjoy getting a little love jolt in all the right places, treat him to *Teddi's Grapes*. Called the "ultimate in ecstasy," these twin vibrating balls come in several colors, along with a tube of grape love sauce. Yum! Although I wouldn't consider inserting these anywhere inside a man's body, the creative sex enchantress will be able to figure ways to let the vibrations wreak sexual havoc on his erogenous zones. Nipples, for instance, are a good place to start; just let the ben-wah-like electric balls tingle each nipple tip as your tongue and lips explore other body parts. As for his lower half, sensually placing one under his balls and the other at the opening of his rear is quite a delight! The varying speed will let you start out slow and rev up; and if you take him in your mouth simultaneously, you're both in for a fun time!

Cost is \$17.95 plus \$4 S & H. Novelties by Nasswalk, P.O. Box 361, NY, NY 10013



PLAYGIRL RATING SYSTEM

Frigid
 Lukewarm
 Sizzling!
 Hot
 Way Hot

PLAYGIRL PICKS THE 10

MEN WHO ROCK OUR WORLD!

SEXIEST ROCKERS FOR 1995!

What is it about rockers that sends our sex hormones into overdrive and makes our hearts beat faster than the proverbial big bass drum? Is it because they are poets, philosophers and sensitive guys who seem to peer into our hearts, minds and desires, and stir our souls with what we yearn to hear? Or that they are bad boys, rebels, wild men who give us permission to be uninhibited, reckless and free?

Maybe it's all of the above and

the seduction of the words and music that they bring so sweetly to our ears.

These guys, who often push the envelope of life just to see how far they can go, also have the ability to make us feel crazy, like teenagers in love. That's why we find them so desirable, irresistible and sensual! And that's why each year, we editors have so much fun selecting and interviewing the cutest, hottest and wildest bunch of rockers around. We proudly present PLAYGIRL'S 10 Sexiest Rockers for 1995.

RICHIE SAMBORA

Bon Jovi

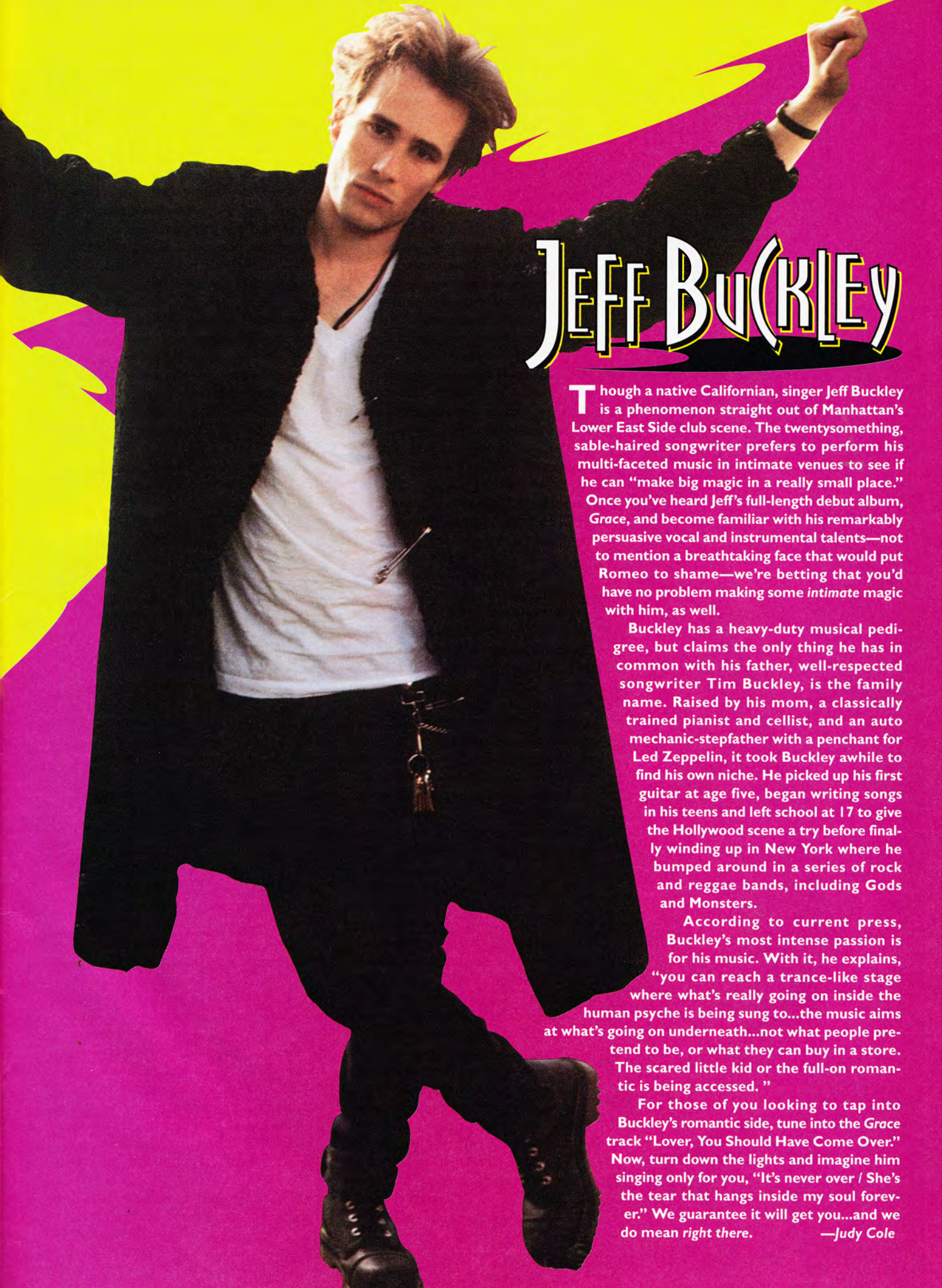
When Richie Sambora sidles up to share a mic with Jon Bon Jovi on their comeback hit *Always*, you can feel collective heartstrings tug as they croon, "If you want me to cry for you, I would; if you want me to die for you, I would...." It conjures the image of a boyfriend who would throw himself in front of a hail of bullets to save you, and awakens the longings that the best rock 'n' roll ballads are supposed to evoke.

While Sambora, along with other members of Bon Jovi, has always had a down-to-earth attitude, he's also scored with plenty of glamour girls. His romance with Cher was legendary gossip page fodder, and his marriage to *Melrose Place* star Heather Locklear, one of prime time's most lusted-after women, has cemented him in place as a rock stud supreme.

Can you blame Heather for falling for the tall, handsome, long-haired and sexy Sambora? He can play a mean guitar, is in a band that made rock history and is on top of the charts again. With so many superstar babes interested in getting into his leather pants, it must say something about those *private performances*. But he won't kiss and tell. Sambora is also a really nice, regular guy who digs Sunday football and leads a reasonably normal life. While he seems to enjoy success so much that he makes it look easy, he's still pretty humble about fame. "Heather's just my girlfriend, and she'll always be my girlfriend...even when we're married," he said, just before tying the knot with his blonde bride. "I've tried to be oblivious to the whole fame aspect. As far as I'm concerned, we're just two people, and what we do outside our relationship is just business."

Well, Heather may have him, but we can always dream....
—Laurie Sue Brockway





JEFF BUCKLEY

Though a native Californian, singer Jeff Buckley is a phenomenon straight out of Manhattan's Lower East Side club scene. The twentysomething, sable-haired songwriter prefers to perform his multi-faceted music in intimate venues to see if he can "make big magic in a really small place." Once you've heard Jeff's full-length debut album, *Grace*, and become familiar with his remarkably persuasive vocal and instrumental talents—not to mention a breathtaking face that would put Romeo to shame—we're betting that you'd have no problem making some *intimate* magic with him, as well.

Buckley has a heavy-duty musical pedigree, but claims the only thing he has in common with his father, well-respected songwriter Tim Buckley, is the family name. Raised by his mom, a classically trained pianist and cellist, and an auto mechanic-stepfather with a penchant for Led Zeppelin, it took Buckley awhile to find his own niche. He picked up his first guitar at age five, began writing songs in his teens and left school at 17 to give the Hollywood scene a try before finally winding up in New York where he bumped around in a series of rock and reggae bands, including Gods and Monsters.

According to current press, Buckley's most intense passion is for his music. With it, he explains, "you can reach a trance-like stage where what's really going on inside the human psyche is being sung to...the music aims at what's going on underneath...not what people pretend to be, or what they can buy in a store. The scared little kid or the full-on romantic is being accessed."

For those of you looking to tap into Buckley's romantic side, tune into the *Grace* track "Lover, You Should Have Come Over." Now, turn down the lights and imagine him singing only for you, "It's never over / She's the tear that hangs inside my soul forever." We guarantee it will get you...and we do mean right there.

—Judy Cole

SLASH

Slash's Snakepit

Who can resist a musical wild man who is shy, sweet, and unassumingly sexy—and an honest-to-goodness rock star? We can't, and that's why we find Slash—a.k.a.

Saul Hudson—so charming. He's a killer guitarist with a lean, hot rocker bod and a soft, sensual, innocent side!

Of course, he also adores snakes, and has been known to drink too much whiskey and favor the company of strippers. Famous for burying his boyish good looks behind a major mop of curly brown hair, he's never been one to primp and coif; you might have to pull that hair aside to see he's adorable!

He came up through rock ranks as Guns N' Roses guitarist and second fiddle to leader Axl Rose, but this year he broke out of the box with his own band, *Slash's Snakepit*, a musical venue that is supposed to encapsulate his philosophy on life: Be young, have fun, jam and maintain a relentless, screaming musical frenzy. Since the release of his solo debut, *It's 5 O'Clock Somewhere*, media exposure has been just as relentless.

Conceived in Paris and schooled in England, Slash spent his formative years in California. He claims his famous look is nothing new. "I've looked like this since I was a little kid, always had long hair, wore jeans and T-shirts. I was a real outcast in school. Parents don't raise their kids to look like that, so I didn't get along well."

When he took up guitar, his life as a social dropout ended, he says. "For some strange reason, when I stopped trying and started playing guitar and didn't give a fuck, all of a sudden I was cool."

Known for his hearty appreciation of women, Slash says, "I play a lot more now than when I used to chase chicks around. I used to spend all my time doing that. I guess I burned out on it. I fell in love!"

And so did we.... —LSB



ADAM HOROVITZ

Beastie Boys

"K-I-N-G-A-D-Whammy! All the fly ladies are on my jammy..."
Beastie Boys' "The New Style," *Licensed To Ill* (Def Jam/Columbia) 1986

We'll leave the lyric interpretation to you, but we're sure you'll agree that there's no one else in the music world quite like Beastie Boy Adam (Ad-Rock) Horovitz. He possesses little-boy charm like no other. And while the Beasties have evolved quite a bit from the "beer drinkin', breath stinkin', sniffin' glue" image that sold truckloads of albums to a nation of keg-tapping suburban teens, Ad-Rock is still the charismatic loudmouth of the trio, whose signature nasal, New York twang is unmistakable.

With his wide, expressive smile and rampant, child-like energy—not to mention discography that includes the incomparably funky *Paul's Boutique* and more recent *Ill Communication*—Ad-Rock's talent, looks and one-in-a-million style made him a personality we just couldn't ignore. While music is his first and foremost ability, he's also ventured into a film career with *Lost Angels* and *Roadside Prophets*. And speaking of theatrics, did we mention that the Beastie's *Licensed To Ill* tour props included caged go-go dancers and a gargantuan, inflatable penis? Sounds like a PLAYGIRL kind of show!

There's something about Adam that's lovable—huggable, in fact, and we're sure his wife, actress lone Skye (*Say Anything*), would concur. So what is it? Is it his overt campiness? His dimples? The naughty smile that hints he may have broken something valuable while you were out? There's a good chance it might be all three—and when you throw them all together under a backwards baseball cap and a pair of baggy pants, you're left with a guy who seems to have held onto all the wild, fun and endearing qualities of adolescence—wrapped in the body of a man who's all grown up! —Amy Drew Teitler



ANGIE COQUERAN/LONDON

GAVIN ROSSDALE

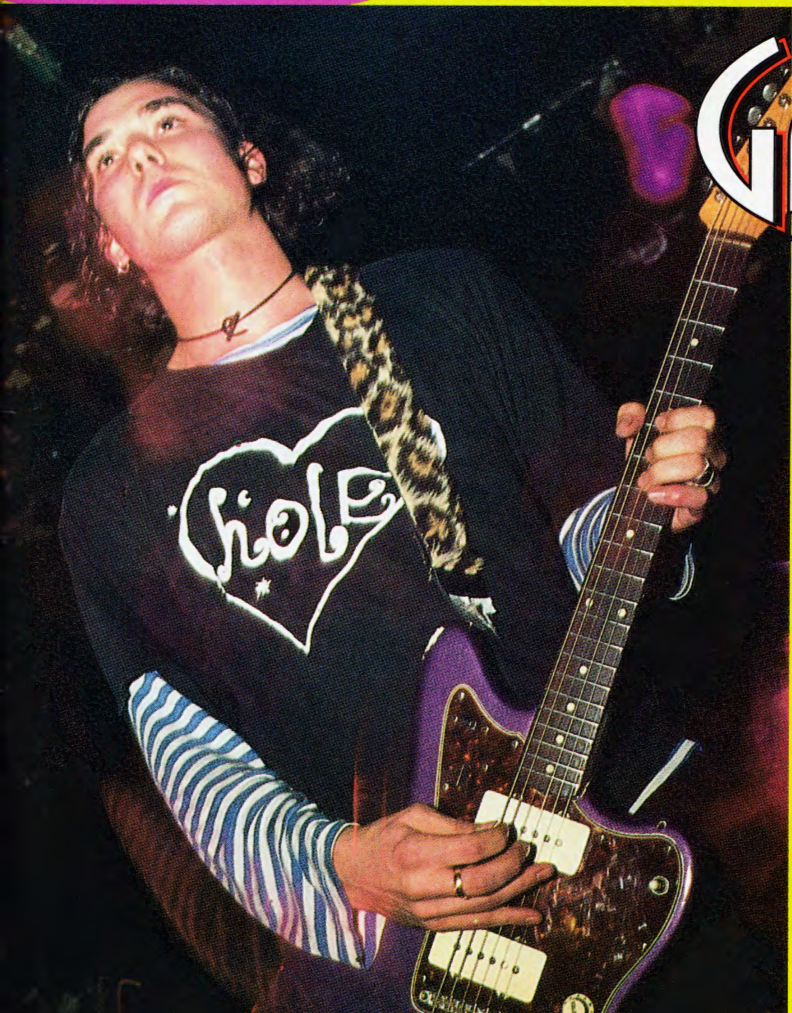
Bush

Englishman Gavin Rossdale, 27, is the only imported musical delicacy that made this year's cut, but his band, Bush, makes music that's based in good ol' American grunge. With a messy mop of dark curls not unlike those of Seattle icon Eddie Vedder, a dimpled grin and a melodic rasp that delivers their angst-ridden lyrics to your ear with heartfelt energy, lead vocalist Rossdale and his mates most definitely deserved the "cute band" nod they received in the press.

The band's success with their debut, *Sixteen Stone*, has been a ride at light-speed. A few weeks after circulation in MTV's Buzz Bin, Bush's "Everything Zen" took them to the American airwaves and charts. The tense, moody record calls up the Northwestern energy that created for the musical sphere for artists like Stone Temple Pilots and Sponge to flourish within—all fuzzy guitars, bleak lyrics and rhythms that force your body to pogo.

Young women nationwide have been making quite a fuss about Gavin and his cohorts, noticing him for the same reasons we did. His lean, lanky frame is quintessential front man material, allowing the clothes to hang fashionably from his body—or cling in all the right places when he sweats on stage. His wide, expressive eyes and devastating smile only emphasize the artist lurking beneath his near-perfect surface.

What else can we say? He's a babe. —ADT





BJ PAPAS

JON SPENCER

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

Lots of people may not yet be familiar with Jon Spencer of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, but they'd better get ready. With his overloaded sexuality and rebellious attitude, this vocalist and guitarist is poised and ready to take on the world.

While on U.S. and international tours in support of the band's three albums—*Extra Width*, *Orange* and *The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion*—Jon's on-stage gyrations, overt sensuality and screw-you spirit have frequently been compared to those of the early Elvis.

Jon is said to be an introvert off stage, but in front of a crowd, he transforms himself into a man with a mission: to front the rawest, sweatiest and loudest cutting-edge band in town. "I'm not shy on stage because I've got a job to do," he's says, "and I'm trying to put on a good show. With Blues Explosion, we're not worried about making any artistic statement—we're working from the gut."

Wherever he turns up, though, women check out his wiry body, admiring the soulful eyes and porcelain-white skin that starkly contrasts with a tousled mound of jet-black hair.

Jon's notoriety as an independent label rock bad-boy has been with him since his five-year stint with Pussy Galore, a group he co-founded in 1985. With albums called *Sugarshit Sharp* and *Dial M For Motherfucker*, and songs titled "Pretty Fuck Look," "Eat Me" and "Don't Jones Me, Motherfucker," he was bound to earn a reputation as a rebel—the perfect image for a die-hard rock 'n' roller to die for. —Jenny Higgons

DARIUS RUCKER

Hootie & the Blowfish

"To use the term 'sex symbol' and my name in the same sentence is crazy," says Darius Rucker, the handsome and charismatic frontman for the way-hot Hootie & the Blowfish. "I don't feel very sex symbol-y."

But his big, seductive voice has been hailed as "a thrilling discovery." When it erupts from the very bottom of his soul, you believe he truly means it when he belts out lyrics such as "I want to love you the best that I can" and "I only wanna be with you."

He and his bluesy rock 'n' roll style have lead the band in selling 2.5 million copies of their album *Cracked Rear View*, and the single "Hold My Hand" made them an MTV and VHI favorite.

One of the sexiest aspects of the unattached Darius, 29, is that he's so approachable. "Come up and say exactly what you're thinking or feeling," he explains. "I love that. That's the easiest way to get next to me. If you're thinking, *I want to say hello because I think you're sexy*, then just say it. If you want to sleep with me, come up and say, 'I really want to be with you.' I don't like a lot of bullshit."

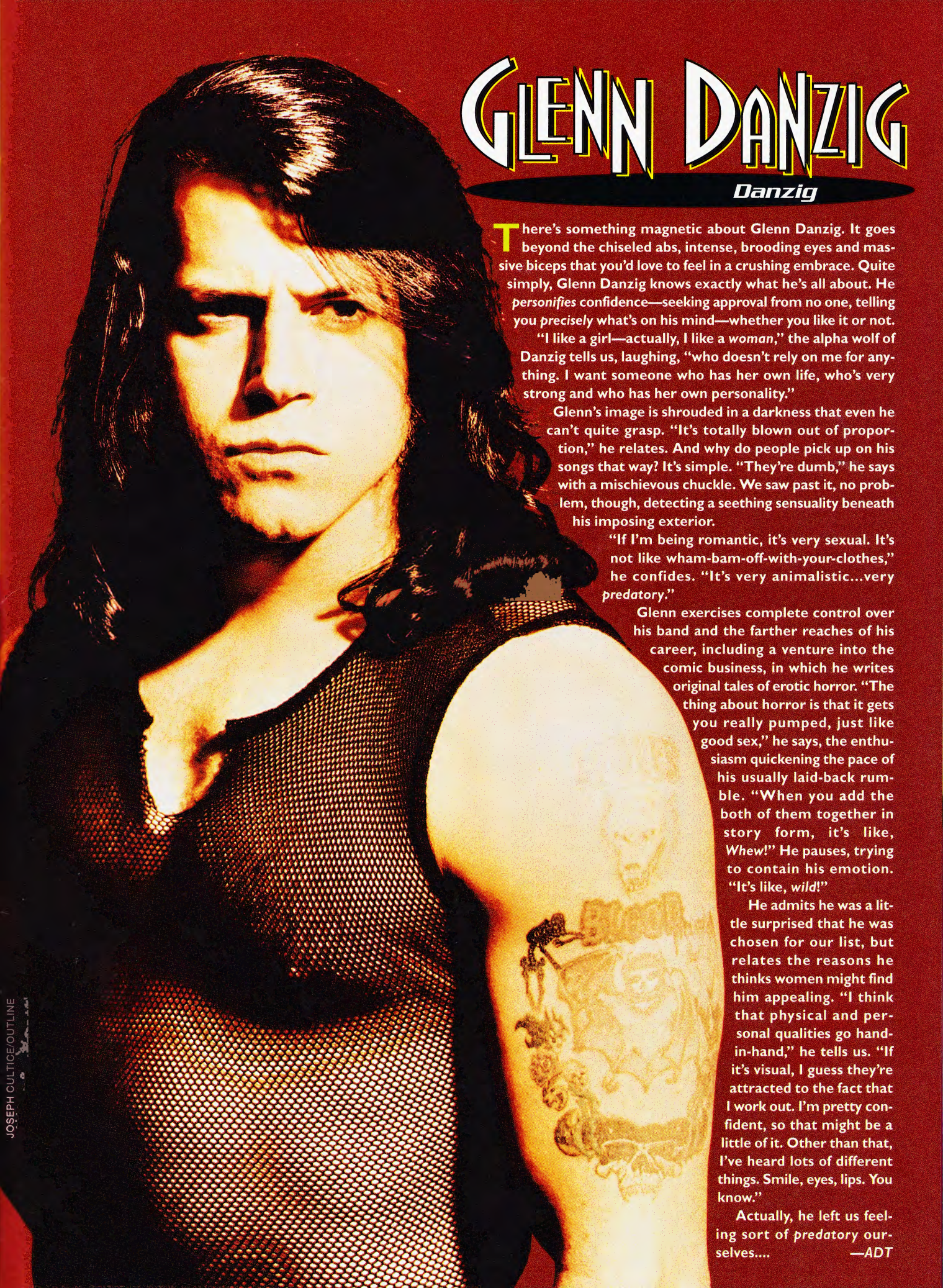
What type of women have the best chance? "I love natural-looking girls, ones who don't wear a lot of makeup. Just 'This is who I am, and if you like it, great. If not, don't bug me.'"

But superficial hangers-on beware: "I'm too old for groupies," he states emphatically. "Everything's just a game to them."

Another caveat: Darius says his Hootie responsibilities might keep him from any serious relationships. "Then again," he concedes, "I may meet a woman tomorrow who I think is just the greatest in the world and....You never know." Ladies, start your engines.... —JH



JEFF AMBERG



GLENN DANZIG

Danzig

There's something magnetic about Glenn Danzig. It goes beyond the chiseled abs, intense, brooding eyes and massive biceps that you'd love to feel in a crushing embrace. Quite simply, Glenn Danzig knows exactly what he's all about. He personifies confidence—seeking approval from no one, telling you precisely what's on his mind—whether you like it or not.

"I like a girl—actually, I like a woman," the alpha wolf of Danzig tells us, laughing, "who doesn't rely on me for anything. I want someone who has her own life, who's very strong and who has her own personality."

Glenn's image is shrouded in a darkness that even he can't quite grasp. "It's totally blown out of proportion," he relates. And why do people pick up on his songs that way? It's simple. "They're dumb," he says with a mischievous chuckle. We saw past it, no problem, though, detecting a seething sensuality beneath his imposing exterior.

"If I'm being romantic, it's very sexual. It's not like wham-bam-off-with-your-clothes," he confides. "It's very animalistic...very predatory."

Glenn exercises complete control over his band and the farther reaches of his career, including a venture into the comic business, in which he writes original tales of erotic horror. "The thing about horror is that it gets you really pumped, just like good sex," he says, the enthusiasm quickening the pace of his usually laid-back rumble. "When you add the both of them together in story form, it's like, *Whew!*" He pauses, trying to contain his emotion. "It's like, *wild!*"

He admits he was a little surprised that he was chosen for our list, but relates the reasons he thinks women might find him appealing. "I think that physical and personal qualities go hand-in-hand," he tells us. "If it's visual, I guess they're attracted to the fact that I work out. I'm pretty confident, so that might be a little of it. Other than that, I've heard lots of different things. Smile, eyes, lips. You know."

Actually, he left us feeling sort of predatory ourselves....

—ADT



CURT KIRKWOOD

Meat Puppets

I pick up the circa 1940 house phone of New York City's Paramount Hotel and recite the room number to the operator. A heartbeat later, the sleepy but sexy voice of Curt Kirkwood, lead guitarist/vocalist/songwriter of the Arizona-based band the Meat Puppets answers. In five minutes' time, Kirkwood stands before me, looking like he just fell out of bed; which if you're as attractive as he is, is not a bad way to look at all.

The group is in town to collect an award for their latest release, *Too High to Die*, that has just gone gold. As we head to the balcony for our first of about a hundred cups of coffee, I ask him what he was wearing when I'd called.

"Nada," he replies. "I never wear anything to bed." We're off and running.

I couldn't help myself. For my next question, I go for the obvious. After explaining that in some circles, a meat puppet is, after all, a penis...I wonder just how did they settle on it for the band's name?

"We liked that it had a lot of different connotations, depending on who heard it," Curt explains. "A lot of people immediately say, 'Oh, that's dirty!' And some people would say, 'What are meat puppets?' They'd take it literally."

Which leads to the following exchange:

Me: "Is yours Kosher?"

Him: "If you want it to be, definitely. I think it's pretty Kosher. I've never tasted it myself."

Me: "You're not double-jointed?"

Him: "No, that's a wish for my next life...a real long neck with double joints so I can do myself."

All right, now that we've established he'll say just about anything,

I ask him to share a tale of a typical night on the road.

"Last year (when the

(Continued on page 109)

PETER STEELE

Type O Negative

When this month's cover subject and centerfold Peter Steele, the lead singer, bass player and major creative force behind Goth-erotic band Type O Negative, speaks, his voice—which haunts the band's latest release *Bloody Kisses* like a carnal lost soul—is an intimate revelation; a sexy serpent coiling around your libido, filled with promise of ecstasies such as we imagine in our dreams. Once the tour is finished, Steele says the band will begin work on their next project, which he promises will continue in the tradition of their trademark "dark sensuality."

On the night of his PLAYGIRL cover shoot, we sat at the makeup table and talked sex...among other things. For such a massive, commanding man, he is remarkably modest and cooperative. His gaze is potent, serious, yet underneath lurks a playfulness that bubbles to the surface without warning. As we pass a glass of dark red wine back and forth between us, he tells me about his romantic priorities: "My partner's pleasure comes way before mine. My pleasure is inconsequential. That's what I enjoy...pleasing women," he explains, and also points out he's prepared to go the distance to ensure his partner's happiness. "However she wants it, for however long, I have no problem doing pretty much anything she wants—so long as it doesn't involve physical injury or cause psychological damage," he says, then adds with a laugh, "like running off with my check book."

I ask what sexual scenario most appeals to him. He thinks for a moment, then replies: "I like to tease women...not in a malicious way, but to do something very erotic to them; something simple. Like, if she were sitting next to me, I would reach behind her and pull her hair very gently and bite her on the neck just a little bit, and just when she was getting into it, I'd stop. I would do this repeatedly and get more dramatic each time...until she initiates the next action."

Though aware that it may not be PC, Peter has some old-fashioned beliefs that hit many of us right where we live: "I love to take women out. I love to hold their chairs for them. I just like to treat women like women," he says. "I like to treat women like something fragile, something precious. I like to take care of them. It makes *me* feel good. Maybe it's a selfish motive, but hopefully, they get something out of it, too."

I know what I got out of it...the need to go home and take a cold shower. —JC

For a more revealing look at Peter Steele—the flesh and the fantasy—turn to page 52



BedRock

[How To Pick Up A Rock 'N' Roller
& Live Harmoniously Ever After...]

Creaming for Clapton? Burning for Bush? Longing to say those famous words,

"I'm with the band?" Here's how to link up with a guy who'll rock your world!

—By Susan Shapiro—

The lights went down. It was David, center stage. The tall, lanky singer-guitarist was soulfully strumming his instrument and swiveling his hips in teasingly tight jeans. His unbuttoned shirt revealed dark, curly chest hair. His eyes caught mine as he winked and said, "This next one is for Susan." I got goose bumps. I got wet. I swayed as he serenaded me in his deep, sensual voice.

No matter that the stage was his bedroom in a hovel filled with music equipment, secondhand synthesizers and outtakes from the demo tape he'd been putting together for *three years*, or that he really wrote the song for some groupie named Gabrielle. I was enamored as David put down his guitar and pulled off his jeans and shirt to reveal his hot, sweaty, skinny body—and the even more impressive instrument that stood up from the area south of his belly button.

He sauntered over, ran his fingers through my long hair and gently kissed the back of my neck. I was a goner. I ripped off my own clothes. He grinned, put on a tape (his demo, of course) and with the wild energy and stami-

na of an 18-year-old, he rocked and rolled me all night long. The experience was a brilliant orchestration of sensual magic, and his performance was stunning!

Pamela Anderson, Valerie Bertinelli, and Stephanie Seymour are among members of that special sisterhood who know first hand that rock musicians are the wildest, most exciting, poetic and passionate men on the planet. You don't have to be an actress, supermodel or stripper to snag one—every hometown guy with a guitar wants to be a rock star—but are you ready for a rock and roller coaster ride with your very own red-blooded balladeer? If so, be brave, beware, and follow PLAYGIRL's tips for

picking up a music man of your own.

Why Men Become Musicians

It's a calling. Men who make music take it *very* seriously and will want you to, as well. Aside from the pleasure of playing, the allure of the spotlight and license to act like a teenager, there's another perk: "Sex," says Nick Fowler, lead singer-guitarist of Ten Acre Wood, a New York band that records on the A&M label. "Getting girls is the single biggest incentive. Most musicians are nerds who transformed themselves with their music. Guys who were popular in high school, the jocks, became investment bankers. Musicians are insecure, they crave attention. They're driven to prove something. Look at Mick Jagger, Axl Rose—these guys don't look like studs. Prince is a dwarf with a Napoleon complex. They use music to get sex and validate themselves."

Where To Find Your Music Man

Rehearsal and recording studios, music stores, all-night diners, live music clubs, clubs where his band is playing and parks midweek in the middle of the afternoon. (The guy wearing black, in dark



**Does Tommy Lee
mean no more
Poison for Pam?**

glasses and scrawling into a notebook could be your rock 'n' roll Romeo.)

Secret Strategies For Snagging Him

Pretend you're a music journalist interested in doing a story on his band and interview him. If you can carry a tune, audition for backup singer gigs. Take guitar lessons. If you have connections, get backstage passes to big concerts. If not, flirt with roadies to make connections to get backstage at concerts. Temp as a receptionist or secretary at a music company, wear tight dresses to work and smile as all the lusty performing artists pass by.

When To Snag Him

When he's on tour in your city, and before he's famous enough to have big, burly bouncers guarding his backstage dressing room.

"The best time is right after his show. That's when he's the most vulnerable, open and exposed," reveals John Mulcahy, lead singer and bass player with the band Product. "Tell him in an honest and specific way what you enjoyed about his music—the lyrics, the energy he showed on stage."

When He May Really Be Available

"The best point in his life to catch him is when he's established enough to not have to play \$75 gigs at smelly dives and isn't so career obsessed that you have to play second fiddle to his guitar," suggests Dana Mars, a 40-plus song man, who heads his own company, Mars Records. "Or, get him when he starts losing his hair, when he's in his 40s, when he's tired."

Worst Time To Make A Pass

When he's 18. At 9 a.m. Right before his show.

Don't Even Consider A Musician If...

"Dating a musician is like baby-sitting a maniac," says music lawyer Franklin Douglas, who's represented more than a few music business bad boys.

Since rock especially is all about rebellion and resistance to growing up, it's not uncommon for a rocker to *act* like a child filled with wonder (It's said that Jim Morrison once pulled his penis out onstage and later explained, "I just wanted to

see what it looked like in the spotlight.") Just keep in mind that he's probably not *acting*.

Other tips

that a music man could never be your soulmate:

- You're an early bird who likes to have conversations at 7 a.m.
- You fly into a frenzy if your guy's not monogamous
- You want a conventional life
- You care what your parents think
- You don't like music
- You don't like *his* music
- You want to turn him into a regular guy.

What Will Attract Him

- Your tits
- Your face
- Your legs
- Your butt
- Your ability to suck up to his ego
- Your soul.

Physical attributes *do* matter to many rockers. This is not to say you must look like a model, but you will definitely want to play up the sex goddess in you to get his attention! In *Generation Sex* (Harper Paperbacks, 1995), Dr. Judy Kuriensky interviewed dozens of famous rockers on what they look for in women. "I like thin girls who are funny—and hooters, of course. They gotta have 'em," says Gilbey Clarke of Guns N' Roses. Poison's lead singer Bret Michaels adds he's looking for "magnetism, personality, beautiful eyes and shoulders, and nice supple breasts." Former Mötley Crüe member Vince Neil says, "Legs and the face matter too, and conversation comes into it somewhere." Aerosmith's Steven Tyler minces no words: "I really like the sluts. I have a thing for girls who just strut their stuff and have skinny little butts."

What To Wear

Figure out if you want to be his groupie or his girlfriend. If it's your goal to screw him silly, strap on your sluttiest, most revealing outfits and let all your tattoos and pierced body parts shine. Sidle up to him after his set and in a lascivious voice offer him a blow job.

To be taken seriously as a relationship candidate, be comfortable and authentic. "Don't put on a facade," warns Mulcahy. "If you get decked out just once a month in the Wonder-Bra thing you'll

Aerosmith's Steven Tyler loves "girls who strut their stuff."



spend too much time trying to recreate your own myth. If you want to be real, don't put on airs." But don't overlook the possibility of presenting your best assets with class; a bustier beneath a conservative business suit or jacket is a killer combination.

How To Get His Attention

Breasts in his face work with most normal males, particularly those of the rocker species, yet many prefer a soft, subtle come-on.

"Friendliness is better than blatant sexuality at first," says Fowler. "For me, the groupie thing is a turn-off. If a woman comes on too strong after a show, I think she just likes me because of the band."

How To Keep His Attention

"Don't sleep with him the first time," says Mulcahy. "That will really drive him nuts and make him want you, especially if he's famous and used to females who smother him with sex offers."

The other thing many rockers look for in a woman: a classic combo of vulnerability and power—she looks beautiful and *seems* to need his protection, but has a job and can take of herself!

As Glenn Danzig puts it, "I like a woman who doesn't rely on me for everything. I don't want someone I have to watch over all the time."



Elvis always got
the ladies
"All shook up."

What To Do When You Find Him

Develop the patience of a saint and prepare to spend a lot of time waiting around—waiting for him to call or show up, waiting for him at his shows, and waiting around with him as *he waits* for things to happen. Musicians spend their

lives hanging out, waiting—for a gig, a record deal, fame, fortune, last call.

How To Impress Him With Presents

You'll make him hard for a week if you get him front row seats to see his favorite band or a gift certificate for a table dance at a local strip club. Other stuff he'll love:

His music is his life.

His band is his

family. His instrument

is his mistress.

10 hours of secretarial work (he can't manage paperwork to save his life) • a housecleaning • brownies you bake for him • a subscription to a hot music magazine • handmade jewelry or a work of art with special significance • Elvis movies on video.

What Musicians Really Want From You

Musicians are like all men, only they need more attention and feedback. Accept, understand and love him; be his constant

audience and biggest fan. Make him the center of attention at all times, laugh at his jokes and praise everything about him. Tell him he's a genius. He'll believe you.

His Biggest Turn-Ons

Creating and performing music are his greatest pleasures, followed only by the desire to be seen and then swarmed by important people (and babes) who complement and applaud him. Other top priorities on his list: • A steady gig • A recording contract • Free food (they don't call them "starving artists" for nothing) • Inner harmony • A girlfriend who'll be his audience, go to his gigs, listen to him babble about finding his inner-harmony, cook for him—basically, a 24-hour, one-woman fan club.

What Musicians Hate

• The drummer in his band, unless he *is* the drummer, in which case he hates everybody else in the band • Getting up before noon • Playing music with someone who's not serious about it • Anybody else with an audience, a gig, or a record deal • Playing weddings or bar mitzvahs • Taking a day job • Club owners he has to beg for a gig • Club owners he has to follow around to get paid • People he considers clueless music critics • People in

HOW TO PLAY ALONG WITHOUT GETTING AN ACHY-BREAKY HEART

★ Get a life so you don't wind up feeling like a groupie. (Not too much of a life so that you can't go out on the road with him if he asks.)

★ Threaten to leave, the way Jerry Hall did when she found a telegram from Mick's ex-flame Carla Bruni (being rich, having a career, a wedding ring and his three kids help).

★ Date other men, preferably several at once, so that you feel you have fewer expectations and more options.

★ See a shrink to find out why you find nice, stable guys so dull.

★ Use condoms and always practice the safest sex.

★ Keep yourself desirable, fit and mentally prepared—the threat of actresses models and groupies is everywhere.

the audience who talk while he's playing

- Women who put pressure on him to settle down
- Chicks who don't let him complain and groan about all these things
- Growing up.

What Musicians Talk About

Be prepared to talk endlessly about his favorite subjects and listen to *him* talk endlessly about his favorite subjects. These include: Himself • His Music • His band • His last show • His performance • What you think of his performance • What everyone else thought of his performance • How he knows he'll blow everyone out of the water with his next performance • His potential record deal. His inner-harmony • His stupid drummer • Old episodes of *Star Trek* • Sex and how he really gave it to you the night before!

The Most Important Thing In His Life

Sorry, but it's not you, babe. His music is his life. His band is his family. His instrument is his mistress. If his pad were burning down and he could save you or his guitar....Well, you didn't *really* expect him to leave his guitar, did you? Don't count on the perks of traditional relationships—like being taken out to dinner on your birthday or having a date for your sister's wedding—if they get in the way of a gig, rehearsal or a career opportunity.

What Musicians Don't Do

Wake up early • Eat healthy food • Work a 9-to-5 job • Dance well. They live, play, breathe, eat and worship music, but they just don't move gracefully to it when they're not on stage.

Here's The Good News

Musicians love sex. But if you want to assure yourself enough of it, you've got to reassure him, lots. Practice saying "You're a genius," and "I want to suck your cock." They love getting praise and head, and every musician's worst secret fear is that the other guys in the band have gotten/are getting/will get more sex/girls/ head than he has/does/will. So learn to repeat this mantra to him, especially in bed: *All other instruments are stupid and pointless and the guys who play them are impotent wimps. Especially drummers.* And let him know that even though every guy in the band dreams of burying his brow in your cleavage, you are his and his alone.

Cock Rock: Why Musicians Are Magical In Bed

They've got rhythm. They're passionate, sensitive and aware of emotions, which they sing about. Playing music for hours is great exercise so they're in shape. They care about their physical appearance because it's part of their power.

Specific talents in sexual performance depend on his instrument.

Diane, twice married to musicians, says specific talents in sexual performance depend on his instrument: Guitar players, pianists, drummers and bass players are good with their hands; guys who play the sax, flute, clarinet, trumpet and trombone are adept with their lips and tongues. Singers, poets and songwriters are great at whispering sweet nothings and serenading you to orgasm.

Your Competition

His music. His band. His manager. Other women to watch out for: groupies, models, actresses, trust fund babes rebelling against banker fathers, and women who play in his band. (Just ask Bruce Springsteen's ex-wife, Julianne Phillips.)

Reasons To Reconsider That Dentist

Jimi Hendrix • Jim Morrison • Kurt Cobain • Elvis • *Airheads*, the movie.

Playing The Muse

You may end up in the rock 'n' roll girlfriends hall of fame if he writes a song about you

and becomes famous enough for a lot of people to hear it. Composed in the heat of passion, it means nothing, but what a cool thing to tell your grandchildren in decades to come. Rosanna Arquette inspired "Rosanna." Eric Clapton wrote "Layla" for Patty Boyd (who was George Harrison's wife at the time), and Billy Joel wrote the lyrics "I love you just the way you are" to his wife right before he left her for supermodel Christie Brinkley. He then penned "Uptown Girl" for Brinkley, who later divorced him and married a billionaire.

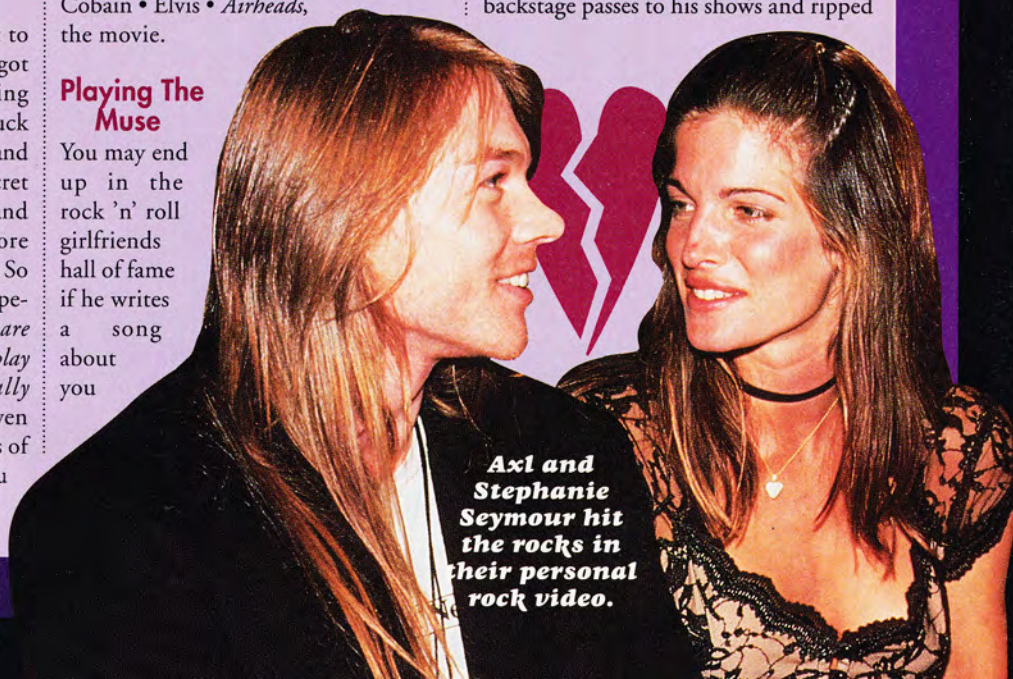
Hit The Road Jack And Don't You Come Back

You'll know it's time to go solo when:

- You catch him in bed with another woman (or man), and instead of jumping up and making excuses, he asks you to get him a beer.
- You've had it with his drinking, drugging, philandering.
- You're tired of playing Wendy to his Peter Pan.
- You're sick of waiting for him to return the messages you left at the hotel he said the band was staying at, or even waiting for him to show up for dinner.
- He owes you money, promises to return it the minute he gets paid for his last gig, then shows up with a new instrument.
- He hits you for the first time, or you feel like you want to slug him *all* the time.

Consolation Prizes

He'll charm you, perform for you and make you feel like a rock goddess when the going is good. You'll also get CDs, backstage passes to his shows and ripped



Axl and Stephanie Seymour hit the rocks in their personal rock video.

T-shirts he leaves at your pad. Hold on to 'em, he may be famous someday! And when he is, you can write a tell-all about your stormy love match (*à la* Angela Bowie and Marianne Faithfull), or, a hit song, like Carly Simon's "You're So Vain" (reportedly about Warren Beatty).

Busting The Rocker Myth

The image of the cock-rock, glam-rocker, model-marrying music man may be a distortion of reality. While there are still those who dig a blow job backstage, enjoy the attention of groupies and live as hyper-sexual beings looking for the next greatest

party, prettiest babe or best gig, some guys actually hang up their instruments and go home to the girl next door (such as Jon Bon Jovi) or wish they could. Many of today's alternative rockers have relationships with regular women who hail from places like New Jersey and Washington State.

"It's definitely a myth that recording stars and rockers always get what they want," comments singing star Jon Secada. "Personally, I'm looking for a real person, a person who likes me for who I am, and not just what I have. The physical side is important, but I think it all really starts with the heart."

Next Best Thing To A Musician

Music producers. Record company executives and PR men. Studio engineers. Sound technicians. Music critics. Lighting designers of clubs and concerts. Roadies. Rock radio deejays. They might not have the musical chops or the intensity of a real player, but they mingle in the same medium and just might be able to have a *real* relationship. ♥

Susan Shapiro, whose work has also appeared in The New York Times and New Woman, has witnessed her share of private rock performances!

MY REAL-LIFE ROCK VIDEO

By Charlotte Rose

He stalked the stage like a hungry, wild-eyed sex beast. His eyes searched out his prey and found her, lying there, in wait. He got down on his hands and knees, then his belly, and slithered across the floor. With a snake-like tongue he licked her up and down, then straddled her. As his leather-clad hips pumped in a primal love dance, he played with her—fingering, stroking, rubbing, making her moan.

He was fucking his guitar, and making it sound like a woman in the throes of orgasm. It sent a sexual chill right through my soul and made me long to climb on stage and rub my cheek against his sweaty chest. I was under a spell, the same that had captured women's hearts, minds and cunts for eons; the one that made females beg for Elvis, scream for the Beatles and grovel to become groupies for Led Zeppelin. I was seduced by rock 'n' roll.

Watching him perform transported me back to the first night we fucked; a night when the fantasy was so perfect, so real. He wrote me a poem, said he loved me and swore I'd been the muse for his album. Naked, on his living room floor, he paid erotic tribute to every inch of my body, backed by the sound of his own CD. Between kisses, he'd lip-synch a line or explain a chord change. It was wild to have his sexflesh—and his music—vibrating inside me all at once.

He was my first rocker lover—poet, egomaniac, recalcitrant wild man whose passion knew no bounds—and the

stormy, yet deliciously addictive affair was like being in a *real-life* rock video.

Later, when I saw Oliver Stone's *The Doors*, *Airheads* and enough of MTV, I realized my rock Romeo was following the standard clichés: Tell her she's your inspiration, fuck passionately to your music, fight passionately about your music, break her heart and you've got your next CD! If she complains about your lifestyle, act wounded and shout, "I'm doing it for us, baby!"

The pure fantasy period—the one where I was walking on air and believed

**He paid erotic tribute
to every inch of my
body, backed by the
sound of his own CD.**

everything he told me—lasted about three days. From then on, I often had the feeling I should flee, but there was always something he could say, whisper or sing that would draw me back.

He called me "baby" and he did it well, and it *does something* to me when certain men call me "baby." He diddled me with that *baby* thing: "I miss you, baby." "I love you, baby." "Marry me, baby." But the real seduction was that he picked me. Even though it was pure bravado, it turned me on when he'd say, "I can get any girl I want, and I want you, baby."

But his actions spoke louder than his words—it just took me a while to get it. Before his career started taking

off, I couldn't pry him out of my bed. The minute rehearsals started, I barely saw him. The fact that he *had* to carouse strip clubs with his manager every night, while he strung me along with those "I'm doing it for us, baby" calls were things I *tried* not to take personally, but they really hurt.

I complained to a therapist friend that my rocker was suddenly very slippery; that I had to have a talk with him. She laughed in my face. "Are you crazy? He's so out there, he won't hear a word. He's poetically and erotically linked to you. Just enjoy the fantasy."

Once I accepted he would never be a normal boyfriend and life with him would be, at its best, like an unending rock video, I started to have fun—hanging out backstage, attending rock parties and being able to say, "I'm with the band."

My addiction to that fiery, unruly, unmanageable rock 'n' roll love was hard to give up. But ultimately, I had to own up to the fact that this guy couldn't even be relied upon to keep a dinner date—let alone follow up on any of the promises that preceded the word "baby."

So as I watched him, live, on stage, I got that I've-lost-him-to-the-rock-world feeling, and felt that twinge, that longing to reach out to him again. It seemed a lifetime since we'd touched.

"You could never lose me, baby," he told me later backstage, pulling me toward him as if all were perfect in our little rock video world. Then he went home with a blonde, who no doubt got naked on the living room floor and fucked him to the beat of his music....And I'm sure he called her "baby."



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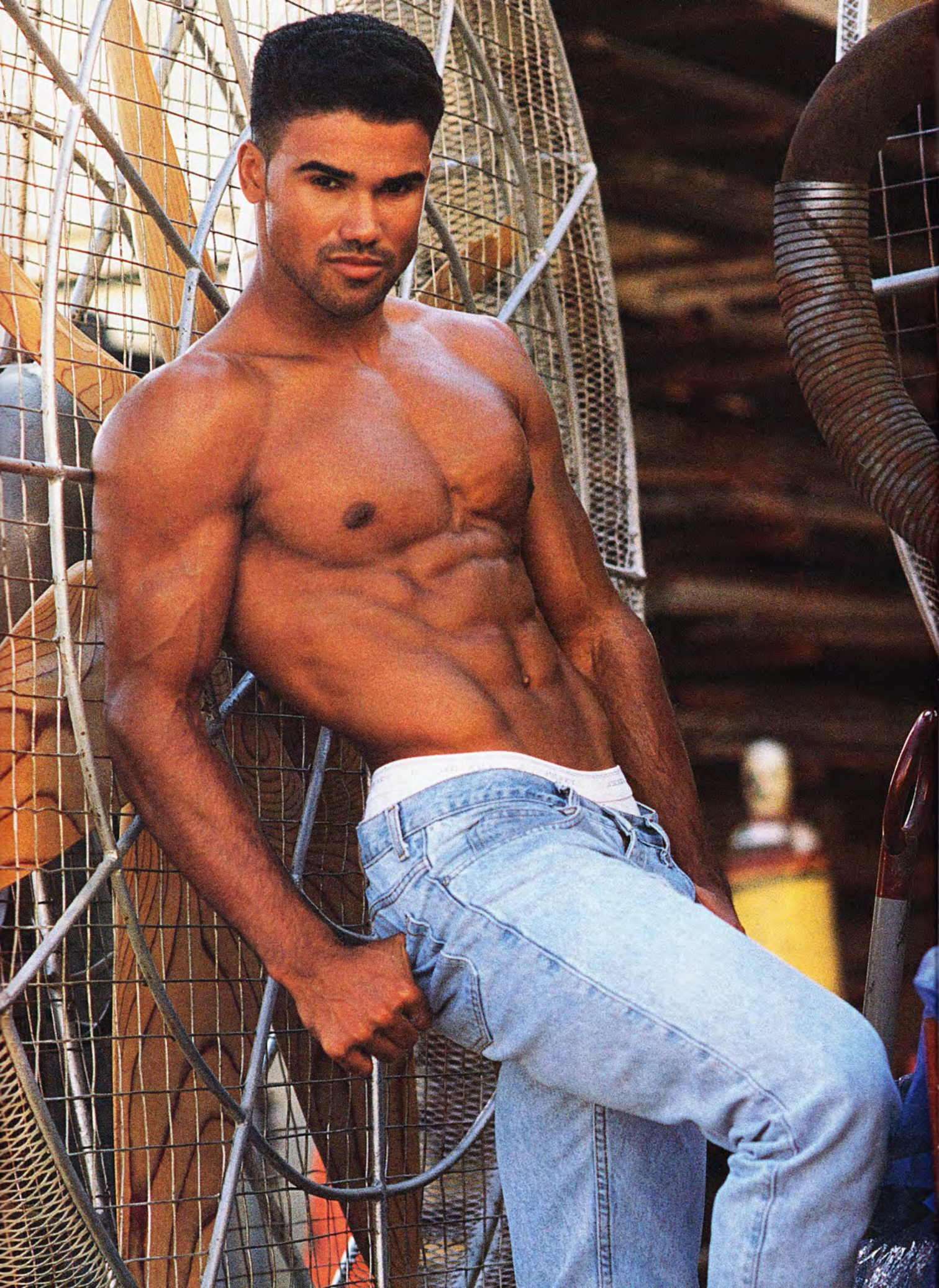
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more

CELEBRITY
PLAYGIRL
INTERVIEW

More Moore!

Shemar Moore is
the new guy in town and
burning up the screen as
sexy Malcolm on CBS's
*The Young and
the Restless*.

Interview by Charmian Carl

Don't expect to be the center of attention when you walk into the room with 24-year-old Shemar Moore. This native Californian has a smoldering quality that turns heads instantly. When speaking, his large, artistic hands move pointedly through the air, emphasizing his thoughts. His movements are sensual and cat-like, instilling a calming effect on those around him. His gentle insights into life belie his youth. These qualities have undoubtedly contributed to his rapid success.

After college, Shemar's impeccable face and body led him to a brief but auspicious modeling career in New York City. When a talent agent spotted his face in *GQ* magazine, Shemar was off to Los Angeles for his first

television audition for *The Young and the Restless*. Competing against several seasoned actors, he landed the role of the wayward and mysterious Malcolm after wowing the producers.

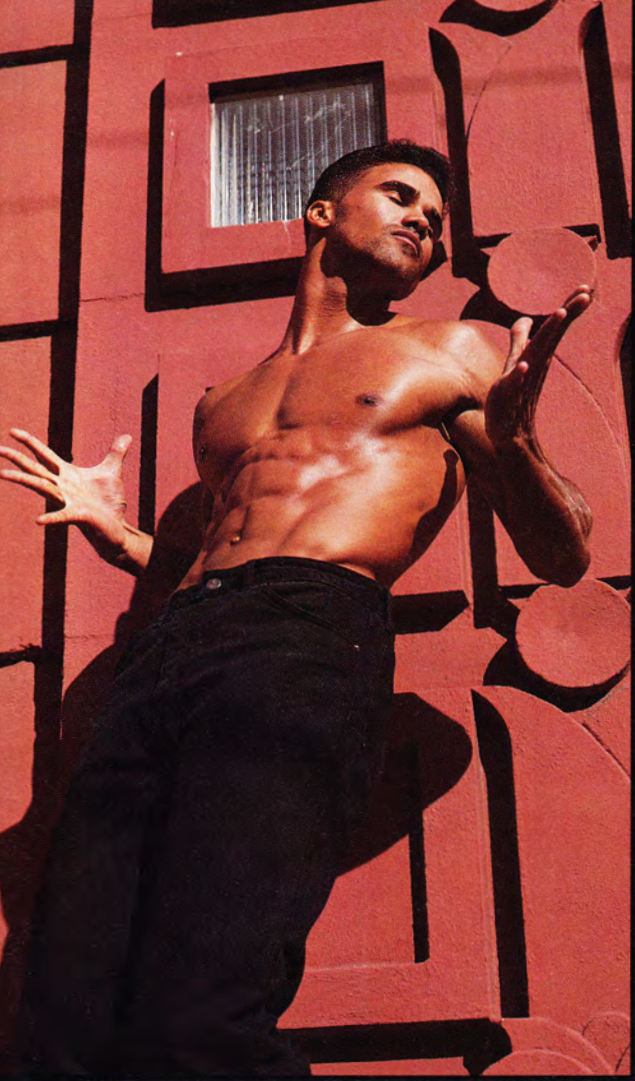
Although chosen on the basis of his presence and acting ability, his new employers didn't realize then just how special Shemar really was. His first wardrobe fitting initiated squeals of delighted surprise from the stylists, and he has been wearing those trademark tight-fitting tank tops ever since. He says he appreciates the attention he gets, is confident in his talents and strongly believes he'll evolve as a performer.

In the meantime, he doesn't mind if we stare.

One of Shemar's most recent challenges was to learn the high-wire act for TV's *The Circus of the Stars*. In only 10 weeks, he was ready to perform for the cameras and in front of an audience. He said he was afraid until the intensive training taught him to respect heights, rather than fear them.

This "Go for it!" philosophy is very much a part of Shemar. He's never had a conventional life, but he has used this to his advantage, to help him grow and excel in everything he does.

Photography for PLAYGIRL by Kal



and had sex.

What did Drusilla have to say about that?

She was delirious because she was over-medicated and she thought Malcolm was her husband. She never spoke a name, so Malcolm thought she wanted him. Now she's pregnant and no one knows who the father is. Neal is the only one who doesn't know yet. He's all happy-go-lucky because he's going to be a father, and the joke is that he might be an uncle instead.

Does Malcolm feel guilty about this?

If Malcolm could turn back time and change the past, he would. It's not like he's a bad guy. He's just a young man trying to grow up and find his own identity.

You've only been in Los Angeles for a short while now, and before that you were in New York. What was that like?

I didn't find work for the first five months. I was either too big or wasn't black enough. I wasn't handsome *enough* or I was *too* handsome. It was

got fired tomorrow, or if I were told that I couldn't model, I'd feel the kick in the ego, but I'd find another direction.

Did you ever give up hope on New York? When nothing was happening, I was still adamant about not going home with my tail between my legs, so I talked to some nutritionists, lost about 10 pounds and really got myself into shape. Then I went to a barber shop, closed my eyes and told him to shave my head bald—and *ta-da*—it was the new Shemar.

But some really good things came out of your experience on the East Coast, right? New York was tough and it kicked my butt, but I don't regret it because I learned a lot, but I did have a little success because of this shaving ad I did in *GQ* magazine. I was pictured bald-headed with a little scruff on my face. It turns out Sid Craig, who is now my theatrical agent, saw it and faxed it over to CBS's *The Young and the Restless*. They tracked me down through *GQ*. I got this message that some talent agent was calling from California and had seen my

PLAYGIRL: How do you like portraying your character Malcolm Winters?

SHEMAR MOORE: Right now, I'm being pushed as the pretty boy. I'm the new heart-throb—and that's flattering. Don't get me wrong, I'll milk it. This business is about exposure and hyping yourself. I study hard and I work hard. If you look at me and like what you see, that's great. But I also want you to appreciate what comes out of my mouth. I'm working very hard to give something back.

Describe Malcolm.

Malcolm is a nice guy with good intentions who makes serious mistakes. He's not a villain or a troublemaker, but trouble does seem to follow him because of his actions. He came to town for a reunion with his brother Neal, and with the help of his brother's wife, Drusilla, it worked. In the process, Malcolm fell in love with her. One evening, while his brother was out of town, they got caught up in the heat of the moment

always something.

Sounds like show business can't quite peg you. How do those kinds of responses make you feel?

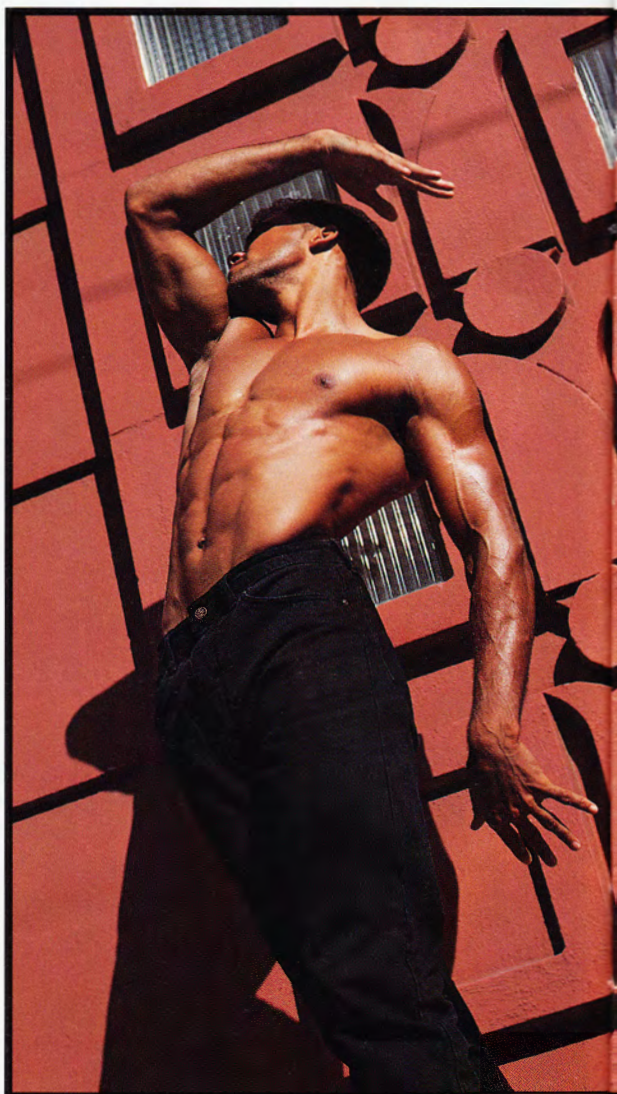
I had a real strong upbringing. I'm an only child who was raised by a very strong willed and well-educated mother. I'm half black and half white. Here was this single white woman raising a black child throughout the '70s and on. She had to be strong, and in turn, it made me strong. I've dealt with racism and all the obstacles one goes through in those circumstances.

I'm fortunate

that, in getting into the superficial businesses of acting and modeling, I'm still comfortable and confident with myself. I know that I can function and progress as a person, whether I'm an actor or not. If I



Shemar with Y&R co-stars Kristoff St. John and Victoria Rowell



"MY FIRST TIME, I DIDN'T HAVE SEX, SHE SEXED ME."

picture and thought I'd be great for a part on a soap opera, so we spoke. He asked me 20 questions, I asked him 20 questions. Then I asked myself what I had to lose. If I got the part, it would merely be the icing on the cake.

Weren't you on pins and needles?

I didn't realize at the time how quickly life could change. I also didn't know how big the soap opera world was or realize the meaning of *Y&R*'s being the number one soap for six years. The reality of my getting the part seemed farfetched. I really thought I was going to come to L.A., try, fail and go back to business in New York. I took all the money that I'd saved and used it for my trip to Los Angeles.

Do you feel lucky or blessed?

If there was ever a time to believe that things happen for a reason, it's now. I'm not saying I deserve this. I come from a very humble family and background. It's OK to be confident, feel good about yourself and even appreciate your talents, but you shouldn't take it over the top because that only pushes people away and it hurts you.

The last thing I want to be is "here today and gone tomorrow." I avoid that by staying true to myself and what I believe in, and by being true to my work by learning my lines and always showing up to work on time and performing. It's a job, and the better you do your job, the higher the demands become.

As a rapidly rising celebrity, how do you keep your ego intact?

It's all hype. I'm not going to say I don't have an ego. But I'm confident in myself. I don't compare myself to other people. I'm not trying to out-do anybody, I'm just trying to please myself and those I love. In this business you need to have strong self-esteem to cope.

How do you react when women come up to you swooning for an autograph?

I think it's funny because last year I was the same guy. I'd walk down the street and people would just keep on. But now all of a sudden, I'm a face that they recognize from TV. All of a sudden, I'm a star and I'm rich and living next door to Michael Jackson and I'm somebody they notice. The power of television is amazing. People give you things. People want to be around you. All of a sudden you don't have to work as hard for anything.

Do you think that's unfair?

Yes, I do. Just because someone is a public figure, that doesn't make them more important.

Have you ever had a fan do something

particularly crazy?

I do get crazy mail, but nothing too unusual yet. I've had women tell me what type of love scene they'd like to do with me. I've gotten teddy bears, jewelry, things like that. When they go to hug me, sometimes they shake and cry and won't let go.

Do you have a girlfriend now?

Not a steady one. I date, but I keep my life very simple. Right now, my job is my love and I don't want to do anything to jeopardize it. When I make a commitment, I want to have the time and energy. At the moment, I don't have any to spare.

Tell me about your first lover.

My first time, I didn't have sex, *she sexed me*. I remember all 45 seconds of it quite well.

Was she more experienced than you?

She was an older woman in my eyes. (laughs) She had a crush on me. I don't

think she knew it was going to be my first time. It wasn't like I was playing "Mr. Man." I just never said anything. We had carried on and made out before then.

Where did you do it the first time?

In an abandoned house next door to where she lived. We ended up doing it on the living room floor. I remember being as stiff as a board and she was on top of me. You know, guys make jokes like, "She rode me like a horse." (Laughs) It's a joke! Just guy talk.

Sounds like she was very much in charge.

Yeah, I was clueless. I remember lying there bug-eyed. I don't think I said a word, but I remember thinking, *What are you doing? What's going on?* And the whole time she was telling me to relax and not to worry—to just enjoy it.

I was like, "Yeah, OK...." and about 45



I REMEMBER ALL 45 SECONDS OF IT QUITE WELL."



"I KNOW I'VE BEEN STRONGLY 'IN LIKE'...BUT

seconds later I was in for a nice surprise. It was a great learning experience. I wore a jimmy, a condom. She was so in charge of it all that she had them on her, but I was the one that said we should use one. I wasn't quite sure how or why, but I knew it was important.

Was that your first orgasm?

No. But it was the first time for that type of orgasm. In that situation it's a whole different mind set. It's one thing on your own, but when someone's taking you there, it's wild.

Did you feel afterward that you had become a man?

That experience woke me up and let me know sex existed. It was no longer what I read in a book or what my friends told me about. But it didn't make me run out and chase it. I wasn't confident with sex until I was more experienced. Even then, I probably didn't get really comfortable with sexuality and learn how to please a woman until I was in college.

I wonder if many men lose their virginity with the woman on top?

Probably not a lot. I imagine that most men get aggressive because it's their first time and (feigning a tough guy) just get on there and go in and out. I'm guessing. All I know is that for me, I was lying there rigid as a board, bug-eyed and about ready to pass out because I was breathing too heavily. After it was over I didn't know what to say. It was something like, "Uh, thanks....See you next time."

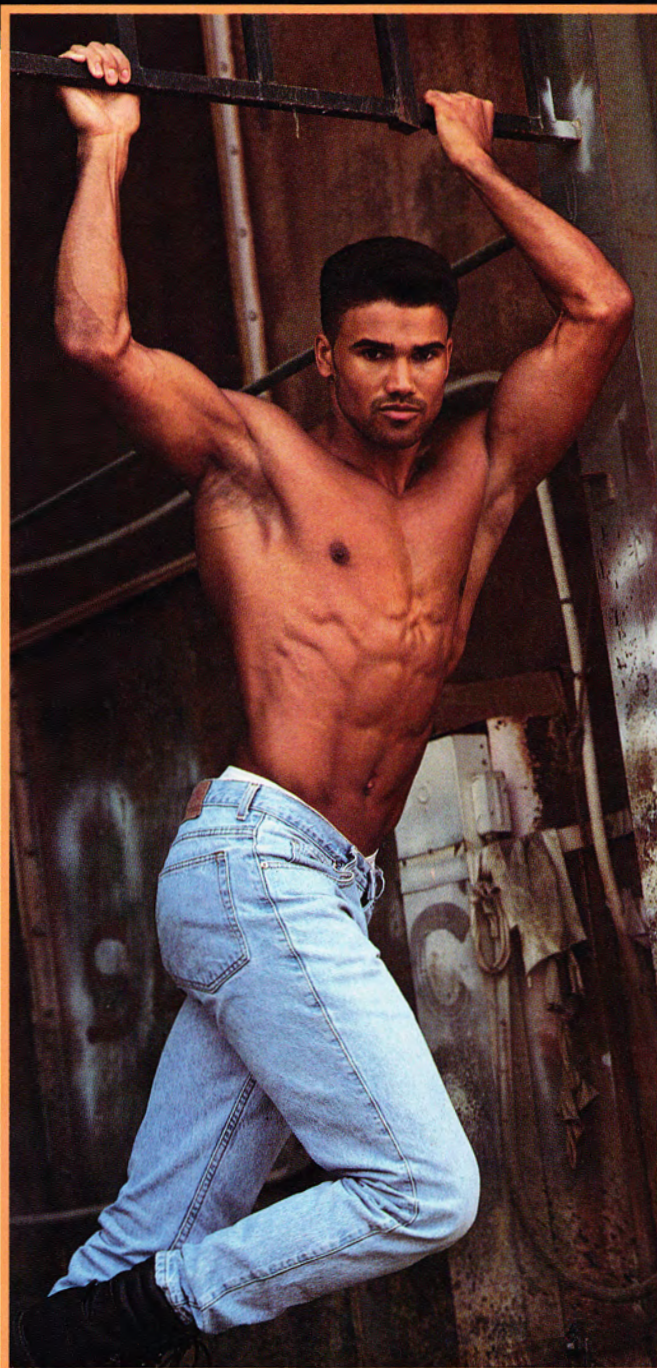
Did you see her again after that?

Yes, though the relationship didn't last. We were basically just curious together.

Today, who do you consider your ideal woman?

A woman who makes my heart go pitter-patter. Someone who will laugh with me and knows how to laugh at herself. She'd know how to keep me down to earth and help me escape from this business. She'd understand what makes me tick. I'm not particular about color, nationality or background or anything like that. I want that excitement of just being around one another.

Have you ever had a really intense



relationship?

Yes, I have, but I'm still trying to figure out what love is. I know I've been strongly "in like" and dealt with some serious emotions and experiences, but no one has ever knocked me off my feet. I'm still trying to believe that there is a so-called love that's undeniable. It's there in your face and boom—you're in love. I've also never been in one place for too long. People come in and out of my life, so maybe, subconsciously, I've got walls up.

What does it take to get you sexually interested in a woman?

If I'm dating a woman, I don't want to know everything about her. Sometimes there are bones in the closet that need to

stay there. You've got to keep some things to yourself. It keeps us individuals.

I think you have to experiment, to take the risks and succeed or fail. You have to figure out what you're about, because you won't know until you try.

I also think there's a double standard for men and women. Sexual experience for a woman is considered to be a negative thing. For a man, it's macho, it becomes a positive. I don't think that's fair or right.

So if a woman sleeps around a lot you don't consider her a tramp?

No, it depends on how she's treated and, more importantly, how she treats herself. What are the reasons and motivations behind her behavior? We don't have just female whores, we also have male whores.

Men often have the power positions. They have the freedom to criticize women because women are forced to follow the rules and guidelines. So, if a woman gives into a man too quickly sexually, she's easily labeled a slut. Yet, men remain the conquering heroes.

Why is that?

Ultimately, I think women are raised in this society to be passive, to cater to men. Hopefully, we're leaning away from that. We're seeing a huge movement of women standing up for themselves.

Have you ever just gone with the flow and had casual sex?

I've had my moments where sex is sex. Casual sex is not for me these days because of the safety factor. You can catch deadly diseases. You have to be more mature about your sexual behavior.

But I'd have no problems with casual sex if AIDS didn't exist. As long as it's mutual and you're not telling her you're going to spend the rest of your life with her and then leave her right afterward.

Have you ever done that?

I don't think I've ever done that. I've hurt people, but it was never intentionally. It was a lesson learned, and that's how we

(Continued on page 107)

NO ONE HAS EVER KNOCKED ME OFF MY FEET."

Sa-Wing Batter!

Swinger/Author Cathy Marks Sheds Light On A Taboo Lifestyle. By Amy Drew Teitler

Just imagine watching an attractive couple having passionate sex: *She arches her back, pressing her mons against his eager mouth. You're becoming incredibly turned on watching her partner as he devours her like prey, grasping her gyrating hips and burying his tongue in her most secret of places. Tasting her, immersing himself in the nectar of her desire. They are so close that you can hear the sounds of their bodies melding when he enters her. Their lovemaking thrills you, striking chords in your libido, bringing you to heights of arousal you've never dreamed of. He is the most desirable man you've ever seen—handsome, fun, a skilled lover—the kind of man you'd like for your husband....*

But, wait...he is your husband!

Welcome to the wild world of swinging, where a strong marriage and a sharing nature equals sinful fun with the consenting couple—or single—of your choice. And guess what? The swinging community is a lot bigger than you may think. They are as young as 20 and as old as 75—and they *don't* limit their partners to their age group. As a matter of fact, your *neighbors* might be swingers. That's right—that nice middle-aged couple with the son in med school and the manicured lawn. Believe it.

Cathy Marks, co-author of *Swing: Dawn Of A New Era* (MSW, 1994), along with her husband, Steve, says, "There are approximately 2,000 swing clubs in America and about 10 million swingers." Take my word, even if swinging is that last thing you'd like to try, *Swing* is a pretty hot read and a candid peek into one couple's personal search for sexual enlightenment. In fact, Cathy holds Q & A sessions in cyberspace almost every night on America Online (AOL), responding to the queries posed by the swing-curious.

Cathy and Steve first tested the waters of this alternative lifestyle when they were 18 and 19 respectively, a young married couple who were products of the "free love, sex and rock 'n' roll of the '70s," she explains. Steve was hot to experience two women in his bed, and Cathy obliged him on his birthday. Although their first foray was not the fairy tale of wild, wanton sex that one might

imagine, it was enough to further pique their interest and explore their fantasies of mate swapping and group sex when they were older, wiser and ready.

Still happily married, Cathy shared wild and raucous stories as well as some of their biggest swing mistakes when we caught up with her in her South Florida home to get the lowdown on this longtime taboo topic. As she and many others practice what they consider "safer" sex, she says that in this age of latex, swinging is still alive and well.

We're all wondering how you don't get jealous when another woman is making love to your husband.

First of all, if there *is* any jealousy, you're in the wrong playground. Among a lot of people I know, and especially speaking for myself, the biggest sexual turn-on *ever* is to watch Steve with another woman and have that woman respond to what he's doing to her.

Is it because it's like, "That's my man making her feel so good?"

Exactly. It's a matter of showing off your mate, and I believe, if you asked Steve the same question, he would say that his biggest turn-on is to see *me* excited with another person. It works both ways. If you really, really love somebody and you're secure—not only with your marriage, but with yourself as a person—you're sharing your spouse with somebody, and knowing that all it is is sharing. You're not giving him up, you're not giving him away. You're saying, "Hey, that's my guy. Look what he can do!"

Has it enhanced your sex life with your husband?

I'd have to say, definitely yes. No doubt about it.

How so?

Because you take each encounter that you have—whether it be with another girl or another couple—and you take the memory home inside of you. When you get home with your spouse, you start talking like, "Remember when we did this?" or "Such

and such happened there." We've had some of the best sex we've had—alone—after a good encounter.

How did you come to be attracted to other women?

I am not bisexual. I do have bisexual experiences that I enjoy. However, I only play as part of a threesome or a foursome. I've always enjoyed a man more. The simple thing is, you're in bed with another female, and if she is the sexual aggressor, so to speak, I will reciprocate. The touch is different. A woman knows what a woman likes.

Who's better at going down—men or women?

From my experience, the man is definitely better, because I prefer; men. However, a woman's touch is softer; she knows the correct places to touch lightly. But, you can take that same feeling and *train* the man to do the same exact thing, and he can be just as good—if not better.

Do you think Steve has gotten better at doing it by watching other women get you off?

Oh, definitely! He has been very well taught, by many women besides me. I've also been taught by many women. You take what's good from each encounter and incorporate it into your own relationship.

How would you describe group sex? What's the atmosphere like?

It's fun, it's erotic, it's a major turn-on for everybody there—at least it *should* be. If it's



not, they don't belong there. The major mood has to be playful and fun. We don't really like the label "swinging," either. We kind of lean more toward calling it "sharing." That's the whole idea.

There's a lot of laughing and joking around in your book. How did you overcome any anxiety about being naked and intimate with people you'd only just met?

The intimacy comes with being open-minded, being honest, being upfront with each other from the get-go. Everybody comes in all different sizes and shapes. No two people are exactly alike. A lot of people aren't comfortable with their own bodies or their own sexuality. The key thing is that the friendship should come first. If you can be friends *outside* the bedroom, then you can be friends inside.

After two couples come out of the bedroom, does it ever get awkward? Are you always sitting down for coffee and cake after the sex—talking about the Stanley Cup? It's that natural and easy?

Yes. It's all about friendship. Without the friendship first, it won't work. You can't take the "sharing" experience out [of the bedroom] with you. *That* makes it awkward. One of the key things that I try to make clear to people is: When you're married, like Steve and I, and you're with other people, you're having sex, you're having fun, you're sharing, you're playing, you're having a good time. When Steve and I are alone, we're making love. We're your typical married people. There's a big difference [in the sex]. It's a fine line, but it's a major difference. It's like day and night.

Was Steve ever jealous of any interaction that you've had with other men?

I think when he first noticed that I was *having a good time* with another partner there was a little twinge of jealousy. But being that we'd been together since we were about 16 or 17, having grown up together, he knew that we were going home together no matter what happened, and I knew the same thing. So if somebody else made you happy for an hour—yeah!—that was fine and good.

Wow! What a secure relationship....

Yeah. The caring is there, you know, you're *concerned*. You know, *What if this guy hurts my wife? What if this woman bites him, or bends it in the wrong way?* The concern is there, but as far as jealousy—no. You know you're in love. You know you're going home together. You know that whatever happened behind whatever door stays there. If she was better than me, or if the guy was better than Steve, you *want* to talk about it. That's one of the most important things. You talk about

each individual encounter.

And that's how your sex life at home has been so greatly enhanced?

He might find a girl who was better at going down on him than I was. He'd say, "Look, honey, she did this, this and this." And I'd say, "Explain it to me and let me try it." And we would.

What's the worst experience you've ever had?

I had gone off with a person alone—which is something we no longer do. This was back when we were first getting into the club scene. I was off with a guy and he liked to have a little bit more, shall we say, *rough* sex than I cared to. It wasn't life-threatening, but it was enough to scare me.

When I had gotten him off me, it was like, "Leave me alone. I want to leave now." That's exactly what we did. One of the major points to swinging is that the female is always in control. The female *always* has the final say. When it did not work the way I wanted it to, I put a stop to it. We went back out, Steve was there, I explained what happened, and from that point on we decided that we would strictly swing *together*, whether in a threesome or with couples.

I was reading the chapter in which a woman lied about the penis size of another guy, telling you it was inhumanly huge, in order to try to keep you from partying with him. This was after he had turned her down her advances. Do you come across vengeful people like that often?

"Group sex is fun. It's erotic. It's a major turn-on for everybody there...."

There are times when the cat claws do come out. Swinging is the ultimate gift of sharing and trust that one spouse can give to another, but swinging is not for everyone. If you're at a swing party and you go off with somebody's husband, the *very* least you do is say hello to his wife.

What are some of the different varieties of swinging?

Soft swinging is two couples doing it in the bed together without any type of interaction. Your sense of sight takes over. It's very erotic. It's a mild form of swinging. Then you have the oral part, where it's strictly oral interaction, no penetration. Then you have the full-blown swap.

I noticed in reading that your club required a current AIDS test for membership.

This is dating back to when we got involved

with them, which was going back, I guess, about four or five years ago here in Florida. The only clubs that we ever inquired about did—at the time—ask if you did have an updated certificate, and if not, were you willing to get one. However, from what we understand now, they're not as stringent. However, they have monitored the clubs for a lot of years, keeping pretty close eyes on what's going on, and there has not been one case of HIV infection—that anyone's aware of—among swingers across the country.

You consider it like being monogamous with a hundred people.

Right. We joke about it and have more or less coined a phrase, "If you have a smorgasbord in front of you to choose from, why would you go out to McDonald's for a hamburger?" Swingers have every different choice they could want, whether it's blonde, brunette, redhead, fat, skinny, tall, short. Everything's there for them to choose from, so why are they going to go out and pick up a prostitute or anyone else? Of course, there *are* people out there who'll go with anyone and aren't the least bit selective.

Is the attraction always physical?

No, it's not physical. In fact, I would say the physical aspect of it comes into play for maybe 10% of the total person. You're looking at their heart, at what's inside. The personality, the answers they can give you to questions you ask. That's what you're judging them by. And if you have to go by looks, in all honesty—I've been with some Ken

dolls, Steve has been with some Barbie dolls—nine out of ten times they're the *worst* lay ever!

What *we* look for are the *real* people who want the *real* friendships that can interact well with each other. They have to be secure and comfortable in their own marriage and with their own sexuality.

Have you ever had the experience of thinking the sex would be great with someone and then it didn't work out?

I can give you a perfect example: We had met this couple. We had dinner with them on several occasions. We went out for a whole evening on the town. Everything was great. They were swingers; we were swingers. We finally decided, "Hey, let's go home and party." We came back to the house, had coffee and cake, did all the usual evening-out things. We hit the hot tub and got into the bed. *This guy had a 13-and-a-half-inch penis!*

What do you do with *that*?

(Laughs) Exactly! I'm 5'3", and I don't think there are 13 inches *from my groin to my neck!*

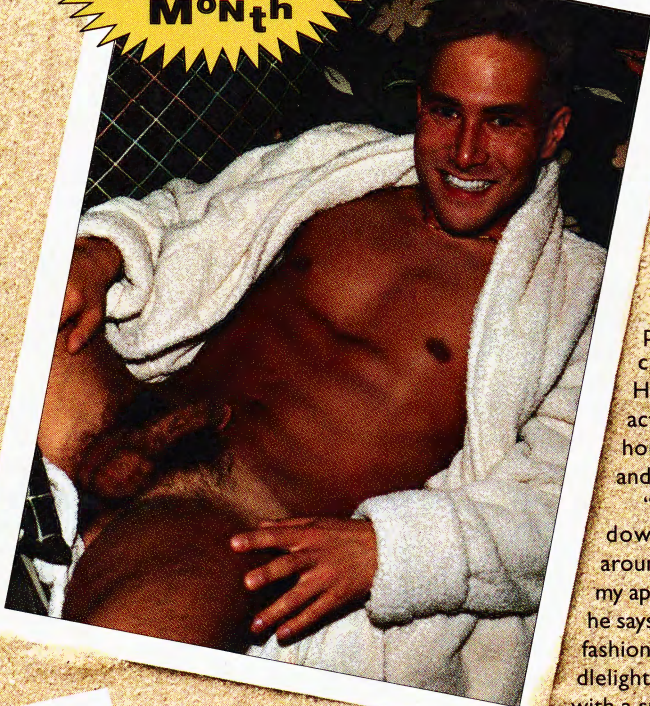
(Continued on page 105)

Real Men

**IS YOUR MAN A REAL MAN?
PROVE IT!...SEE PAGE III.**

PLAYGIRL is after your men...for Real Men, of course! So send us your honeys—your boyfriends and husbands, even those cute guys at work—stripped down as bare as they dare (nude shots have the best chance of being published). **If your man is chosen as our Real Man of the Month, he'll receive \$250. Other Real Men who appear in the magazine will receive \$100 each.** Let **PLAYGIRL** give your man the recognition he deserves!

Real Man of the MONTH



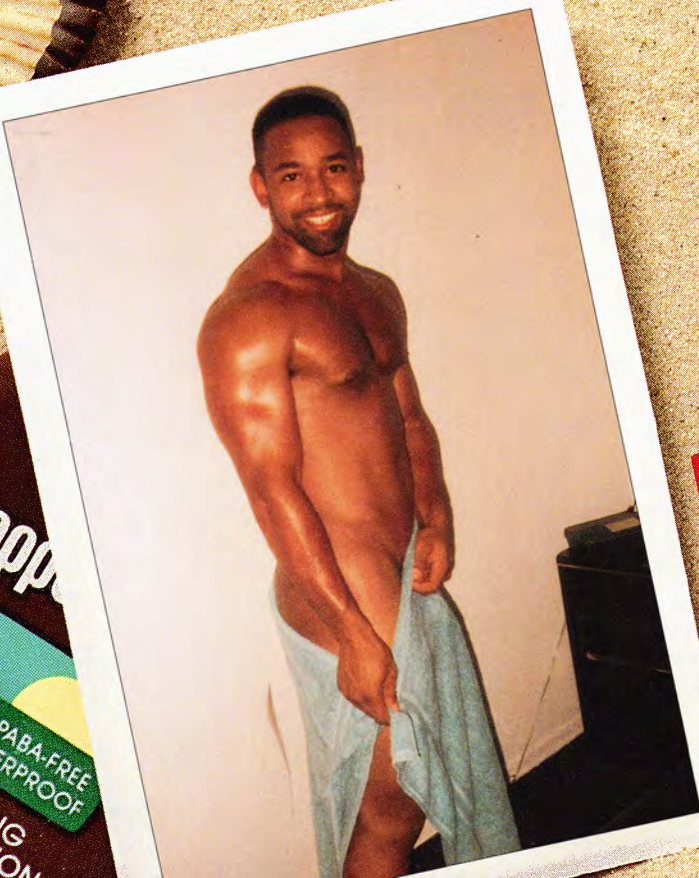
JIM

Oh, those Northwestern men!
Meet Jim Fairchild, a 32-year-old Seattle guy whose boyish smile and hard, tanned tummy caught the **PLAYGIRL** eye. Jim touts the pleasures of living in this lush, rainy region. "It's the perfect place for a guy who enjoys outdoor activities," he says with a smile.

Jim is dually employed as a fitness specialist and a hair stylist. His other interests include acting, playing the French horn and running in 8-Ks and half-marathons.

"When I need to wind down, a jog or bike ride around one of the lakes near my apartment usually does it," he says. "But ideally, I love old-fashioned romance: a nice candlelight dinner and soft music with a special person."

Special—and lucky, we might add!



Mack

Douglas "Mack" Cole hails from the Garden State of New Jersey. He's 27 and—in case you didn't notice—harbors a passion for weight training. He stands 5'10", and at 180 pounds, he has only nine percent body fat. Mack's list of favorite activities includes working on his car, cooking candlelight dinners, dancing, blacktop basketball and making exotic home movies. We assume that they'd probably fall into the "romantic adventure" genre!

Copp

8

PABA-FREE
WATERPROOF
MOISTURIZING
GREEN LOTION

Thomas

When Thomas Bosse sent us his pictures, he wondered, "Is a 56-year-old body worth looking at?" Well, we wanted to assure him that some men, like fine wine, get more delicious with age!

Thomas hails from Salem, Massachusetts, and is employed as an engineer. At 5'9" and 170 pounds, this green-eyed Casanova enjoys "a romantic dinner out, leading to an *even more* romantic evening at home." It's no wonder that his lucky wife of 35 years was willing to share his photo with the rest of us. His other hobbies include working out, oil painting and playing the mandolin, banjo and guitar.

"I was reading your Letters section recently," he tells us, "and a woman from Atlanta wrote, 'We ladies love to view guys' butts....' This, in a way, is my response!"

Point well taken, Thomas!



Ken

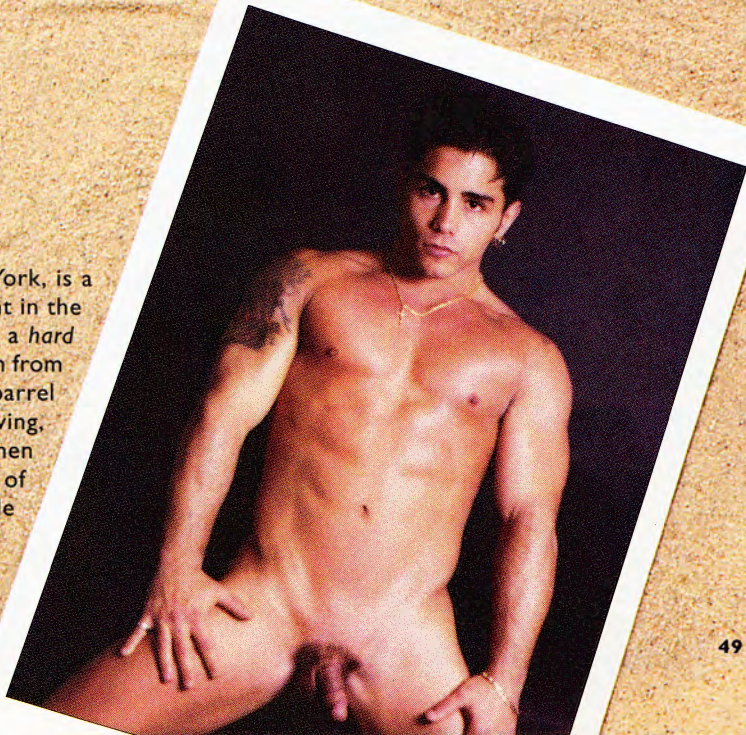
At 5'10" and a rock-solid 170 pounds, we were hardly surprised to find that Ken Dineen had long aspired to appear in the pages of PLAY-GIRL. While attending graduate school, Ken keeps himself busy with intense physical activities that help keep his fine body in shape.

"My version of the perfect girl must like healthy foods, dancing and motorcycles," he tells us. "She's also got to have plenty of stamina, because I don't tire easily."

Don't worry, Ken. We're in training!

Jim

Jim Andrews, a native of Niagara Falls, New York, is a maximum thrill-seeker. His girlfriend, Rita, sent in the 25-year-old's picture with the knowledge that a *hard* man is good to find! It's not surprising that a man from the town known for going over the falls in a barrel enjoys high-adrenaline activities such as skydiving, jet-skiing, weight-lifting and rock-climbing—when he's not at work as an exotic dancer. Says Rita of her brown-eyed hunk, "He's a caring and gentle man—with a nice ass!"



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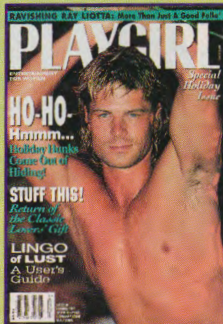
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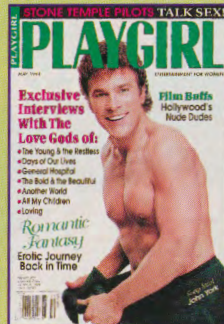
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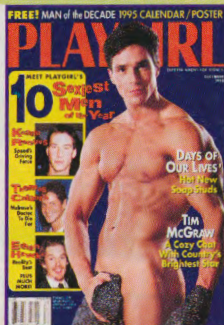
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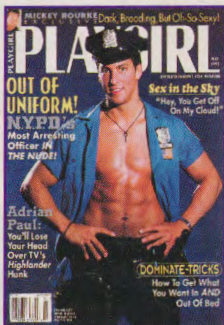
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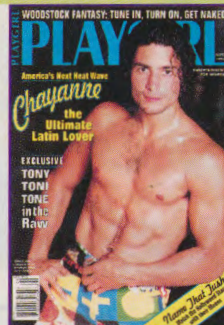
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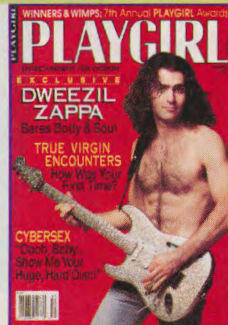
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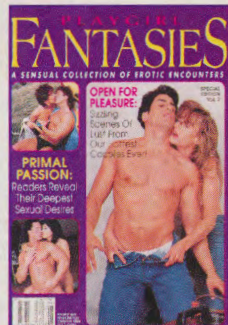
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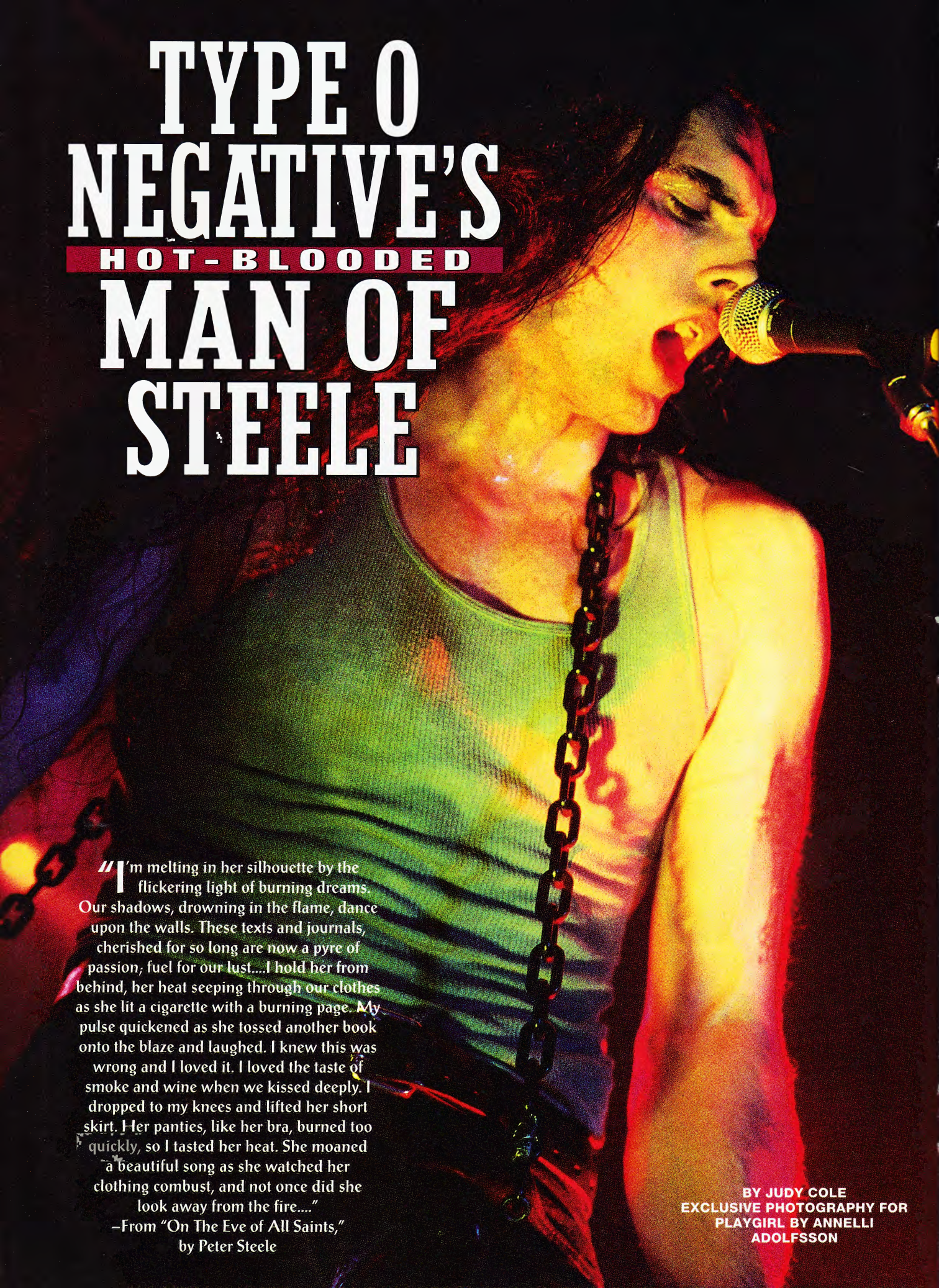
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TYPE O NEGATIVE'S HOT-BLOODED MAN OF STEELE

"I'm melting in her silhouette by the flickering light of burning dreams. Our shadows, drowning in the flame, dance upon the walls. These texts and journals, cherished for so long are now a pyre of passion; fuel for our lust....I hold her from behind, her heat seeping through our clothes as she lit a cigarette with a burning page. My pulse quickened as she tossed another book onto the blaze and laughed. I knew this was wrong and I loved it. I loved the taste of smoke and wine when we kissed deeply. I dropped to my knees and lifted her short skirt. Her panties, like her bra, burned too quickly, so I tasted her heat. She moaned a beautiful song as she watched her clothing combust, and not once did she look away from the fire...."

**—From "On The Eve of All Saints,"
by Peter Steele**

**BY JUDY COLE
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHY FOR
PLAYGIRL BY ANNELLI
ADOLFSSON**

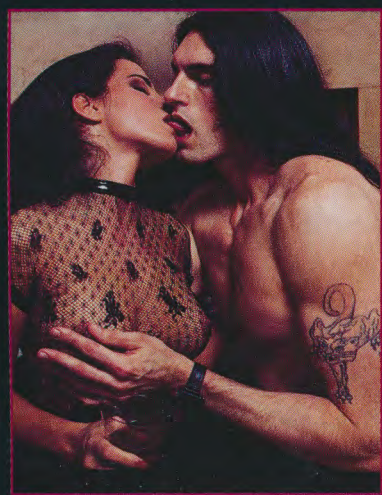
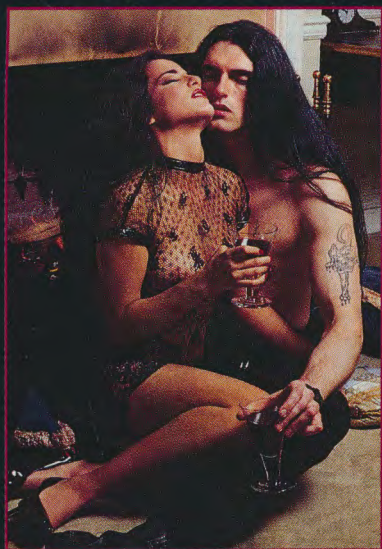


We met with Peter Steele in the hectic days just prior to Type O Negative's 10-week stint on the road with Queensrÿche. When he walked through the door, we couldn't help but hold our breath. At 6'6" and 220 pounds, Steele commands a room like a comic book hero come to life. His long, jet black hair streams down his broad back as his eyes—the unreal green of a living forest—survey the studio where we are setting up the photo shoot for this month's cover.

In our first and subsequent conversations, the nature of his sexuality becomes defined by three recurring images—fire, wine and blood. Fire is the lust, wine the communion and blood the danger—and ultimately the fun—in the ceremonies of his desires. He tells me about his fantasies: satisfying the lusty cravings of a maiden clad in rubber lingerie and spike heels; his favorite, making love—surrounded by a ring of flame—to a woman so hot her passion alone could set the bed on fire and consume them both; and of course, the one about....

PLAYGIRL
EXCLUSIVE
CENTERFOLD





PLAYGIRL: If I were to write down your sexual fantasy, do you see a story? Does it have a plot—a beginning, a middle and an end?

I like the woods. I love autumn. I would imagine that this fantasy would take place in that environment, perhaps under the light of a full moon; a nice big fire....I imagine we're by a pond, surrounded by the elements. I suppose that she would be having her way with me, more than I would be having my way with her.

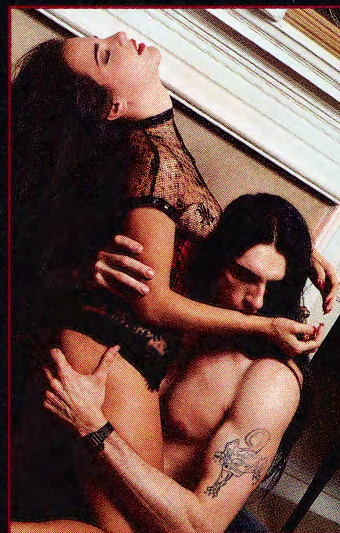
What does she look like?

Tall. I don't want to have to bend down too much. I've got back problems.

Is that from your days with the Parks Service?

(Laughs) No that's from incomplete evolution I would imagine. From what I understand, man is not quite ready to stand upright; which is why we have back problems. We're not really meant to walk on two legs. There are times we should be walking around on all fours....But maybe we should be getting back to the bedroom scene.





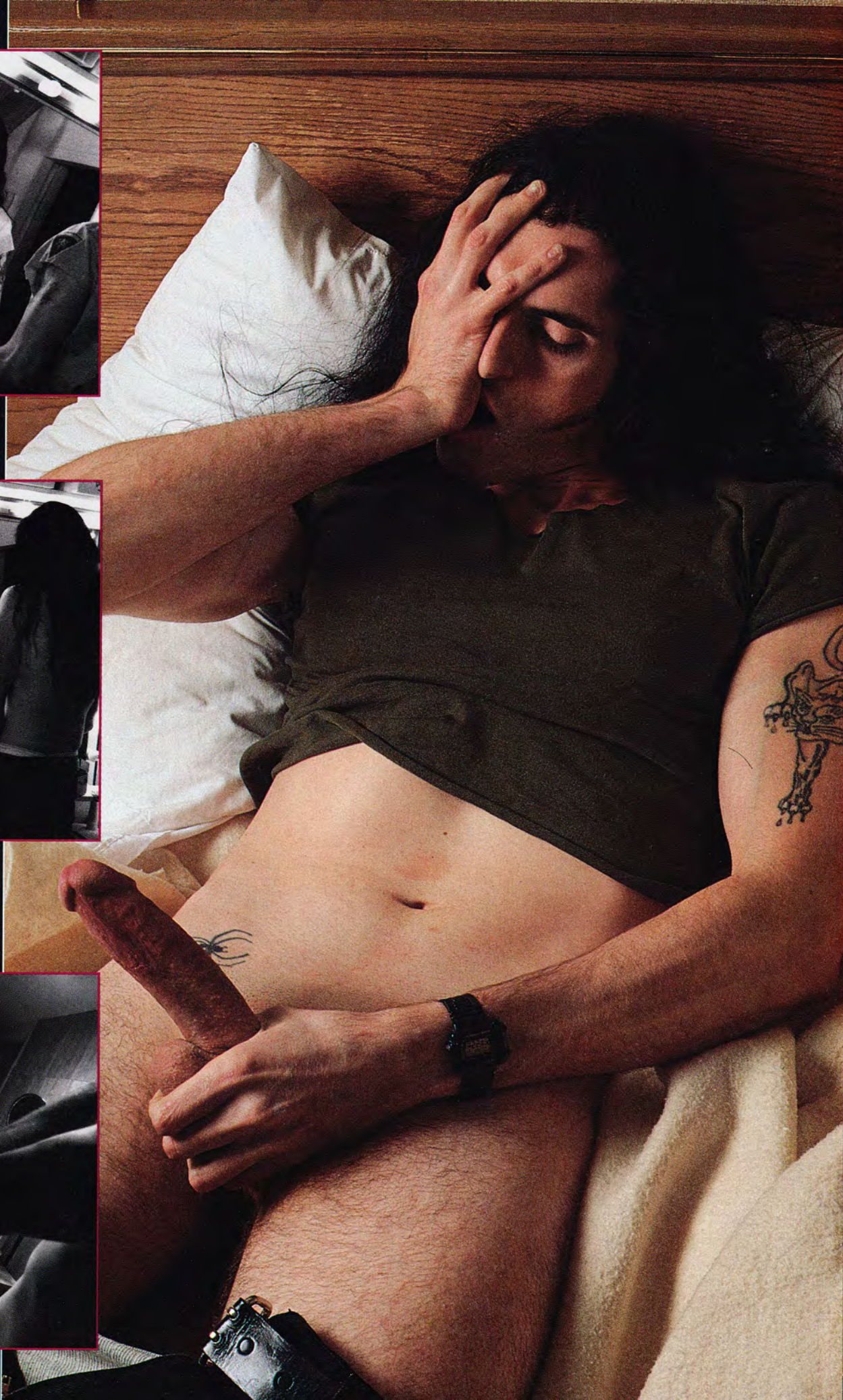
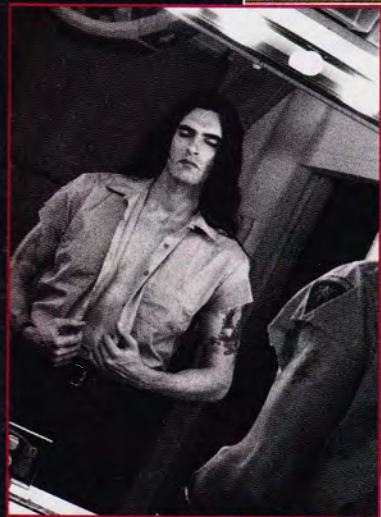


PLAYGIRL'S Man For August



Peter Steele





Or the forest scene....OK, she's tall....

Her hair color is inconsequential. I do prefer light eyes.

So you're in the forest minding your own business, when...

Here she comes like Little Red Riding Hood down the path, and I guess I'm the Big Bad Wolf?...This is hard.

What's she wearing?

I love high heels. I don't really care for combat boots on women.

What else is she wearing?

I like latex. I like leather. I like fur. I like sensuality...things that have a very nice feel to them. Regular clothing is fine, too, of course. I wouldn't expect her to be wearing a latex outfit in the woods.

This is your fantasy.

True, but I'm so rooted in reality that I have a difficult time fantasizing because I put so many mental limitations on things. It has to be within reason for me to get excited about it.

If it isn't realistic, do you start to laugh?

If it isn't with reason, the fantasy ceases at that moment. It *has* to be attainable.

OK, you're in the woods, the woman is coming toward you. She's tall, and she's pale?

I would say pale.

She has light eyes, and for the sake of argument, we'll say she has black hair...

And very full lips.

What does she say to you?

"Get the hell out of my back yard?" I'm only kidding. Maybe she doesn't say anything. She just sits down right next to me. Maybe, by some chance, I have a bottle of wine with me, the fire's already built, the flames are reflecting off the pond, and without saying a word, I give her some wine from

my glass—or my mouth.

Then what happens?

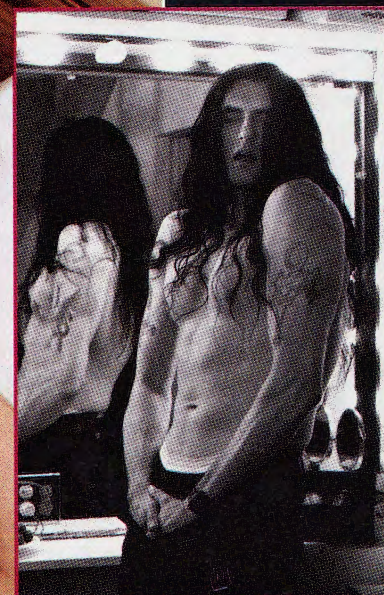
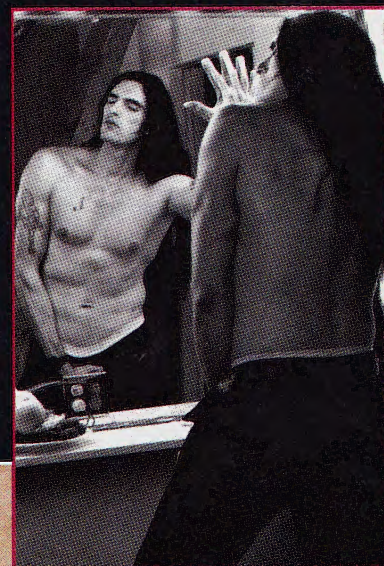
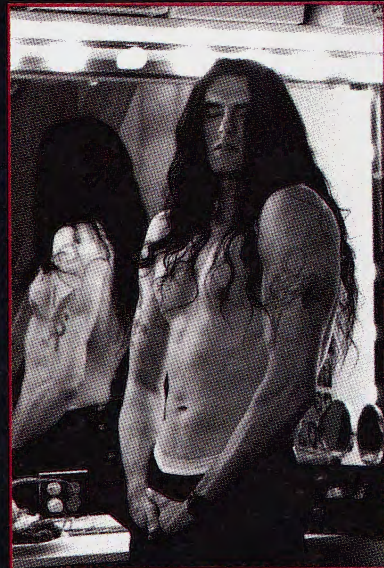
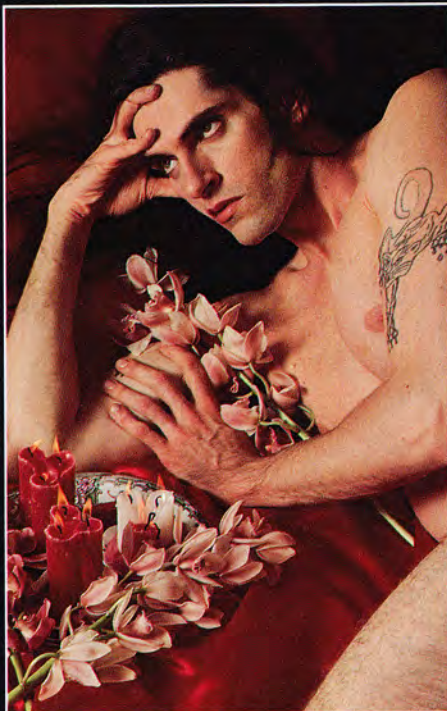
Touching....Maybe, she puts her hand in mine.

What part of her do you want to touch most?

Her face, very gently. So I can fully absorb her contours. I want every sense to be excited. I want to smell her. I want to touch her. I want to see her. I want to hear her voice and I want to taste her. I want every sense to be capacitated

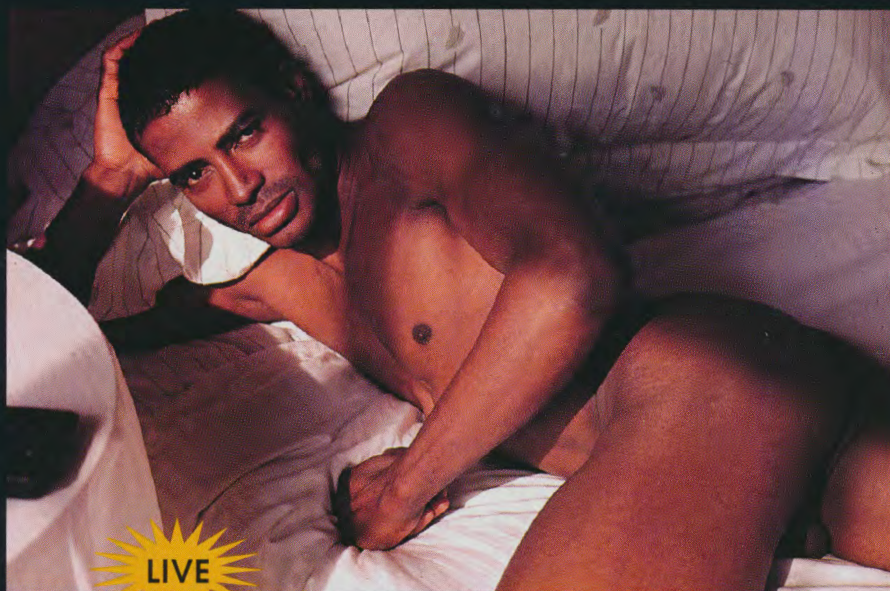
The fire is burning...you're sitting down...

(Continued on page 109)



WELCOME TO *Paradise*

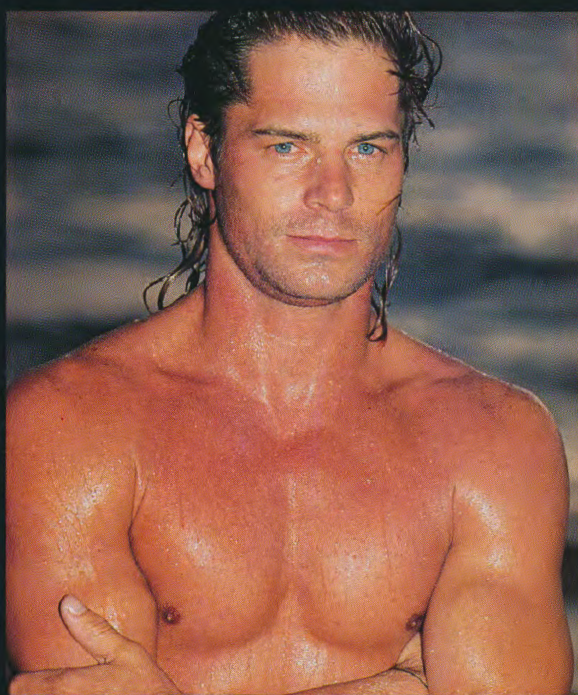
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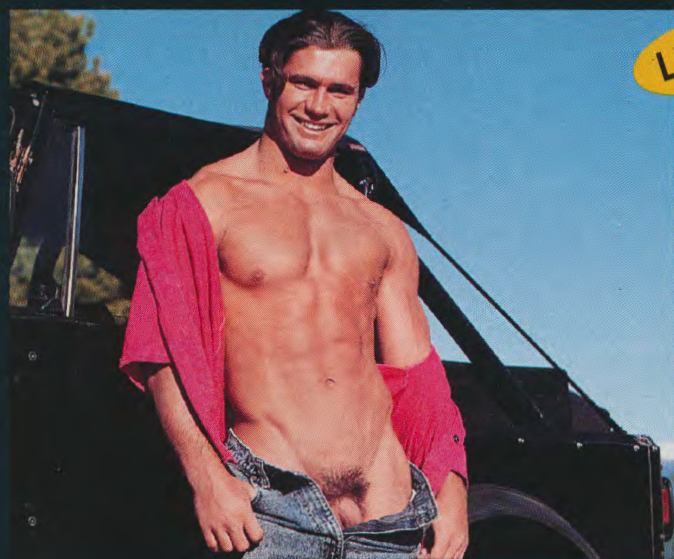
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PROFOUND PERFECTION

Donald Gutterman Gets Straight A's in Sensuality

We don't want to get too philosophical, but would you care to theorize on the metaphysical perfection of delectable Donald Gutterman? If this full-time student of philosophy doesn't shift the gears of your mind into overdrive, you might want to move in for a closer look!

His intelligent blue eyes hold a mischievous mystique, and the mind of this stunning six-footer is never at rest. His body is happiest in motion, as well. "Sports have always been a huge part of my life," Don tells us. "I love tennis, baseball and basketball. I was a Laker fan, until Michael Jordan came out of retirement. Now I'm back with the Bulls."

Photography by Tina Savage





But most of all, Don's an L.A. native who seeps sexuality from every pore. "It's weird, because although I'm not a terrific dancer, I get really turned on by a woman who dances really well," he says seductively. "And really nasty. *The nastier the better!*" he adds with a laugh.

You might think that with fantasies like that, Don's a frequent customer of exotic dance clubs, but it's not the case. "I can't go to strip joints," he confides. "I get too hot! If I don't have a girl to go home to, it's really frustrating. It's tough to sit there with a hard-on for two hours!"

Don points out that his modeling experience has helped him understand what it's like to be objectified—helping him to better grasp what his female counterparts go through.





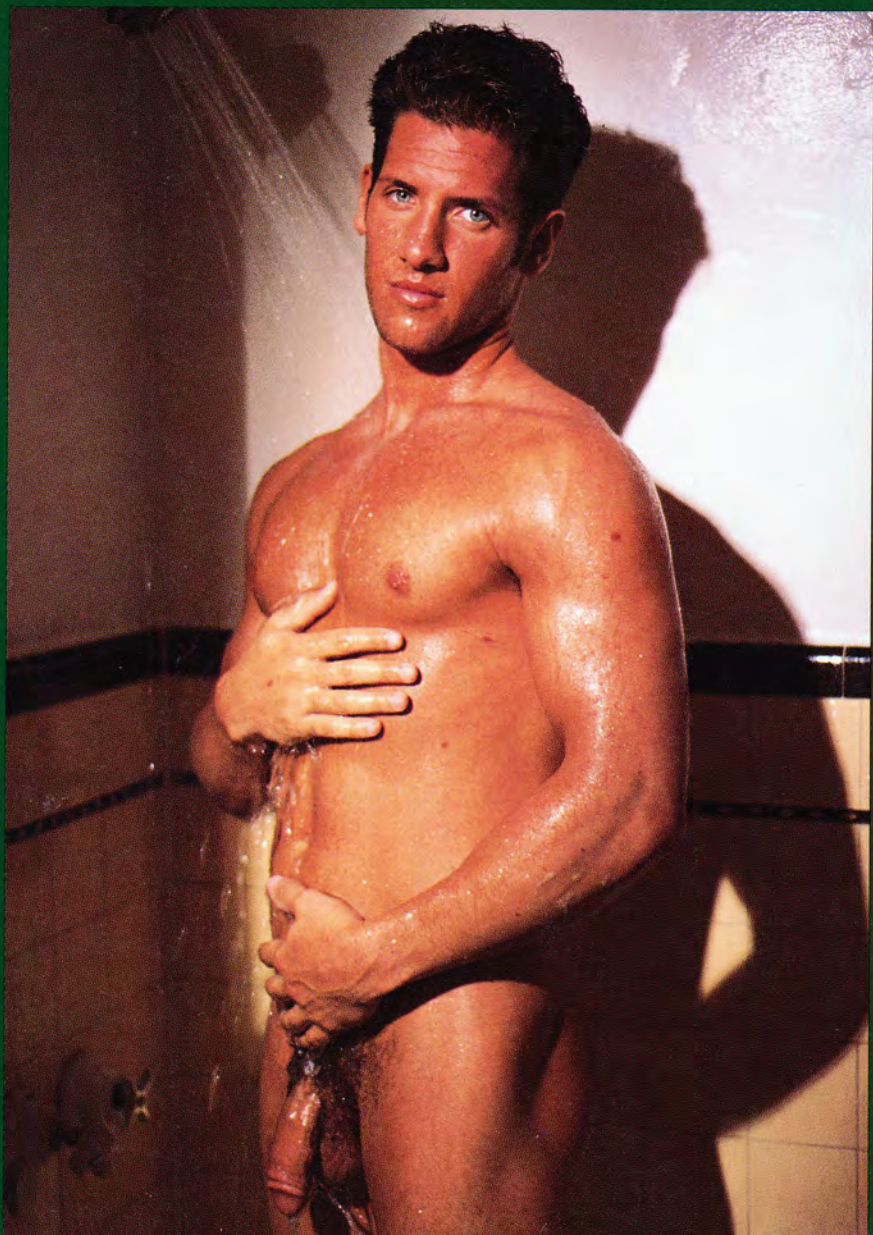


"Modeling is fun, but it's not what I want to do for the rest of my life," he says. "I don't want everything I do to be based on how I look. I treat people—women especially—completely different as a result of my experiences."

If you look deep into Donald's liquid blue eyes, your mind will transport easily into the fantasy of your dreams. The enticing aqua orbs are reminiscent of a desert oasis—a calm refresher, surrounded by scintillating heat. You might fancy Don as the sheik in your daydream, or perhaps a dashing, wayward traveler, but make no mistake—whatever role you cast him in—he's guaranteed to satisfy.

Romance is a tough call for Don, but when he meets the right girl, he admits he'll pour his heart out—along with his wallet. Once, he blindfolded a girlfriend, drove her to the beach and surprised her with a sunset picnic of fruit and wine!

So who's Don's ideal mate, besides being very sexual and extremely confident? "I definitely have a thing for petite blondes," he says with a wink.

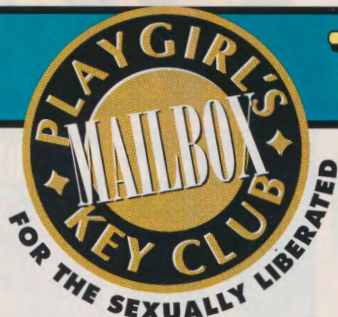






I really love to take my time once I know a woman's attracted to me," he says, a sly grin slowly spreading across his flawless features. "I won't actually have sex with her until she wants it more than she's ever wanted it in her entire life. I start at her toes and work my way up—*slowly*."

Now *that's* a philosophy we can relate to! ♥



THE FASTEST WAY TO MEET MEN

25538 - Scott - I'm a single white 32-year-old male standing 5'8". I have brown hair and blue eyes and I'm extremely fit with an athletic build. Everything on my body is hard muscle which makes me attractive. I want to be with a gorgeous female with large breasts who is submissive and into all sorts of healthy sex.

25701 - John - I'm a 6'1" 145lb white male who is shy and wants someone to break me out of my mold. My 7" cock is willing to go any way possible, but I'm kinky too. I'd like to do any straight sex in a candlelit room.

24583 - Steve - I'm a 27-year-old white male with blond curly hair. My cock is 7" and I have a nice set of balls. I'm into everything, like oral and anal sex. I'm open-minded and I'm not looking for a commitment.

25639 - Mike - I'm 6'0" 192lbs. with brown hair and eyes and I have a medium build. I'm of Puerto Rican/Irish decent and I'm good-looking. My cock is 9" long and I love to have sex all the time. I prefer doggy style and I'm into all types of safe sex.

25885 - Bill - I'm tall and thin with brown hair and blue eyes. I have a hard cock that just doesn't get enough pussy. I'll play with your ass, tits, pussy, ankles and all of you, and I'll especially fuck you in the ass.

24918 - Rick - I'm a white 35-year-old who stands 5'10" with brown hair and green eyes and is in good shape. I'm a well hung male with lots of energy who is looking for an indiscreet female ages 20 to 35 who has a tight ass. I'm open for suggestions.

25845 - Dan - I have brown hair and eyes, overweight with a hairy chest and balls. I want old-fashioned sex, with the woman on top. I do like doggy style and I need sex 3 times a week. I want a willing woman who likes to be fucked.

25942 - Preston - I'm 5'11" and 165lbs. with brown hair and hazel eyes. My 7" dick is 5" round, I'm muscular with broad shoulders and a firm chest. I like sex hard and soft and I do it all. I enjoy it anyway it wants to be given and I like my ass and balls played with.

25744 - Richard - I'm a 5'8" 169lb. white male with brown hair and eyes. I'm muscular of medium build. I have an 8" pecker, 4" thick. My tongue is really long and I love to use it. I like the taste of hot pussy when I go down on girls, and my favorite position is doggy style.

25724 - David - I'm 6'0" 180lbs. with brown hair and eyes and I want to meet a woman to be my mistress and go out together, no strings attached.

25911 - Troy - I'm a 22-year-old dark tanned Italian with a big dick. I really like girls with big breasts and who give good head and I like them on top.

24611 - Drew - I'm a 20 year old white male who's 6'2", and 190lbs. who loves girls with nice, firm tits. My 7" cock can be best maximized if you can just run your tongue around the head of it. My cock needs to be sucked and lubricated to go in and out smoothly.

25111 - Jack - I'm 5'11" 200lbs. with brown hair and eyes and I'm really into lingerie on a woman, adult movies, mutual masturbation and oral sex. I can do it for hours.

25368 - Donald - I'm a 5'8" nymphomaniac with auburn hair and good-looking. I want a woman who likes to explore and who wants to be dominated.

25907 - Joel - I'm 5'6" 160lbs. straight white male with brown hair and blue eyes and into S & M and B & D. I want to first get into a phone conversation and talk explicitly about S & M and if we're compatible, we can move on into some more interesting propositions. I prefer to meet dominant women.

24430 - Burt - I'm a 5'8" 21-year-old white professional male with an 8" dick. I want to meet a girl 18 to 25 years of age who's into all sorts of sex. She must be thin and she must love sex.

25915 - Bill - I'm 32-years-old standing 5'10" at 165lbs. who's well built with a long dick and big balls. My wife is 5'6" with medium breasts, groomed pussy and long curly brown hair. I love to watch my wife getting fucked by someone else and I masturbate while she is getting fucked.

12418 - Joe & Cindy - Joe's a 30-year-old with brown hair, blue eyes, hairy chest and stays hard. Cindy has a shaved pussy and she likes to be eaten. They both are very good-looking and they like to party with all sorts of people.

13717 - Randy & Page - He's 5'10" 185lbs. and in good shape. She's got big breasts with red nipples and looking good. They're looking to share their lives with a woman who is very passionate, giving and attractive.

25908 - George & Brenda - She has a big ass with a trimmed and deep pussy. Her measurements are 36-28-36 and her nipples are red. Her ass likes to be licked and fucked. He's 9" and thick and can please anybody. He's got a tongue that can give an orgasm. They want a dominant couple but they're not into pain.

24208 - Richard & Michelle - She has blond hair and blue eyes, a shaved pussy and they both love women who are very horny. He has a hairy chest and a sexual cock that goes all night. They are looking for a woman who likes to play with toys, go sun bathing with and who loves to have her pussy eaten.

23580 - Sean & Megan - He's a bisexual dominant male who gives excellent head. She's 33-years-old, 165lbs with a shaved pussy, who has red hair and a big round ass. They both like good intercourse, sweaty sex, and they are looking for full-figured people who are bisexual submissives. Black women are welcomed. We like all shapes and sizes.

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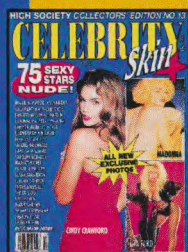
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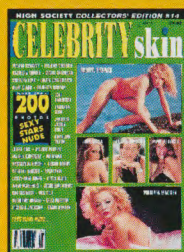
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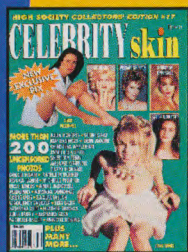
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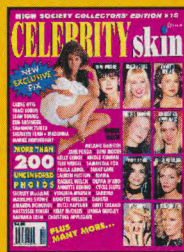
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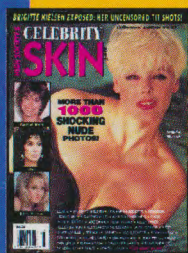
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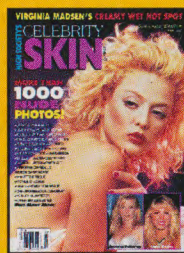
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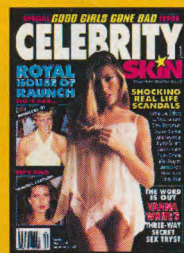
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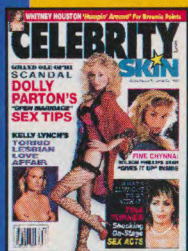
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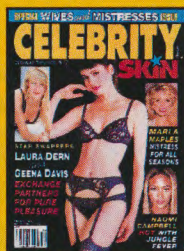
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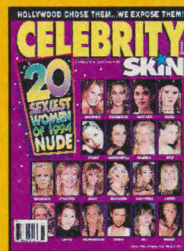
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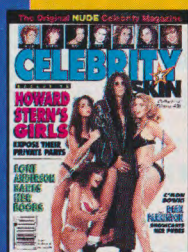
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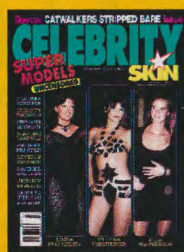
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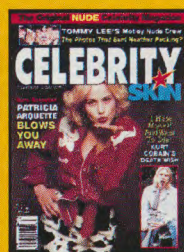
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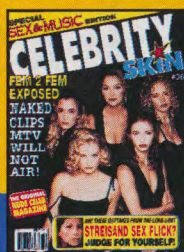
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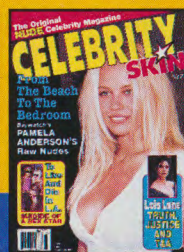
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LS15

Will FIGHTING K.O. your LOVE life?

Get Your Relationship Off the Ropes

By Laura Shanahan

Is picking fights picking away at your relationship? Is quarreling the main mode of communication between you and your man? Maybe it's time to chill out and figure out what's really behind the battles. Sometimes we have tiffs over trivia to avoid the larger issues; sometimes we squabble just for sport. At the other extreme are the fight-phobics who never ever have a cross word to say; they're permanently "home on the range," where never is heard a discouraging word. What does your fighting form—or lack thereof—say about you? Try our True/False quiz and see if you need to redirect, tame (or find) your temper.

1 I cringe when couples create scenes in public.

☐ True ☐ False

2 Part of what makes Latins such great lovers is their torrid, tempestuous nature.

☐ True ☐ False

3 If a man has a choice between a woman who challenges him and one who defers, he'll opt for the latter.

☐ True ☐ False

4 Sometimes the depth of anger I harbor frightens me

☐ True ☐ False

5 I often think I'm doing a great job keeping the peace when—wham!—there's a blow-up.

☐ True ☐ False

6 Sometimes during a fight, it flashes before me: *He loves me! He really, really loves me!*

☐ True ☐ False

7 There is something very intimate, even sexy, about battles between lovers.

☐ True ☐ False

8 Contrary to popular opinion, I believe you *can* appease a dictator.

☐ True ☐ False

9 I can identify strongly with Woody Allen's on-screen insecurities.

☐ True ☐ False

10 I admit it: I've picked fights at times for reasons I'm not really clear about.

☐ True ☐ False

11 Lovemaking after a battle royale is the hottest sex of all!

☐ True ☐ False

12 Fighting is, essentially, unfeminine.

☐ True ☐ False

13 Quarreling over past lovers is a mainstay on the menu of topics that tick me off.

☐ True ☐ False

14 Bodice-ripper novels featuring brooding, moody, piercing-eyed men are a terrific turn-on.

☐ True ☐ False

15 Sometimes I'm surprised at how vigorously I will argue over matters that I, frankly, don't care that much about.

☐ True ☐ False

16 Forget about sex after fights, I get juiced up over sex *during* fights!

☐ True ☐ False

17 That sexy hit country song, "Shut Up and Kiss Me," sure expresses my philosophy.

☐ True ☐ False

18 It's difficult for me to reveal my darker feelings.

☐ True ☐ False

19 Sometimes my man and I sound like a broken record when we feud.

☐ True ☐ False

20 If you're really in love, conflicts are—or become—uncommon.

☐ True ☐ False

21 The words "I was wrong" and "I'm sorry" fall trippingly off my tongue.

☐ True ☐ False

22 I'm the undisputed master of dramatic exits—from rooms, parties—you name it!

☐ True ☐ False

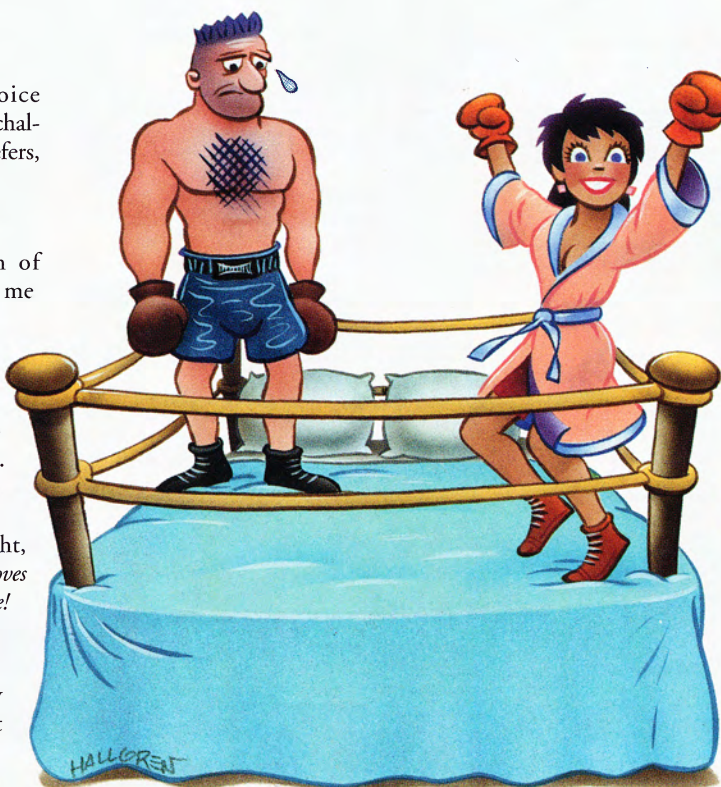
23 Yes, "buttinsky" neighbors have called the police during particularly boisterous battles.

☐ True ☐ False

24 I've been brought up to believe that if you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all.

☐ True ☐ False

(Continued on page 105)



Sheer Sensations

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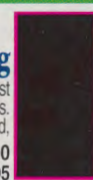
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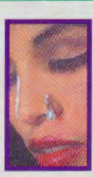


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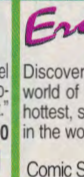
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DEAN KEEFER

Fantasy of the Month

Beth/The Courtship

The chances of it happening twice were as likely as witnessing a supernova. And easily as catastrophic. But there I was, in the elevator with the same four people. Trying to keep my cool. Trying to do the impossible.

Standing beside me, in the back of the elevator, was Mr. Very Tall Dark and Handsome. We'd never spoken, but seemed to "rendezvous" at the elevator nearly every afternoon since I'd started my new job. Even after two months it was still a struggle to be in such close proximity to his body. I'm about 5'3", and kind of squeamish around tall people. Mr. VTD&H is at least 10 inches outside my comfort zone.

I could recite horror stories about my youth and how vulnerable I felt due to my lack of height. That's why I was shocked at how violently aroused my body became from his most casual attention. Everything about him stripped me naked.

It all actually began on Monday afternoon. He and I were riding in disturbing silence down from the 19th floor when the elevator stopped on 17 to pick up two women. I'll never forget their uninhibited conversation.

"She never looks at him?" the short, fair-haired one asked her friend.

"Never. Every morning they ride the same bus." The taller one leaned closer to her companion and lowered her voice. "And every morning he stands behind her, pressed up against her, rubbing...well, you know."

Startled by the arousing image, I wasn't even aware that I had glanced up at Mr. VTD&H. His eyes suddenly darkened with awareness. I denied it with a shake of my head, but he didn't believe me. I didn't believe me. It was too intense. Too vivid. The image of him pressing his cock against my bottom was as all-consuming as a nuclear explosion.

Two days later I was still living that

moment, like a photograph permanently imprinted upon my libido. I tried to tell myself that he hadn't read my mind—that we hadn't been sharing the same erotic vision. Maybe I would have eventually convinced myself if the supernova hadn't struck a day later—in the same elevator, with the same people.

"Did he really?" the blonde asked. "And she let him?"

The tall woman nodded and whispered. "He left his hand there for the whole ride downtown."

"Between her legs?"

"Tomorrow she isn't going to wear anything...underneath."

"Jesus."

It wasn't my imagination that the tall stranger moved inches closer to me. His heat practically scorched the right side of my body. I didn't look up this time. I glanced down. His rigid cock was terrifying in proportion to the rest of him. Then his hand clenched, drawing me more thoroughly into the fantasy. I knew what he wanted to do with that hand—with those long, seductive fingers. My womb contracted. While my mind screamed that it was impossible to climax without being touched, my body completely ignored the logic. I panicked. When the elevator door opened I flew out, pushing blindly past people.

It was pure instinct that sent me running away from the more populated areas toward the back of the building. I didn't stop until I found the darkest corner of the shipping dock and shoved myself into a corner, reaching simultaneously for my slick, throbbing center. I felt an unnatural urge, a brazen need to coax the impending orgasm from my body—no matter the location. I could sense him drawing nearer and I quivered with nervous lust.

He whispered from behind me, his voice low, rumbling and confident, "Come for me."

"No!"

He moved closer. Not touching. His body surrounded mine, with his arms braced against the wall. His breath was deep. Harsh. Powerful. "Come."

His scent engulfed me. With a last, ludicrous denial, my body betrayed me. I cried out as my fingers grazed the tiny core of nerves, my body arching in the throes of passion.

I don't know how long I stayed there, crouched in the corner. At some point I was aware he had left, but my mind was too busy babbling nonsense; he hadn't touched me...and I could find another job by next week, couldn't I? He had fol-

lowed me, but he hadn't *touched* me...and no, another job wouldn't do. I would move to another state. Another country. He was too powerful. I had known that right from the beginning. His scent had brought me to orgasm. His voice. His presence. His terrifying stature. *Definitely another country.*

God takes care of idiots and children. I didn't want to know what God considered me, but I was glad that someone was watching over me when I finally tore myself from that corner and made my way home. I shut down my fears and fed my body, then washed it and put it to bed. In the morning I repeated the ritual in reverse. I should have known I would end up in the same place at the end of the day.

He missed getting on the same elevator with me at five o'clock that afternoon, but only by seconds. We stared at each other as the doors closed, shutting him out. *And that's what I should do*, I told myself—*shut him out*. I had thoroughly convinced myself that I could, even as I walked through the darkened shipping dock to that same corner. Even when I heard his footsteps, then the silence. And then his heat. His scent.

"I'm afraid of big men," I whispered into the corner. His chuckle jangled my nerves, confusing me. It was a friendly chuckle. A seductive chuckle. Possessive.

He answered very softly. "I spent all last night with my cock inside you. I was still fucking you when I woke up this morning."

"I don't know you...."

"We know each other," he countered. "We've been courting for months."

I flinched, declaring my awareness; now aware of his.

He leaned closer. "Push your bottom out, little one. It's time I found out if it's as lush as I've imagined."

"No," I breathed, arching, groaning as his cock pressed with unerring accuracy against my ass.

"What's your name?" he asked.

I shook my head.

He jammed himself tighter. Demanding. Nestling in my crack as though there weren't layers of clothing between us.

"Beth."

"Hello, Beth," he whispered.

He must have sensed my impending orgasm because he began rubbing his cock up and down my ass. Fantasy and reality collided. My neck lost its mooring and I threw my head back against his chest. His scent enveloped

me again. I gasped in pleasure and opened my eyes. He was watching my face.

"Say my name," he rumbled.

"I...don't...."

"Samuel."

The word seeped into my consciousness, settling in a place reserved for all permanent memories. "Samuel," I whimpered.

"Yes. Say it again. Say it while I watch you come."

I came forever it seemed, only vaguely aware that he was lifting me, tossing off my heels and tearing my pantyhose. He took me into his arms as if I weighed nothing at all. As the last shudder of my

He whispered from behind me, his voice low, rumbling and confident, "Come for me."

climax waned, he wrapped my legs around his waist and poised the thick head of his cock at the threshold of my body. That's when all my fears returned in a horrifying rush. *Too big!*

"No, little one," he groaned, pulling my body tight against his chest, his big hand holding my head to his neck. I was trapped in his embrace with my body open and vulnerable.

"Shhh," he soothed and began his invasion. Slowly. Persistently.

He comforted me even as he soothed my anxious cries. The large, fearsome head of his cock stretched me, demanding entrance. I clenched my muscles against the invasion, but he only held me hostage until I gave way and let him in. Then he stood like that, with his cock just barely in my pussy.

"You're...too big."

Samuel smiled. "We'll fit eventually."

Eventually. There would be no reprieve. He pushed in another inch, hugging me—taking me while I shivered—while I waited in dread of that first bold thrust. But instead of long, hard strokes, he ground himself against me slowly, making himself at home inside my body. Then he did the most amazing thing. Still attached, Samuel walked us to the service elevator.

"Where...."

"The 20th floor."

I shuddered. The 20th floor. The top floor. The penthouse. This was the reclusive Samuel Barnett—owner of the whole damn complex.

He pressed me up against the elevator wall and drew his cock out, then stroked back in with excruciating precision as we rode to the top. It was all so consuming that I still don't remember entering his suite—only the moment he laid me back on his bed and began removing my clothes. And the entire time I was impaled on his powerful cock.

"Please...I can't do this."

Samuel stroked me again, just once, effectively choking off any further protests.

"Look at me, little one," he commanded, then leaned back and removed his shirt.

Massive. His chest was slick and muscular and massive, rock-hard, like his cock. I couldn't look away as he unfastened his pants and let them drop to the floor. With a shimmying movement he discarded his shoes and socks. I didn't care. At the moment I was involved in one hell of an orgasm.

Samuel grinned. "I'm going to enjoy living inside you."

"No...."

"Oh, yes," he countered with equal doses of affection and determination. Lying back on the bed, he drew my body over his, nudging my legs to straddle his waist. Then he grasped my thighs to stretch me wide open and began to stroke.

"Samuel...."

"Shhh. Tonight I live my fantasy. Tomorrow we live yours."

"Your fantasy?" I managed to



choke out. Samuel strengthened this thrusts until my body betrayed me again.

"I dreamed about fucking you all night, remember?" he rasped. "And when we wake up tomorrow morning, I'll still be inside you." He clutched my legs tighter. His body trembled violently. With a hoarse shout of pleasure he thrust once more and spilled inside me.

"Oh God, Samuel," I whispered. "I'm not protected."

"I'll always protect you, little one," he said calmly, reaching into the drawer of his night stand and pulling out a gold foil packet. He tore it open with his teeth. I was relieved to see that his desire did not cloud his respect for my wishes.

My previous thrashing only served to arouse him. His hands cupped my bottom and squeezed. "I've wanted your body for months. When we shared that fantasy on the elevator I knew I needed more. I needed *all* of you. Every day." Samuel increased his strokes, taking me to a ragged, emotional climax. When my senses returned he settled deep in my body.

"We're fated," he said. "Fated to make love in elevators. To tease and torment each other. To fuck and, perhaps, make babies."

"This is impossible," I insisted.

His chest rocked with amusement, jamming his cock tight inside me. Then, just to make sure I understood the possibilities, Samuel used his tongue and touch and imagination to rip another orgasm from my body.

"Tomorrow," he promised. "We'll ride the bus downtown with my fingers inside your pussy."

"You're...you're scaring me."

Samuel laughed. "Oh no, little one. Not yet. We'll save those fantasies for the weekend."

Kelly/Fan Mail

"I dreamed of you again last night. You were in my bed, your body wrapped around me. Your nails were digging into my shoulders and you moaned softly as I came into you. You were so tight and wet and hot that I thought I'd lose my mind."

I stared at the e-mail message glowing on my screen, not quite believing what I was reading. There was a definite contrast between the passionate message and the investment information I was used to seeing on my computer. It beeped with another message. I pulled it up on the screen.



"You begged me to move inside you, but I wouldn't. It was too good. I wanted to savor it. You didn't feel the same way, honey. You wanted it right then. I liked it, the way you went a little crazy."

"When you began to claw and plead with me, I pinned your arms above your head and held you like that. I kissed your throat, your breasts. You giggled when I ran my tongue around your hard nipples, as if I were tickling you. And then you moaned when I sucked them."

**"Am I big
enough for you?
Am I inside
you deep enough?"**

"Do you like that?" I whispered. "Or do you want it harder?"

I fell back in my chair, surprised that the computer wasn't smoking. "Whoa," I whispered in something close to awe. Little tingles of excitement began to tickle my nerves. Whoever this guy was, he was extremely articulate, not to mention seriously horny.

But who *was* he? There had been no name at the top of the message, only an Internet address. I'd always hated being

kept in the dark, but this was different. It was somehow infuriating and exciting at the same time. I wondered how long the writer would keep me hanging about his identity—and I wondered just how far he'd go with this ultra-personal version of safe sex.

The boss passed on by my desk on his way to lunch. I quickly blanked the screen. I didn't want to have to explain—or share—these wonderfully naughty electronic fantasies. I just wanted to enjoy them. A smug little smile worked its way across my face as I cued up the next message.

"Harder," you told me. You cried out so sweetly when I used my teeth. Delicate little nips, love. I don't want to hurt you. Can you feel how careful I'm being? Can you feel the pleasure mingled with the tiny pain?"

Abruptly, I felt myself getting wet. Beneath my silk blouse, my nipples tingled as if what was being described on the screen were really happening. My fingers clenched on the arms of my chair as I fought the urge to squirm. I didn't give a

damn that this guy was breaking every FCC rule in the book. I grinned for real, despite my escalating lust. This was a hell of a way to spend my lunch hour!

"You know, I think you like it like this. You shiver every time my mouth touches your skin. You're sweet against my tongue. I can't believe it....I'm getting harder every second. It's incredible, what you do to me."

"Am I big enough for you? Am I inside you deep enough? That's what I want. I want to be so deep in you that you'll never be free of me. I want to stay inside you forever. Would you mind? Would you let me?"

I couldn't stand it any longer. I typed my own message and sent it to the anonymous address.

"Of course? You'd trust me like that? You don't even know who I am."

I frowned. I didn't want reality intruding on my lovely fantasies.

"It's only a fantasy," I reminded my mysterious friend.

"You're right. It's a fantasy. But pretend it isn't. If this were reality, would you let me?..."

I fidgeted in a mixture of impatience and lust. "What?"

"Come in your mouth?"

For a second, I could almost feel him, warm, musky sweetness against my tongue. Oh, yes, if he made love half as well as he wrote about it...."Yes."

But he didn't stop with that. With a

small part of my mind—the part that wasn't increasingly clouded with desire—I wondered if he'd be half so generous and insatiable in my bed as he was on my screen.

"I want to fuck you until I feel you starting to come, and then I want to pull out and drink the sweet cream that pours from your sex."

Oh, how I wished I were in bed with this man! My fingers shook as I tapped out, "Who are you?"

"No one special," he answered a moment later.

Oh, great, he had a sense of humor. I zipped out, "You're disappointing me."

I could almost feel the smile in his words. *"That's the last thing I want. After all, I spend a lot of time thinking up ways to satisfy you."*

"No kidding," I muttered, and swallowed hard, then typed, "I noticed."

"Good. Would you like to hear my latest idea?"

I only hesitated a moment before I sent my "Yes."

"I see you lying in a pile of red velvet cushions. You're so beautiful naked. There's just enough candlelight to show me how soft and golden the hair between your legs is, how firm your nipples are getting. They're like hard, sweet pink berries. I'm getting hard just looking at you. But I don't make love to you. Not yet."

I bit my lip to keep from moaning. The scene was vivid in my mind. I could almost feel the velvet against my skin, see the candlelight flickering over a shadowy male form. The fantasy was nice, but the moist, empty ache between my

legs was all too real.

It took me a full five minutes to correctly type and e-mail one sentence. "You're driving me crazy!"

"Funny. That's what you say when I bring in the other men. They're not here to hurt you, love. They're here for your pleasure. There are three of them. Three mouths. Three tongues. Where d'you want them?"

I was almost past caring whether or not anyone saw me. There was a storm building inside me. I slipped one hand down to my lap and pressed lightly. I was so excited that I almost came then and there. "Anywhere. Please..."

"There are two sucking your breasts."

**Raw sex appeal
radiated from him like
a different kind
of light.**

Every so often, one of them moves up to kiss you and stroke your hair. You like that, don't you, love? You like to be petted.

"The third one is between your legs, licking. Their hands stroke every inch of your silky skin. They're all hard and hot for you, but you don't want any of them inside you, do you? You want me."

I couldn't stand it anymore. I sprang up from my desk just long enough to close and lock my office door. And then I was back in my chair, yanking up my short suede skirt. My hand slipped inside my lacy panties, my fingers unerringly finding the throbbing center of my plea-

sure. "I want you. God, please, fuck me. Please let me come."

The words scrolled across the screen. *"None of the other men stop what they're doing when I wrap your legs around my waist and thrust myself into you. You're very wet and you feel so good, like heated velvet. I'm so hard and thick, I think I'll explode, but not yet. Not before I feel your climax turning all this sensitive softness inside you to sweet shivers around me."*

"I'm slamming into you now. Your head's thrashing back and forth on the pillows, and you're screaming, little shrieks that tell me how much you want me. How much I'm pleasing you. And then I feel you stiffen and your legs tighten around my hips, pulling me so deep. You scream again when the incredible pleasure takes you....And then it's taking me, too. I can only hold off for a few more seconds before I let myself explode inside you...."

My whole body arched against the chair when my orgasm hit. I seemed to erupt in a swirl of incandescent colors from the inside out. I bit my lip to hold back a scream.

When I could breathe again, I typed out the words "I have to meet you."

Just as quickly, he sent back, *"Your place. Tonight at nine."*

Just before nine that night, I carefully touched perfume between my breasts, on the insides of my thighs, behind my knees. The fragrance mingled with the scent of my arousal. Anticipation was living thing in my blood. I had just shrugged into a silver silk robe when the doorbell rang.

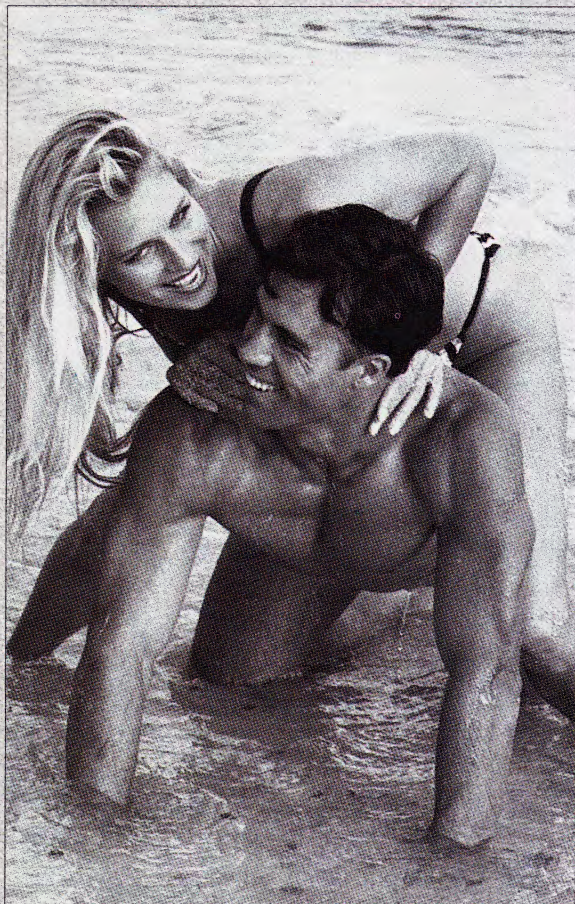
He moved inside on a waft of warm autumn air as soon as I opened the door. In the frail yellow illumination from the porch, he was a tall, dark, shadowy figure. Raw sex appeal radiated from him like a different kind of light.

I had just enough time to see the heat in his brown eyes before he hauled me against him and his mouth came down hungrily on mine. His erection pressed demandingly against my thigh. I was instantly drunk on his dark, male taste, his scent.

Without breaking the kiss, he kicked the door shut and carried me into the living room. The down comforter I'd placed on the floor in front of the crackling fire was soft under me. The silver robe was off me in seconds.

His callused hands moved, spreading tingles of pleasure over my soft skin. His strong fingers molded my flesh, taking obvious pleasure in my slender but womanly body. Then his lips, feeling like fire against my heated skin, flickered over





my body, teasing, making me crazy for him.

As good as it was, it wasn't enough. I wanted skin on skin—quickly. I stripped off his jeans and shirt, running my hands over him as I did. He was beautiful; warm and hard, deliciously muscular, with sun-bronzed skin. Dark hair dusted his chest, running in a line down his flat belly. He looked like a bronze and ebony god against the pale comforter.

With a soft, hungering sigh, I bent to worship. My tongue tantalized his nipples while my fingers raked through the curls at his groin. He groaned low in his throat when I wrapped my eager fingers around his beautiful cock. It felt like hot satin over steel and throbbed in my hand.

The hot, male taste of him went to my head. I wanted more. He growled when I slid lower and took him into my mouth. He tasted wonderfully musky, with just a tang of salt. His deep groans spurred me to new heights of desire.

After a moment, I felt him shift position without pulling away from me. Then I felt him ease my legs apart and bury his head between them. If I hadn't been otherwise occupied, I would've moaned out loud. His tongue felt so good....

When we were both teetering on the brink of orgasm, he pulled away, rolled

me onto my back, and thrust himself into me so hard that I screamed in instant ecstasy. He felt huge, stretching me to the limit, and there was desperation in the way he kissed me. I could taste myself like cinnamon honey on his tongue.

I clung to him, my nails digging into his arching, sweat-sheened back. I couldn't seem to do anything but moan raggedly. He laughed low in his throat, rotating his hips, touching and satisfying every hungering spot inside me. I convulsed, climaxing hard just as he groaned and slammed himself into me one final time. His bit-back roar of utter satisfaction made me come again.

The sweat was drying on our bodies when he finally rolled us both to our sides. He was breathing like a marathon runner, but so was I. I

smoothed my free hand over his sweaty, muscular chest, angled my leg over his hip to keep him inside me, and grinned up at him. "I'm impressed, with the e-mails, I mean."

"I thought you would be." His voice was a familiar baritone rumble. He kissed me. "I promised you when I married you that you'd never be bored with me."

He groaned low in his throat when I wrapped my eager fingers around his beautiful cock.

Bored?! He had to be kidding!

I flexed my inner muscles and wriggled my hips, feeling him begin to swell inside me again. I smiled into his eyes, watching as a familiar, loving lust started to cloud the clear, deep brown. It never hurt to keep a man on his toes.

"Oh, yeah?" I taunted. "Prove it."

M.M./Watching

Another boring weekend at my in-laws' peaked when I woke from a Freudian dream about staircases, NASA rockets and relentless locomotives emerging from dark

tunnels. I left my snoring husband in bed and went to the balcony, closing the door behind me. I sat in the shadows, contemplating everything and nothing.

When a car stopped beneath the balcony, I watched from my hidden perch as my 18-year-old sister-in-law, Lynn, returned from her date. Her lean, brown-eyed boyfriend opened the car door and helped her out. They murmured while I held my breath, afraid they might hear me. They leaned against the car's fender, kissing. Parked behind the house and beside the balcony, they assumed their remote locale provided a degree of privacy. I am not a voyeur by nature, but my interest piqued when I saw Lynn groping her boyfriend's tight little buns. *Not bad.*

The full moon cast the balcony in shadow, hiding me, but throwing a nocturnal spotlight on them. I ached to be in Lynn's shoes. The rush of a Saturday night date—all anxious breath and urgent fingers—had been missing from my life for too long. I needed that feeling, that forbidden, demanding need. I despised the longing I had endured since my husband's promotion. Too often he felt too tired or too busy; we just weren't in synch anymore.

I imagined myself as Lynn, feeling her date's strong arms, the swell of his chest and the insistence of his tongue. My nipples perked up and I sharpened my gaze when his hands slid under Lynn's blouse, kneading her breasts. She rubbed her pelvis against the bulge in his pants and smiled. I stroked one nipple through my nightgown, unsure of myself, but feeling randy in the night air.

Lynn pulled her date's shirt over his head and tossed it onto the car hood. She drew patterns on his chest with her fingernails, then slid her hands around to rake them down his back—he arched and drew his breath in sharply. Then she kissed him, wrapping her arms around his slim waist.

How I longed to be in her place. Feeling brave in the darkness, I took both my nipples in hand. Lynn did me one better. She unbuckled her date's jeans and pushed them to his ankles. He sprang free, bobbing and swinging in the silver moonlight. Lynn bent down and licked the smooth knob of his cock, running her tongue up and down his shaft, leaning lower to caress his balls with her lips and teeth. She smiled up at her date, then cupped his naked cheeks in both hands as she took the length of him in her mouth. He braced his hands on Beth's shoulders, his head lolling from side to side.

I yearned for Lynn's role. I know that fever and taste and I miss it. I could smell his young maleness raging with testosterone, the skin of his cock stretched tight across his length.

I couldn't take it anymore. I yanked my top down, pulling on my bare nipples and biting my lip. Lynn came up. She grinned and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She hadn't finished him, only gotten him started. They exchanged another syrupy kiss. She and her date both attacked her pants. They fumbled with the zipper, wrestled the material over her hips, then tossed her pants to the car hood. Her panties followed. They kissed again. Lynn leaned against the fender while her date ran his hand between her legs. He parted her lips and eased a finger in. Lynn grabbed the back of his neck. She arched her back. Her date—bless him—pulled his finger out and licked it clean, all the while holding her captive in a smoky, direct gaze. They kissed some more, stroking and fingering one another.

He sat her up on the hood of the car and she hooked her feet onto the bumper. Caressing the insides of her knees with both hands, his piercing stare disappeared as he lowered his head between her thighs. I trembled right along with her as she strained her hips to meet his mouth. He teased her for a few minutes, gently breathing on her mound, barely grazing her slit with his lips and tongue. I could see her murmuring for him to please her, to stop his sweet torment. Finally, he acquiesced.

Making his tongue wide and flat, he licked her juices—sliding his tongue up to swirl around her pulsating center. She gazed down, watching him take her sweet plumpness all the way into his mouth with gentle suction. I was going mad with desire as Lynn's date devoured her like ripened fruit. It had been so very long since I felt that animal desire to be taken. I needed release.

The half-nude sexual spectacle unfolding below inspired me. My nipples tingled from exposure to the night air. I put my feet up on the balcony railing and pulled the hem of my nightgown up, combing my fingers through my pubic hair, stopping at my swollen clit; the little button was clamoring for attention. With one hand still on my favorite nipple, I gave my clit some direct stimulation. I closed my eyes for an instant, reveling in the sensation, then returned to Lynn and her date.

They untangled from their embrace with Lynn's back to her boyfriend. He

had one hand under her blouse and one hand buried between her thighs. It looked like his tongue was in her ear, too. With a gentle prod, he coaxed her into bending over. Lynn stood by the car, legs straight, her head and shoulders resting on the hood. She used their clothes as a pillow. Her naked bottom struck a wanton and inviting pose.

Seeing Lynn's blatant posture, I spread my feet on the balcony railing. I aban-

*I was going mad
with desire as Lynn's
date devoured her
like ripe fruit.*

doned my nipple for a moment, delving with both hands into the antsy emptiness between my legs. In seconds, my fingers were drenched. On a lark, I painted my nipples with my juices. I wouldn't have thought it possible, but they got even harder. I returned to the demanding cluster of nerves at my center, swirling my wet fingertips over it just so.

I closed my eyes, imaging the sensation of a long, hard, *young* shaft sliding up inside me. Tireless, eternally hard and willing to please, it could reach the furthest depths of my body. Sinfully, I slid two fingers up inside my wet core, mimicking my fantasy lover.

Back on the ground, I watched Lynn's boyfriend slide inside her. He caressed her hips, his rock-hard shaft dancing in and out of her. They moved like a well-practiced team. Lynn clutched their discarded clothes, pitching back against his

advances. The moonlight bounced off her date's muscled torso and bare, flexing little buns. Lynn reached back and grabbed his hips. She tugged at him, wanting it harder. He obliged.

Their performance consumed me. I pulled hard on a nipple—my fingers blurred as my taut clit got the stimulation it needed. My hidden perch and the darkness made me bold. I went faster and faster, oblivious to Lynn and her date. I don't think they heard me. They were busy, too. I closed my eyes. My breath came in desperate gasps. I convulsed once, twice, three times, my climax annihilating me, tingling right up to my scalp.

My body throbbed from its release, echoing those wondrous ricocheting electric bolts of ecstasy. I sat there, feet splayed on the railing, breasts proudly exposed with a silly grin on my face. I didn't care about Lynn and her boyfriend. They could do as they pleased. I was wasted. I dozed off.

The sound of a car engine woke me. Lynn's date was leaving. I hadn't slept long. I pulled my feet from the railing, lowered the hem of my nightgown and covered my top. My in-laws' cat looked at me quizzically from the small table beside my chair and I scratched him under the chin. I stood up and staggered back to bed. I could hardly wait to ask Lynn about her date at breakfast. ♥

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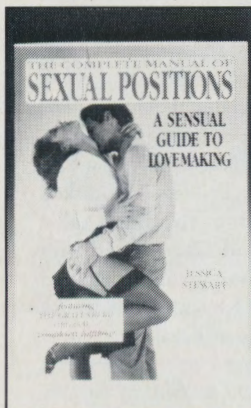
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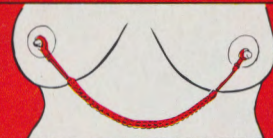
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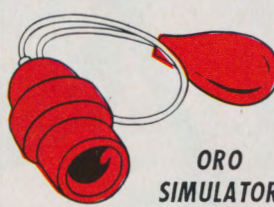
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Hollyhocks

The seeds of desire, a harvest of passion

She sat, hidden in the hollyhocks, her skirt bunched in the triangle that her bent legs created. She inhaled summer's last bouquet, and willed the scent of him out of her head.

He'd been living with them for a month, helping with the summer's work: first the haying, and now waiting for harvest. Vicki was waiting, too. Waiting for it to be over. Then she wouldn't have to look at him, think about him every minute.

His rough hands, tracing circles around the supple skin at the sides of her breasts; his tongue trailing across her collarbone, teeth digging gently into her shoulder; his cock, frighteningly rigid against the trembling flesh of her inner thigh, probing at the entrance to her secret place, promising fulfillment beyond her wildest dreams.

It had been John's idea—all John's idea. She got along fine in the spring with the cattle, when John was busy planting the crop. Now that her youngest was in school every day, she had more time than ever. In fact, she *liked* the extra responsibility—it made her feel like a vital part of the farm. But John didn't want her to do farm work. He didn't want her hands to turn rough and red, or her face to become dark and coarse from the unforgiving prairie sun. He had married a princess, not a dairy maid—he always told her that. No, it was time they realized that there was too much work for the two of them. After all, they wouldn't need the man all year—just at the busy times.

John placed an ad in *The Western Producer*. Many men were looking for work, and the phone rang from morning to night. Vicki was happy when John finally made his decision. The man was farm born and raised, and even had a farm machinery mechanic's certificate. Perfect for the job.

Vicki spent the next two weeks preparing a room for him in the basement. It was a good-sized room and her oldest daughter had been eyeing it, but Vicki said she couldn't move downstairs until she was 14—two more years. John had worked on it last winter, the walls were mudded and taped, but it needed paint, some bright curtains to cover the small window and a few remnants of carpet to warm the cement floor.

Vicki scraped and varnished an old dresser that had been covered with plastic and stored in the garage. She lined the drawers with newspaper and sprinkled rose petals between the layers to chase away the musty smell. The kids couldn't wait until he arrived. They talked about it every day, but Vicki wasn't sure if she wanted another man sleeping in her house: living with them, eating with them, becoming a part of the family. John told her not to worry, everything would work out fine—and besides, they'd be so busy in the field that she would hardly ever see them.

It was late morning, and Vicki was in the garden, picking her long row of peas. She had filled two five-gallon pails and was carrying them up to the house to shell in the shade of the back porch. She would spend the rest of the afternoon there, shelling them into a dish pan, losing herself in the rhythm, letting her mind wander with the dull *plop, plop* of peas on peas. Perhaps she would convince her kids to help her, threaten them into helping, then listen to them banter back and forth. The shells would go to the pigs, and the kids could do that, too. Then maybe the girls would gather raspberries before supper—the tiny fruits grew so thick that the tops of the branches strained, begged to be picked. After supper, she would blanch the peas, pack them in plastic bags and stack them in her freezer for the cold

days in January. Summer didn't seem nearly so far away when you had garden peas to eat.

She heard him before she saw him. He roared into the yard, and his truck sounded like he spent long, loving hours working under the hood. The door slammed and as he emerged from the dust, he saw her in the garden—heaving the pails to the house. He was older than she expected, not John's age, but neither was he a boy. He smiled at her, looked right in her eyes, and she put the pail down to shake the hand he offered, rough and large around hers.

"You must be Vicki," he said. Taking the pails from her, he followed her to the house. She felt his eyes through her cotton skirt, exploring the curves of her brown legs, the back of her exposed neck. He set the pails down and asked where John was.

"Oh, he should be home anytime now," she told him. "Why don't you get your things and I'll show you where you'll be sleeping." He went back outside. She watched him through the window as he walked to the pick-up.

His legs were long and lean, probably sinewy under his faded Levi's. His ass reminded her of a perfectly rounded coconut, split in half and placed side by side. She imagined the feel of her fingers digging into his tender flesh as he strutted to the truck. As if hearing her thoughts, he turned—his eyes toward her, taking in the curve of her breasts as they strained against her summer dress, then holding her eyes for a moment before completing the task. She was left breathless at the window.

John drove up, ready to eat his lunch, and the men sat at the table sizing each other up like two male dogs. She fixed sandwiches and listened to their conversation. The kids slowly came out of their hiding places—a little shy, mostly

nervous. The youngest boy first and then the two older girls. The stranger put them at ease right away, teased them a little. They helped him carry his things downstairs, each of them wanting to show him the way, tell him their names and how old they were. They ate their lunch, and when he'd finished, he thanked Vicki for the meal, excused himself and went down to unpack.

He got to know them, learned what they expected from him. He knew his way around a farm and wasn't intimidated by any of the machinery. In fact, he was a natural. They had no reason to complain. But something about him was unsettling to them both.

John said he didn't like the earrings the man wore in each of his ears. He would whisper to Vicki in the dark of their bedroom, the man must be some kind of closet punk-rock. Vicki had never seen a man with *both* ears pierced—not up close anyway—but she knew she felt more like a woman than she had ever felt when he looked at her the way he did.

She would watch the two of them talking at the kitchen table while they were having their coffee, and the man was always smiling. Not a real, out-front, on-your-face smile, but a hidden one, lurking somewhere behind his lips and eyes. John said he didn't like the man's attitude, but it was too late in the season for them to find another hand. Her husband made the best of it, finding jobs where the two of them wouldn't have to work together.

He reminded Vicki of someone, but she couldn't put her finger on who. She didn't say anything to John about it, no sense getting him all worked up. It wasn't how the man looked or his manner, but there was something—and it bothered Vicki, worried her as much as it turned her on.

Then, one afternoon, while washing the lunch dishes, she looked out the kitchen window and there he was, walking up from the barn after feeding the calves. She wanted to move away from the sink before he caught her looking at him, but something kept her there, glued to the window, hands immersed in soap-suds. He met her eyes and stopped. After holding her in his gaze for long seconds, he smiled—a low, knowing smile—and it sent her back.

She had just graduated from secretarial school, ready to start working. There weren't many jobs, but she didn't

want to give up and go back to the farm. Her family expected it of her, were waiting for her to return. Every day she picked another law office from the phone book, called to make an appointment, saying she wanted to see the senior partner, never telling the receptionist she was an inexperienced legal secretary looking for work. Her luck was running low—the trick wasn't working.

She was sitting in her tiny room—the one she called a bachelor's suite. The rent was due and she had just scraped the bottom of the peanut butter jar, when one of her instructors called. Keates and Jamison's, a small law firm right downtown, was looking for a new secretary and they wanted the grad with the highest overall grades. Did she want the job? She was at the office before 8:00 the next morning, freshly pressed, polished, her hair pulled neatly in a bun.

***She knew she felt
more like a
woman than she had
ever felt when
he looked at her the
way he did.***

She was so nervous she could hardly stand it. Her marks had been high in school, but that meant nothing when you had no experience. The last secretary was on maternity leave, so the job was only temporary, but it was made very clear to Vicki that if her performance were exemplary, they would find her a permanent position. The firm was small but well respected. She was to be Ken Jamison's personal secretary. He seemed so old to her then, but looking back she knew he couldn't have been more than 35. A slight man with dark, thinning hair, not someone you'd notice, but there was something about him. Vicki sensed it right away.

It was all business at first; Vicki wasn't even sure that he noticed her, that he knew what color her eyes were, but when she started to wear her hair down, he started to pay attention.

At first he would lean closer than he needed to, and she would feel the heat from him and make her body still, trying not to react or pull away. He started to touch her, casually at first—a brush on the hand as she handed him coffee, his fingers light on her shoulder, him stand-

ing behind her as she sat at her desk. Then one day his hand slipped down from her shoulder to her breast, and when she didn't shrug it off, didn't pull away, he slipped it inside her blouse, her bra, felt her nipple harden, pinched it, circled around and around, sensing her need.

After that, he would be alone with her every chance he got. She couldn't have stopped if she'd wanted to—and besides, she didn't want to. Vicki never paid attention to the boys in high school, never had patience with their fervent groping, pimply faces, sweaty smell. There were plenty of offers, but none that interested her, and when she was in secretarial school, she was so busy trying to stay on top of the work, she didn't have time.

Ken Jamison was different. She knew he was married; that was clear to her right from the start, and it didn't matter to either of them. He knew what he wanted and he wanted *her*, couldn't keep his hands away from her. A man, not a boy, and so exciting that soon Vicki was thinking about him, dreaming about him all the time.

They started to work late—at first just occasionally, then more often. Afterwards, they would usually go their separate ways, but one night, a Friday night when Ken's wife was out of town, they went to a bar that neither of them had ever been to, a bar where it was unlikely they'd meet anyone they knew. His wife's brother was there and they didn't see him until they were ready to leave.

He had been watching them the whole evening. He saw them kiss, saw Ken's teeth nip the petals of her lips, saw Ken slip his hand up her skirt, knew he had by the look he read on Vicki's face. They were caught. It had been just a matter of time, and she wasn't surprised when it happened or when they fired her. She went home then, back to her parents' farm, and a year later, she was married to John—steady, hard-working and 10 years older than she. She put the whole experience out of her head, hardly ever thought about it, but when she looked at this hired man, when he smiled at her, it was as if he could feel her desire, her need. Like Ken, he could somehow see it in her face.

She did up his laundry for him. He brought it to her in a pile on wash day, and as she sorted it in with her own family's washing, the smell of him rose from his soiled clothes and filled her head. She

would fold his clean, line-dried clothes, stack them in the laundry basket and take them down the steps to the basement. After unloading them onto his unmade bed, she would linger there longer than she needed to, finger the crumpled blankets, smooth the bottom sheet with her hand, and once, before she realized what she was doing, she pressed her face into the pillow, still flattened by his sleep, and rested it there. She thought of him first thing in the morning as she lay beside her husband. Oh, the things she thought about him when her mind, still hazy with sleep, hadn't censored itself.

She could feel his hot breath on her skin as his mouth explored her curves. Sliding her loose dress up over her hips, his tongue caressed the sensitive spot where her legs joined her body, sending shivers of anticipation to the very center of her. His black eyes probed hers for a moment, then returned to his task as he gently moved the pink panel of her cotton panties aside with his work-worn fingertips. The cool air chilled her as he parted the steamy, wet folds of her sex. Then his lips descended...

"Pass the jam, would you?" She snapped to attention.

At breakfast, with her family sitting around the table, she tried not to look at his hands. She was fine if she didn't look at his hands buttering his toast, his fingers—long and dark. Then, as if to drive her mad, he would put his fingers to his mouth, one by one, and lick off jam and crumbs with his tongue.

...And her head lolled backward in the sensation of his tongue devouring her sweet cream. "Vicki, you're even more delicious than I'd imagined," he murmured as his lips closed over the throbbing cluster of nerves hidden in her core. His rough hands caressed her thighs, easing into the backs of her knees, urging her to recline in the flowers and allow him to take her.

She could hear herself gasping and feel her body shudder as his serpent positioned itself at her opening. Her body was opening like a flower to his ministrations. His teeth clinked against her delicate gold earrings and his arms held her as the perfume of the hollyhocks enveloped them....

"What's the matter, honey? You look flushed. Are you feeling OK?"

She looked to her husband, then to her dark fantasy lover. One face painted with concern, the other smiling ever so lightly. A knowing smirk. *He knew what she had been thinking.*

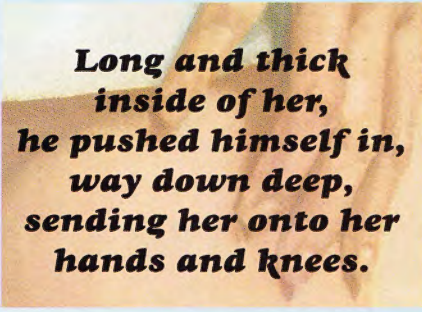
"Just a little tired is all," she replied a bit too quickly, then busied herself with

the dishes until they left.

She tried to keep her face and actions neutral, practiced in the mirror, tried to ward it off, hoping he would ignore her hungry look. He never made any advances, never did anything that could be construed as sexual. He didn't have to.

She started waking in the middle of the night, thinking about the way he looked walking away from her, the way he followed her with his eyes when she was putting supper on the table, the look of his face as he washed for a meal, splashing water, running it through his dark hair, slicking it away from his face.

She loved her husband, *she was sure of it*, but lately John's hair turned from brown to black when his head was between her legs in the night. Her only comfort was that it would soon be harvest. When it was over, they wouldn't need the man any more. As it was, John was



**Long and thick
inside of her,
he pushed himself in,
way down deep,
sending her onto her
hands and knees.**

swathing the wheat and he left the man in the yard, servicing the combine.

She could hear him now, as she sat in the flowers, untouched by the first killing frost. She could hear the whine of the air wrench and the heavy clash of metal against metal. And if she closed her eyes—in the protection of the hollyhocks—she could see him working. She could see the flex and bulge of his naked arms as he worked with the heavy pieces of steel, his brown chest, bare in the hot August sun, covered only by the tops of his bib overalls, chest hair curling out the sides of the straps. And when he lifted his arms, she'd see that great mat of curling dark hair—so obvious—and she wanted to press her face into it, smell his scent. It was the scent he shed in her house, that lingered in the room after he left it; the scent that made her moist and sticky between her legs.

She felt his touch on the back of her hair, his hands lifted the heavy ponytail off the nape of her neck, his mouth pressed there, gentle at first, sending a wave of heat throughout her body. His teeth nipped the soft skin just by her ear. She wasn't surprised at his advances. She had felt his eyes, every

day, watching her. Knowing her.

He reached down, and with one quick movement, her shirt was on the ground beside her, then her bra, and she felt the breeze caress her nipples. He cupped her breasts in his hands and—with his thumbs and forefingers—rolled each nipple until she pushed herself high to her knees, arching her back away from him, stretching her arms above her head, locking them in his hair. His mouth was still on her neck, and she could smell him, all sweat and sunshine.

With fingers still plucking her nipples, he reached his other hand down and pushed her skirt up on her thigh, searching gentle skin, touching, until he found the wet place seeping through her panties. Long, dark fingers smoothed down her belly, then slipped into her panties through the elastic at the top. Parting the matted cover of hair, he found the place to push his finger. When he felt how ready she was, how wet she was, he put in another finger, then another, slowly at first, testing, waiting until she rocked herself against him. His thumb was hard, flicking back and forth, back and forth.

She moaned and writhed in his hands. Ever so slowly, he pushed up her skirt at the back, and she felt him rub against her buttocks, hard under his overalls. Without taking his hand from inside of her, he slid her panties down to her knees. She heard the crunch of his zipper. Felt him against her back, searching, probing. He replaced his fingers with what she truly craved.

Long and thick inside of her, he pushed himself in, way down deep, sending her onto her hands and knees. He covered her back with his belly, plunged into her hard, again and again. Took a hand from her breast, reached down and found her button—swollen, throbbing. He held her there, rubbed her there until she fell down into her own spiral. She felt the tightening in her belly and her legs, and he pushed into her faster now and faster and harder.

She heard a sound.

Footsteps on the dry, late summer grasses. She pulled her hand from beneath her skirt, quickly trying to tug the T-shirt down, straightening it over her breasts.

The hired man stood there at the top of her garden. He caught her in the last blooms of the summer, her skirt hiked high, bunched over hips. He caught her as she covered her breasts, her nipples. Holding her eyes, he smiled.

J.M. de Moissac is a fiction writer from the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. This is her first work for PLAYGIRL.

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"I had a one-night stand two months ago—and now

BY JOY DAVIDSON, Ph.D.

A little... Or A Lot?

Q My live-in lover is a 32-year-old man with a healthy libido and he's my only steady partner. Some friends and I were recently discussing our sex lives, and I found out that most of their men spurt five or six times during orgasms, but I've noticed that my man's ejaculations are usually no more than two or three spurts. How much sperm is released during the average orgasm? Does it matter how many times a man spurts? Does more come equal more pleasure?

A Ejaculation is a physical response to the increased muscular tension built up during sexual arousal. It occurs when a series of pelvic contractions propel the seminal fluid, which has gathered in the urethra, out through

the tip of the penis. Depending on the intensity of the contractions, semen might burst forth in a series of spurts, or simply ooze out. A man's age, the length of time since his last ejaculation and his health can affect the amount and force of the ejaculate. Generally, an ejaculation produces about a teaspoon of semen.

The amount of fluid released, or the number of spurts, is by no means a measure of the degree of pleasure a man experiences. In fact, orgasm is not synonymous with ejaculation despite the fact that the two events usually occur at the same time. Orgasm refers to a sensory experience—an intensely pleasurable peak feeling. Ejaculation is merely a physiological process. In the strictest sense, a man can orgasm without ejaculating and can ejaculate without having an orgasm. In other words, the man who comes *most*, doesn't necessarily come *best*.

Mr. Softee

My boyfriend and I are in our 30s. We've been together about four years. When I fondle him or give him head, he gets hard and can reach orgasm easily. The problem is that anytime he attempts to penetrate me, he goes soft immediately. Needless to say, this is very frustrating.

I'm glad that he always makes sure I reach orgasm in other ways, but let's face it: I want to be fucked! What's the problem here? Is it fixable? Please don't suggest therapy because I know he will not go. He's very inhibited and reserved. Help me!

Failures to get and maintain an erection feed on themselves—the more a man tries and falters, the more anxious he becomes at the prospect of having intercourse. The more anxious he is, the more difficult it is for him to get hard. To add to the pressure, he knows that by now you anticipate his failure: you both expect it. After four years, your boyfriend has probably accumulated so much fear and trepidation that it's surprising he still attempts to penetrate you at all.

Your problem is fixable, but an entirely new approach is needed. First off, it's imperative to break through the web of disappointment and frustration that you're trapped in. Of course you want to get laid, but you have to stop trying so hard. In fact, I suggest you give up your attempts at intercourse alto-

gether—for now. Then, *do* consider sex therapy. I know—you say your boyfriend won't accept it because he's inhibited. His reservations about sex are most likely a part of the problem, and therapy would help him deal with the sex-negative thought pattern and moral prohibitions that probably led to his original failure to perform. A therapist could also work with you as a couple. He or she would prescribe "homework" that's carefully designed to build his sexual confidence and make satisfying intercourse possible.

If therapy is absolutely out of the question, I'd like to suggest a book: *The New Male Sexuality* by Bernie Zilbergeld, Ph.D. (Bantam, 1992). The book is written by a man, for men. As a result, it is non-threatening and highly sympathetic to the pressure and complexities of male sexuality. Chapter 24 focuses entirely on non-medical erection problems and outlines a series of masturbation and couple exercises similar to those used within the context of sex therapy. The key to the process is to agree not to have intercourse until your partner is sure of his ability to maintain an erection. Each successive exercise is intended to reduce the couple's anxiety and develop the man's comfort with, and reasonable control over, the ups and downs of arousal. Believe me, this kind of program can work miracles if you commit yourselves to it.

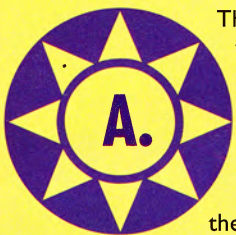
with a co-worker I'm pregnant!..."

Is It His?



My husband and I have been trying to have a baby, but I couldn't get pregnant. He wouldn't go to an infertility specialist, but did admit that in the past he has suffered from *epididymitis*. My doctor did not find any problems with me.

Two months ago, I had a one-night stand with a co-worker. Now I'm pregnant and fear that it is the other man's baby. Do you think it's a coincidence? Do you think my husband is infertile? I'm 28 now and it's taken me four years to get pregnant. What should I do?



There's certainly no way I can know whose baby you're carrying—but the facts speak for themselves. Anyone looking at the evidence would probably conclude that a "coincidence" is, at best, unlikely.

Epididymitis, an inflammation of the portion of the testicle where the sperm matures, does not always cause infertility. When improperly treated, *epididymitis* can lead to an infection called *orchitis*, which may cause infertility. Without testing, it's impossible to know if your husband was permanently affected by the infection, or whether he is infertile as a result of another condition altogether.

You've placed yourself in a serious predicament by having an unprotected one-night stand. I wonder if you took this risk in the secret hope that the pregnancy you longed for would result. If so, you've gotten your wish, but it is surely no blessing.

Should you tell your husband? You could just presume the child is his, without ever saying a word about the other man. There's always a chance that the truth will leak out. You could reveal the truth now and hope he'll understand. Only you can know, or come close to accurately guessing, how he would react. I have to assume there is already some tension in your marriage or you wouldn't have had an affair—in which case it's hard to imagine your husband embracing the idea of another man's child.

You might discuss genetic testing with your doctor. If the child turns out to be your husband's, you can rejoice. If not, your dilemma remains.

The choices you're facing are daunting. Secrets usually come out, one way or the other. Even when they remain hidden, their presence stands in the way of intimacy. Only you can measure the cost of honesty or deception and choose your own path. Good luck.



Tightening Up



I am a 32-year-old woman with several children. My problem is that my vagina is no longer tight and I feel I'm unable to please my partner.

I've read about Kegel exercises and I've been doing them for months with no result. It's making me very unhappy—not to mention my partner's unhappiness. He's never complained—but I know he struggles to climax. Is there something that can be done medically or surgically to tighten my vagina?



There are a number of issues to confront before leaping at surgical solutions. Are you sure your partner's struggle to come is because of the slackness of your vagina? There are many reasons why a man might have difficulty achieving orgasm. Women are much too quick to take the blame for anything that goes sexually awry. I have hunch that's exactly what you're doing.

You may have faulty expectations about Kegel exercises. They don't actually make your vagina tighter, but they can teach you to tense your muscles around your partner's penis during sex to create more friction.

Are you excited enough when he penetrates you? When a woman is fully aroused, the outer third of her vagina narrows, while the inner two-thirds balloons open. Perhaps you need added foreplay in order for your vagina to narrow sufficiently. Let him know what pleases you, and don't do him any favors by having intercourse just because he's ready.

Visit your gynecologist to assess your vaginal muscle tone and check to see if there's been any damage to pelvic muscles or tearing of the vaginal opening during childbirth. In most instances actual damage can be surgically corrected—often by plastic surgeons who specialize in vaginal repair and reconstruction.

Joy Davidson, Ph.D., is a therapist, author and creator of the award winning video series *Secrets of Making Love To the Same Person Forever*.

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AUGUST

The Leo Woman as Seductress—Your smile brings men to their knees, which is just where you want them. Dominating the powerful, rich and macho comes naturally to you. Your M.O. is to dress up, throw yourself in the victim's path and wait. Even if you don't do a thing, he'll have to notice you. Then, if he gives Ms. Leo-Goddess-Diva his unquestioning adoration, you will remain emotionally (if not physically) faithful to him.

Seducing the Leo Man—Being desired is a big turn-on for the Leo man. He doesn't need love, he needs worship, so reverently lick every inch of his body, then beg for his cock. If you lose interest halfway through and fake an orgasm, he won't notice the difference. To make him yours forever, convince him that you used to be frigid, asexual, a nun or a lesbian, because Mr. Leo wants to believe that there were *never* any other men in his woman's life.

Celebrity Leos: Mick Jagger, Robert Redford, Madonna, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Whitney Houston, Melanie Griffith, Robert De Niro.

LEO JULY 23-AUGUST 23

Sublimating sexuality into work doesn't help unless you share an office with Lucky Vanous. Besides, the authors of sex manuals know less about your libido than you do. Try a different approach. Figure out what it takes to make flirting more intense. During a lustful encounter, note what pleases him and you, then make sure to do it again the next time.

VIRGO AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 23

Learning how to relate to men is difficult for any woman, but just because you say the wrong thing to a cute guy once does not mean you'll grow old alone. Forget about "getting somewhere" with a relationship and simply enjoy the moment. However, if you get an impulse to make the first move on the 25th, do it!

LIBRA SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Mom and Dad didn't have a perfect relationship, so stop using them as a standard. You're going to have to work out the love/sex thing for yourself. Your present impatience with male stupidity makes this a good month to confront men who use you as a doormat, but don't be surprised when they fight back.

SCORPIO OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

This month, your mouth is your hottest organ. Phone fantasy and deep flirting provide an outlet for submerged desires. Though you may feel shy on the 25th, don't stay home. The new moon that night will help expand your social horizons, so take advantage of her support while you can.

SAGITTARIUS NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 21

Not all guys are alike, just the ones you date. Break the pattern. No man can match that special fellow from your past, but many have something unique of their own to offer. The 25th will bring insight into building the kind of relationships you want. The rest is up to you.

CAPRICORN DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 21

Feels like your personality has evaporated, doesn't it? No man understands a word you say, yet they all expect you to give, give, give. Don't be afraid of guys, but don't think you owe them something just because they find you attractive. Assert yourself with pretend-confidence even if you don't have the real thing.

AQUARIUS JANUARY 22-FEBRUARY 19

There is desire and there is compulsion, but recognizing which forms of sexuality are natural to you is hard since most partners have their own agendas. A slow, long, gentle encounter on the 25th can help you learn about your needs. If no man is available, set the time aside for self-love and fantasy.

PISCES FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

You fantasize a lot about Mr. Right whisking you away from drab daily cares into a thrilling future. After the 25th, when a man shows that he craves the very taste of you, you let the opportunity pass because you don't consider him a Prince Charming. Don't be so hasty to judge a book by its cover. This dude is a one-man heat wave, so reconsider!

ARIES MARCH 21-APRIL 20

You want tsunami-force orgasms with a man whose kisses probe your very soul, but all you're getting is a nice, garden variety fuck. He is trying to satisfy you, but your constant irritability makes it difficult. So next time you raise your voice, stop and think, *Am I really more angry than horny?*

TAURUS APRIL 21-MAY 21

Lately you've been thinking, *Men are such pigs, why don't I give up on them all together?* Late in August, against your better judgment, you rediscover the male body. Face it, there's nothing like feeling chest hair rubbing against your smooth breasts while a tongue explores your throat. If guys were the same as women, would they be so much fun?

GEMINI MAY 22-JUNE 21

No, you are *not* a sexual freak of nature. Everyone has those kind of fantasies, but few people are open about them. So enjoy your body, don't punish it (unless that's what turns you on). Someone you feel very safe with will ease your mind around the 25th and show you how routine conventional sex is.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22

He's cute, and physically it's working. You come, he comes—but something is missing. How can a man so perfect be such an uninspiring love object? You keep your mouth shut because you don't trust your feelings, but when you finally speak up at the end of the month, things improve.

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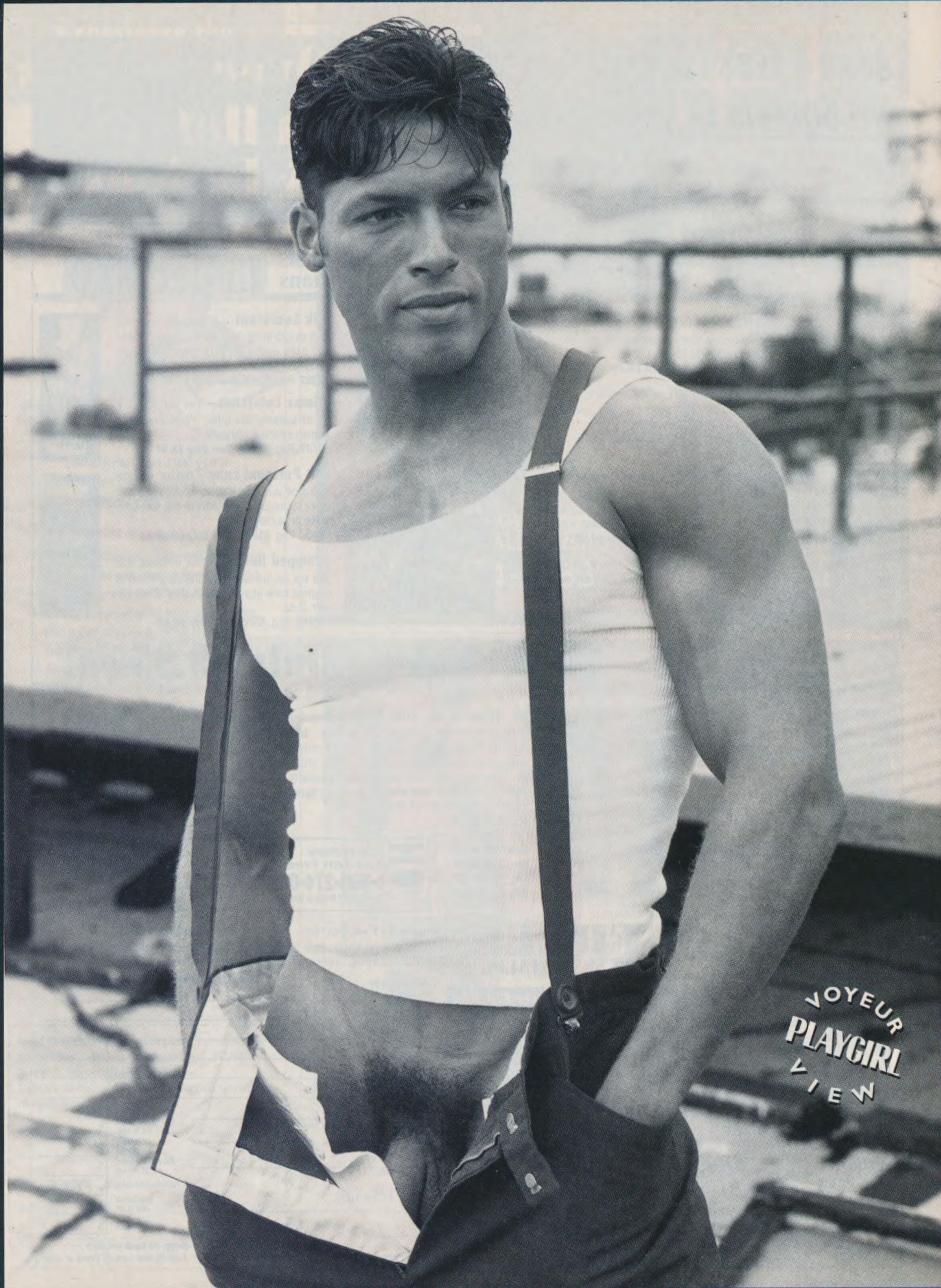
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VIEW



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The Need

A sultry afternoon, a lover's
burning passion....

*M*y sweet love....She was gone this morning with the early light, off on a trip that would take her across the ocean for many days. When I woke I found this note pinned to the pillow:

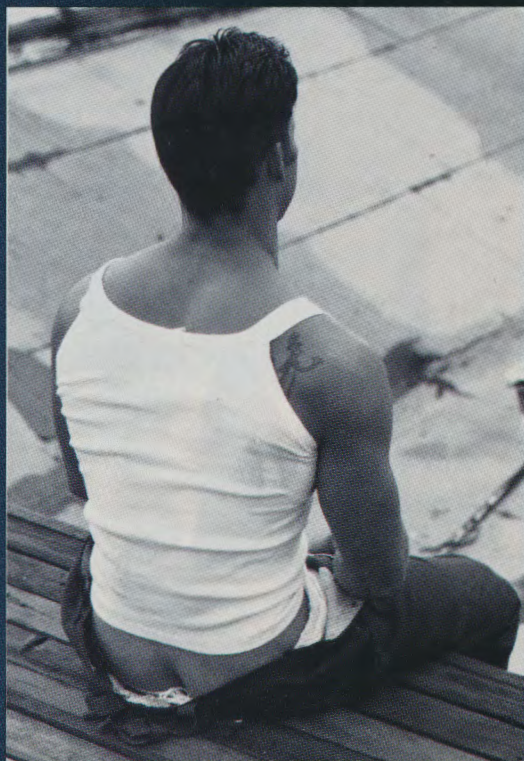
My darling—

*A forgotten history compels me to seek you out.
That form most precious,
liquid, sinew, muscle, flesh...
transformed by what clever alchemy from
human to divine?
Your body—torrid, untamed,
filled by an easy grace,
summons such ecstasy
from its secret home,
as I have only dreamed,
as I have never known.*

*We are not parted. You are with me always,
wherever I go.*

—Alicia

I went to the roof to shake off this feeling
which was beginning to overpower me...but
I could not escape.





I missed her already, with a sensation that raged like a hunger. Back in my room, the air hung close and thick with the promise of rain, enveloping me like a living thing. The hours wore on and the afternoon held me in its pulsing grasp, as the blood of desire hummed and throbbed, rising like a swarm in my veins.

All at once I remembered the night that Alicia and I had stolen up to the roof and made love under the stars. Closing my eyes, I could feel her, smell her, hear the soft, dove-like cries of her pleasure as my thrusting serpent plumbed her lush core again and again.





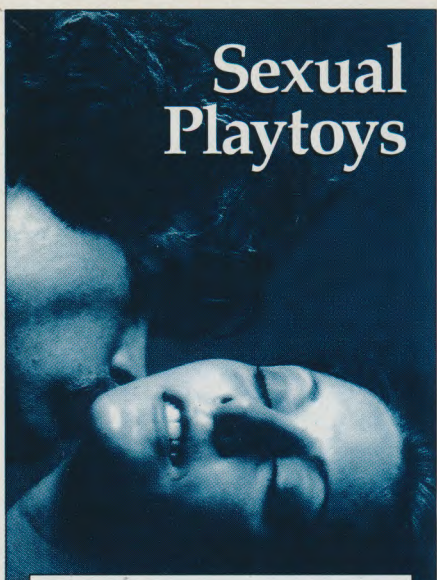




There was no putting her out of my mind now. I had to be released. Like a question that has but one answer, a story with a single ending, I needed to complete the circle of my desire. Alicia's face and form compelled me, urging me on. I could feel myself, buried deep and safe inside her, creating a universe of sensation ours alone...rocking, rocking to the ever-quickenning rhythm...and then I was home. ♥



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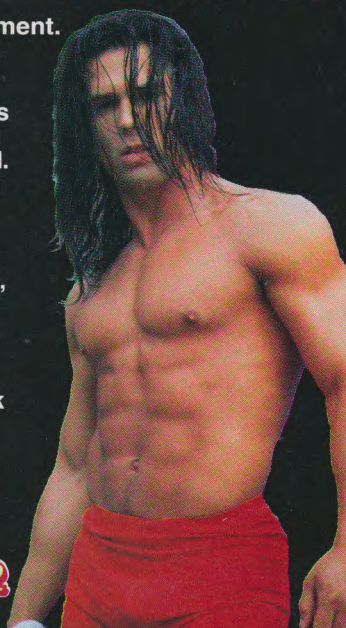
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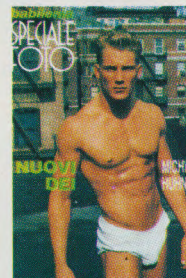
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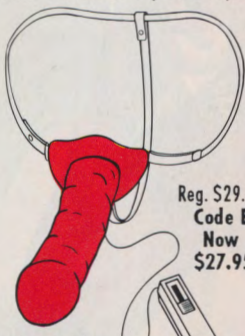


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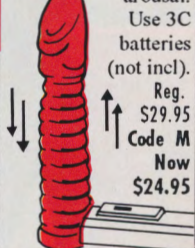
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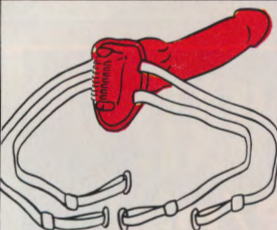
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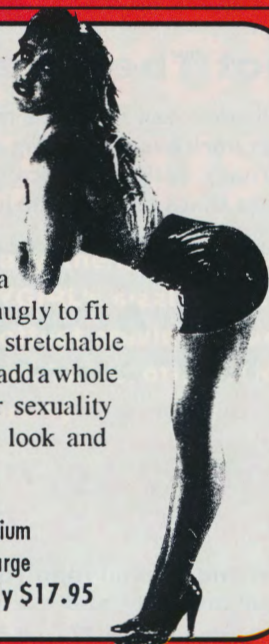
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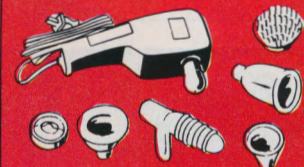
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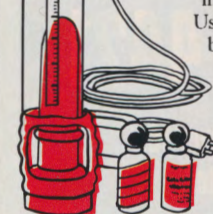
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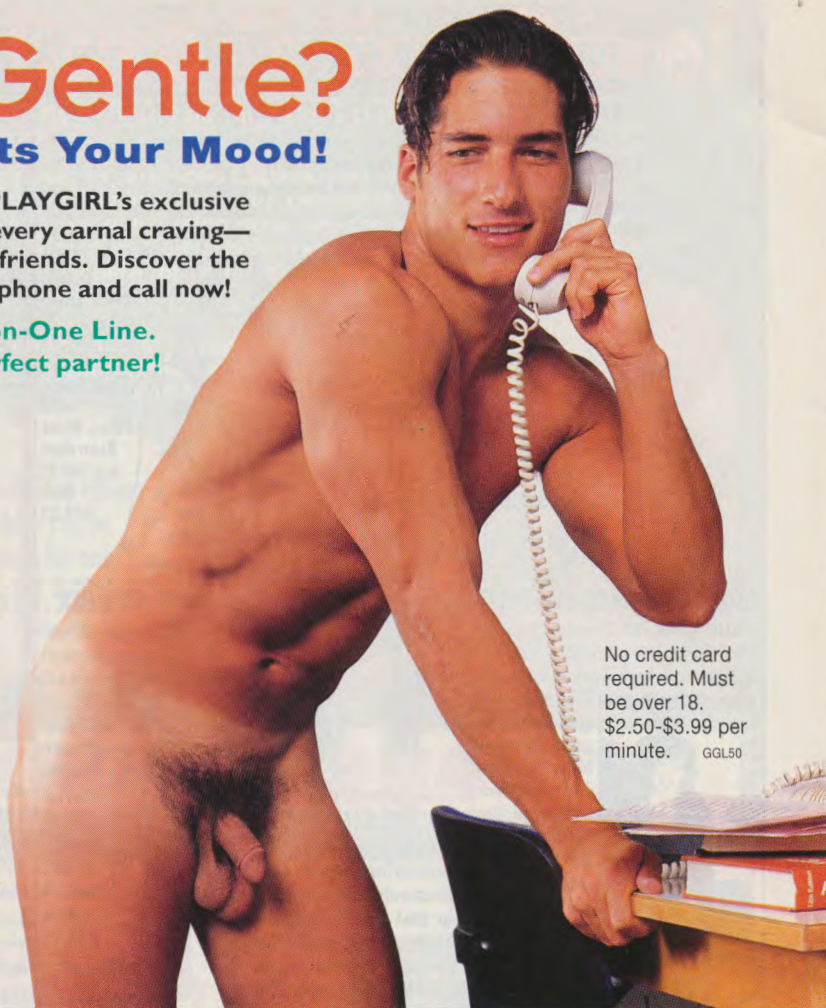
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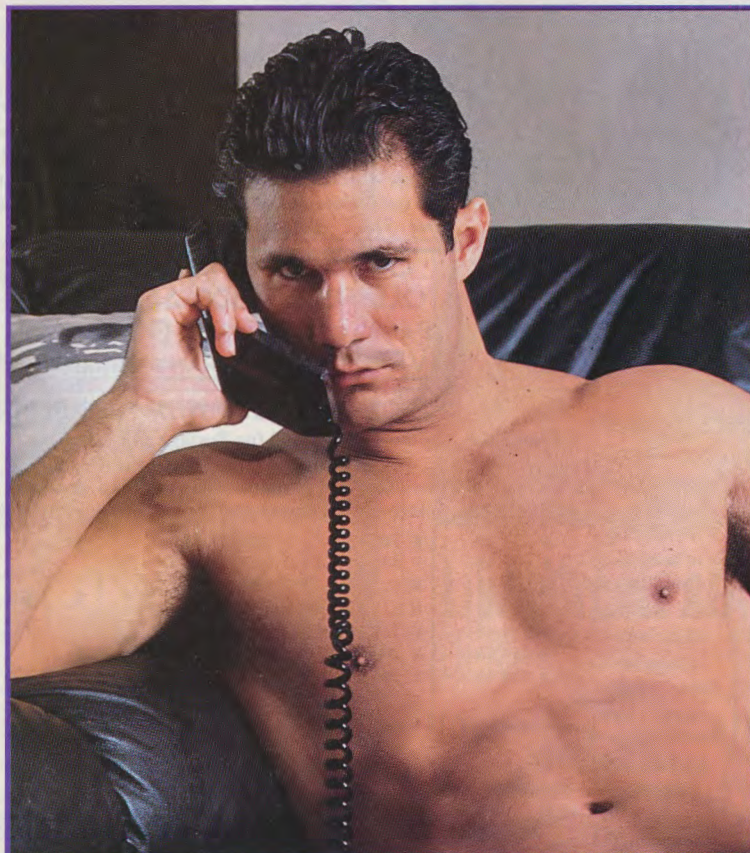
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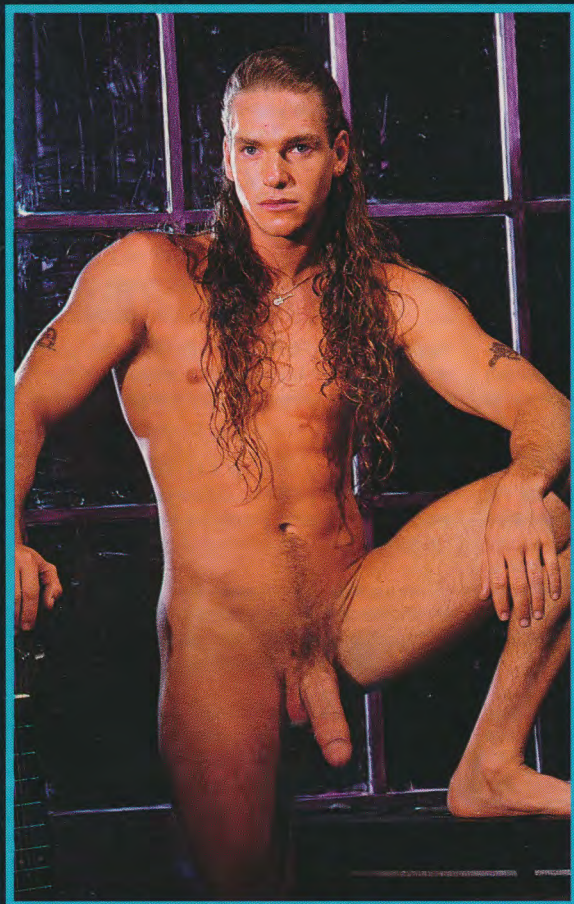
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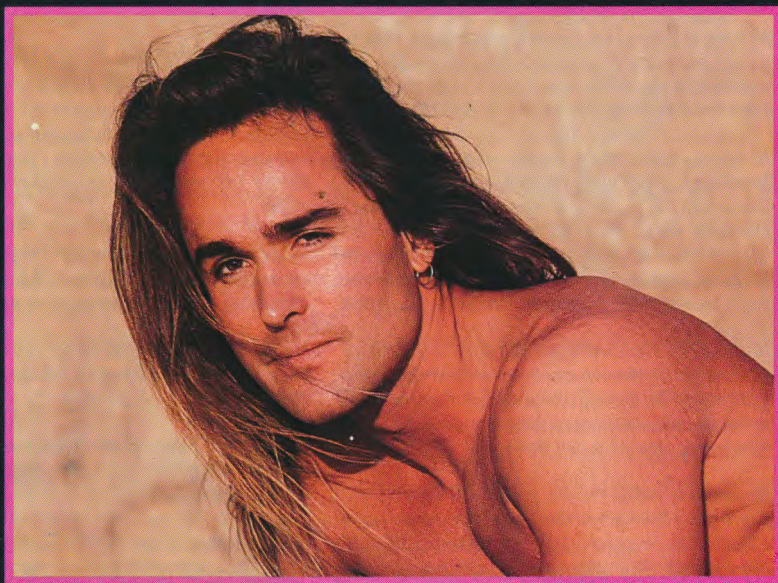
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My name is Mark. I'm 6'4. I weigh 215 lbs. I'm 43 years old. I have black hair, hazel eyes and I have a mustache, I also have a very big banana. I would like a woman 25 or older who likes to eat bananas and do other things. I'm very oral and I'm very long lasting. Please leave a message. Box #0630

Hi, my name is Ross. I live in the Lehigh Valley area. I'm 6'0", brown hair, brown eyes, and a hairy body. I'm looking for someone to talk to or get together with in the area. If you are interested leave a message. Box #0003

Hi. I'm just looking for phone sex. I'm 6'2", 205 lbs, masculine, and bi-sexual. Please call and I'll get back to you. Box #0110

Hi, this is Joe. I'm a white professional male. I'm 6'1", 35 years old, 175 lbs, and a nice build. I'm not into the bar scene and I'm straight acting. Leave me a message in my box. Box #0276

Hi, my name is Donny and I'm 29 years old. I'm 5'10, 180 lbs, brown hair, brown eyes. I'm Hispanic, white and Mexican. My hot loaded pistol is 7" and basically I'm looking for women all ages, race and size for great times in bed. Leave your number and I'll call you back. Box #0940

Hello if there's any single women out there this is Brian. I'm 6'1, 210, muscular, I have a really big pistol. Call me, I'm waiting women. Box #0016

Hi ladies, my name is John. I'm just now starting to get into phone sex, I'm a little inexperienced at it but I really like it. I really like ladies with large breasts, very good looking, age is not a factor. I myself am 22, 6', 170 lbs, brownish, blonde hair. Like I said, I love big breasted women but I like them proportioned. Leave a message in my box and I'll get back to you. Box #0092

Hello I'm Matt. I'm 5'8, well built, nice tan. I have a dick about 8 inches long when it's limp. I like hot kinky girls, especially brunettes. If you want to respond to me, leave your name and number in my box. Box #0678

My name is Curt. I'm 25 years old, 6'3, 200 lbs. I'm looking for lonely women who want to spice up their lives. We can get in touch by phone, mail, or possibly a sexual rendezvous. My biggest turn on is to fulfill a woman's desire and I'm very confident that I can fulfill yours over and over again. So, if you're horny and you need me, leave me a message. Box #0934

Hi, my name is Chucky. I live in Texas. I'm looking for someone who stays awake at night because they can't sleep and they get tired of stroking their banana. I can stroke it for you. If you're 50 or over and your banana isn't working I'm a good doctor. I can do it for you. Let's get together very soon. Box #0396

Hi, my name is Tony. I'm 22. I'm looking to meet someone between the ages of 18 and 30. If you are interested leave a message in my box. Box #0662

My loaded pistol is waiting for you. Leave a message in my mailbox and I'll get back to you. Box #0666

My name is Steve, I'm 22. I have a pretty nice body and I'd love to have sex with anyone. Leave me a message. Box #0677

Hi, my name is Ed and I'm looking for a woman from 19 up, race, age not important, married or single is not important either. To have a good time and enjoy each others company as well as anything else that comes up. You can reach me at my box. Box #1071

Hi sexy, my name is Jerry. I'm 18 years old, & play football. I have all kinds of hobbies I'm not going to mention. I hope to meet women with big breasts. I want to meet women who are willing to have sex if I want them to. I have brown hair, brown eyes. Call me at my box. Bye, sweethearts. Box #1126

Hello, this is Bill and I'm looking for a fine young lady that enjoys phone sex and something nice and safe like that or maybe getting together sometime. I'm 32 years old, about 6', about 185 lbs. Please give me a call. Box #1179

Hi, this is Frank. I'm a tall Italian, beard and mustache, good looking with a big banana. If you're interested, leave a message in my box. Box #1616

This is Andre. I'm a 22 year old black male that's looking for a sweet young tenant to interest my needs. Give me a call if you're out there. Box #1854

Hi, my name is Jason and I'm 25. I'm looking for some really hot phone sex. If you're interested, leave a message in my box or if you're interested in sexy letters, leave your address and I'll write you something that you'll never forget. Box #1975

My name is Steve. I'm 36, single white male. I'd like to meet ladies on the line, maybe get together for some good hot conversation. Give me a call. Box #2080

ANYTHING GOES

Hello I'm looking for two blonde, beautiful, busty, white females to have an orgy or something. This is gonna be my first time so I want it to be really good. Box #7377

Hello my name is Dan. I'm 5'11, 195 lbs, dark hair, brown eyes, very athletic. Sweat turns me on, I like a woman that likes to get hot. Leave a message and I'm sure I'll get back to you. Box #6618

Hi, my name is John. I'm looking for women heavily into masturbation, phone sex, toys. I like to take Polaroid's and videos. Give me a call and leave a number in my box. Box #5029

Hello I'm a 25 year old well built young man. However I'm still a virgin so I'm looking for a woman between the ages of 35 to 45 who would like to teach me the pleasures of being with a woman. I'm very well equipped and I really want to learn. Leave me a message. Box #4109

My name is Mike. I love to cross dress. I love oral and anal sex. If you are interested please leave me a message. Box #3717

This is Tom. I'm 19 years old and kind of new to this. I'm looking for someone who can be patient and teach me everything I need to know. All I have to offer is a seven and a half inch rod. I'm looking for a talented mouth to teach me things. Box #3248

Hi, my name is Steve. I'm a bi, white male. I'm 28 years old, 6'3", 220 lbs, blonde hair, and blue eyes. I'm looking for someone between the ages of 20 and 32 who is well endowed and who can fulfill fantasies and maybe show me the ropes. I have an athletic build. I'm looking for a good time. Hope to hear from you. Box #2803

Hi, my name is Dave. I'm 31 years old, 6'2", 195 lbs, blonde hair, and blue eyes. I have an athletic build. My favorite thing to do is wrestling in the nude or in a g-string. If you like to be close and feel my hot body and let me feel yours, give me a call. Box #1423

My name is Mike. I'm 5'10", 230 lbs, short black hair, blue eyes, trim beard. I'm a nudist and a shaver. I have a large loaded banana with all the coverings and a couple of coconuts to go with it. I'm into almost anything. I'm very versatile. Box #1269

Are you searching for a new experience, the ultimate turn-on? Then I've got what you need. Imagine meeting me. A well built, well hung, married man. I'll put on my sexy, red lingerie, garter belt, and panties and I'll be the hottest, dirtiest lay you ever had. I'm 5'9", muscular, and masculine. But I'll be wearing silky lace for you. You can do me if you like. Box #0728

Quiz

(Continued from page 71)

25 Roseanne—now *there's* a lusty, let's-mess-it-up lady after my own heart.

☐ True ☐ False

26 I get in the last word—even if I have to phone it in.

☐ True ☐ False

27 The famous slogan, "I'd rather be right than President," makes little sense to me.

☐ True ☐ False

28 I suffer a lot from headaches, hives and other stress-related symptoms.

☐ True ☐ False

29 Fighting almost always shows caring—why *else* would anyone expend all that energy?

☐ True ☐ False

30 I get bored very easily.

☐ True ☐ False

Scoring

Give yourself three points for each of the following statements to which you answered true: #2, 6, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 25, 26, 29 and 30. Now, give yourself three points for each of the following statements to which you answered false: #1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 17, 18, 20, 21, 24, 27 and 28. Total your score.

61 to 90 points: You're the First Lady of Feuds, the Doyenne of Disputes, the Queen of Quarrels! But beware that the fights that fuel your juices don't also fan the flames that can cause your relationship to crash and burn.

Perhaps you come from a high-drama home where flung vases, hurled words and slammed doors were the order of the day. If this sort of scenario went down in your family, it will feel familiar, comfortable, even comforting to you. And, because there is often much heartfelt emotion and genuine caring in even the most contentious clans, fighting can become subconsciously linked with love (indeed, it is indifference, not anger or even loathing, that is love's opposite). Being aware that you may be recreating the scenes you grew up with—but need not keep repeating—is the first step in breaking the pattern.

There's another linkage here—between fighting and sex. Both can be enormously

stimulating, satisfying and passionate. Small wonder that great battles can segue into great lovemaking!

But creating conflict or fueling fights to goose your love life can be risky business: Fights can get physical; words can also wound—sometimes irreparably; and then there's also that mood-shattering moment when the neighbor-summoned cops come to your door. Safer, saner and sexier alternatives: trying new, expand-your-boundaries sex toys and games; watching erotic flicks; and/or acting out fantasies.

31 to 60 points: You've got a realistic view of how couples communicate—that there are indeed thorns among the roses in even the lustiest love matches.

You're wisely aware that a few well-chosen words can nip a nuclear blowout in the making. Because you're secure in your relationship, you feel free to express yourself forthrightly. And, because you're secure within yourself, you have no trouble apologizing (when applicable, of course).

You don't romanticize or sexualize fighting—though you are aware of the pleasures of make-up lovemaking—nor do you use words to "one-up" your man.

Because it can occur in even the most smart and secure relationships, we'd only caution you to be wary of any breakouts of broken-record, repetitive bickering, which can signal that larger, underlying conflicts are being avoided. If a soul search and heart-to-heart indicate that's not the case, it may be that you're simply jousting for sport—no prob, as long as it doesn't become your sport of choice.

0 to 30 points: Let's face it, you'd rather do *anything* than fight. At root may be an underestimation of men in general and *yours* in particular. Only the most insecure men feel threatened by a strong, spunky lady. Just look at pop culture—the demure heroines of times past have long since been replaced by more flesh-and-blood "spit-fires" who ignite men's passions. Ditch the notion that anger is "unfeminine." This human trait knows no gender—and the idea that it did went out—with crinolines and little white gloves.

Sure, you'd rather make love than war—we're with you 100% on that—but sometimes less-than-sunny sentiments *need* to be expressed, lest they be transformed into real storm clouds. Be assured that the only time anger can really wreck love is when it's repressed. A prompt and honest expression of displeasure or dissent will not sabotage any worthwhile relationship. ♥

Girl Talk

(Continued from page 47)

We enjoyed their company very much, but sexually, we were completely incompatible. There is *no way* I can do a man with a 13-inch penis. *I can't do it!*

Couldn't you have fun without penetration?

It would never have worked. He wasn't pushy or rude or anything. He was a very sweet person. However, as part of swinging, the sex part was mandatory. We ended up doing the best we could with what we had to work with.

Which was really quite a bit....

Actually (laughing), it was like watching a very bad Lucy and Ricky movie, only X-rated! He tried to get in me and I'd inch up two feet. *He'd* move up two feet, then *I'd* move up two more! We kind of went round in circles across my husband and his wife, and as it turned out, he was like one of those "three-strokes-and-he's-done" guys. Steve and his wife were still going at it 45 minutes later. I was batting Steve on the head going, "Hey, come on! Finish! If he gets hard again, *you* take care of him!" So they finished up, we got out of the bed, we had coffee. Steve had a good time. She was having a ball. Here she's got a guy with a big penis who's a "three-stroker." Now, she's got Steve, who is an average size, but a great, *great*, long-lasting lover!

What's the wildest thing you and Steve had ever done?

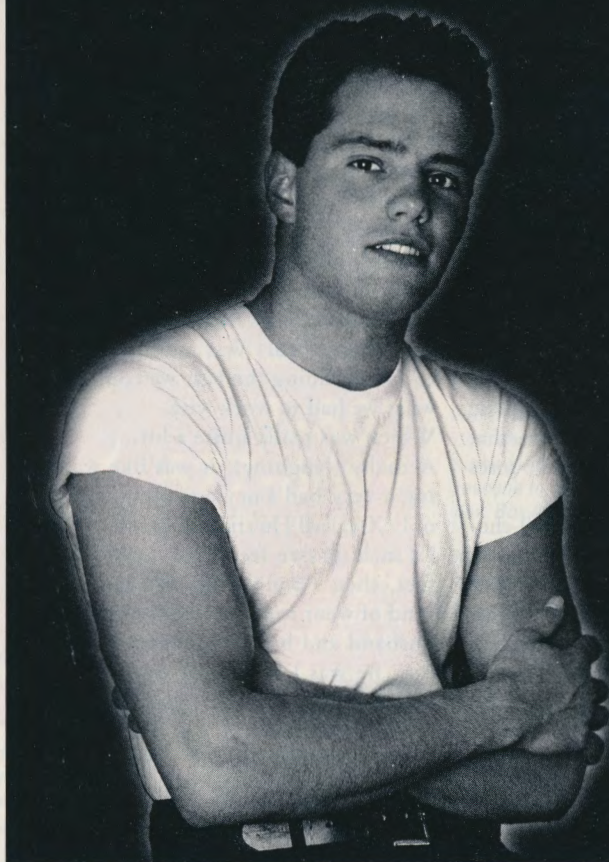
That would have to be "Sex on Wheels." (A chapter in her book in which six people partake in some seriously wild, *mobile* sex-play on one bed.) That was the only time in our lives that we've ever had more than four people on one bed.

How would you describe the phrase "regular swing partners?" Is it like a bridge club or something?

It really is. Pretty much so. You get together—whether it's once a month, once a week, once every two weeks—depending on your schedules.

Do you always have sex?

No! We have friends that we've known for five years. We get to see each other—maybe twice a month, maybe once every six months. We might have had sex with them a total of half-a-dozen times in the five years we've known them. The sex is a plus. The friendship is what you're looking for. If you can have sex with your best friend, you're way ahead of the game to begin with! ♥



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(Continued from page 45)

grow. I think that everything that happens, happens for a reason and helps you grow. **Are your orgasms more intense with someone you care about?**

There is no one definition of sex. The sex that I would have with someone who walked into a room and blew me away because of the way she looked or the way she dressed might not be passionate love-making, but it could definitely be passionate and intense sex.

Do you ever have sex like that?

Men have sex like that all the time. The big question is: Why is it so hard for men to fall in love? Men don't know what they want. They're still trying to distinguish what type of love they want, what type of sex they like. There's something overwhelmingly freeing about lust-driven sex. There's no sense of commitment or responsibility involved. There's nothing holding you to her, or her to you.

Do you believe women sometimes get involved in non-committal relationships, thinking it's under control, then find themselves in love?

Yes. That's why honesty is so crucial. If a woman's intentions change, she has to let it be known. But sometimes men want to hold on to it until the excitement is gone. In the process, they're only hurting her, because she's developed emotional ties.

In our society, we're afraid to stay in one place. People often want change, whether it's for better or worse. It's the case of the grass always being greener on the other side. I'd like to think that the greatest thing they're missing is what's right in front of them.

Do you believe that women should play hard to get?

The woman who holds out and says, "No, you can't have sex with me. I'm not going to give you that part of me," often kicks the man's ego in the butt. He feels she should be sexually attracted to him. So now he's going to work harder to prove to her—and to himself—that he can conquer her. While the woman is holding out, she should be trying to teach him the importance of what it is he wants to achieve. Hopefully, he'll learn why women place such importance on their sexuality.

Is a lot of this a matter of trust?

It seems like no one trusts anyone today. It's a shame.

Do you think that's why there's so much divorce?

I don't know why there's so much divorce. I just think there's ignorance. People are too busy trying to play the game and get ahead. They don't try to get to know themselves or each other. I believe a lot of people get married for the wrong reasons. It's become more of a business deal, combining the finances and incomes. I believe in true love and "till death do us part."

What impact did your parents' divorce have on you? Is that why you're so insightful about relationships today?

My parents' relationship had a lot to do with the way I look at things now. I was fortunate enough not to have to deal with the pain of the separation. I was too young. Then, the lifestyle with my mother was very liberal and strong minded.

How did she support you?

She's highly educated. She has a Masters in teaching and taught mathematics. She has also worked in various health care programs over the years. We moved back to the states when I was around seven years old.

Where had you been living?

I was born in Oakland, California, but when I was six months old, we fled to Denmark for family reasons. My father and mother were trying to maintain a very rocky marriage. They just had some things they needed to take care of for themselves, and in the process, they learned some other important things, like the fact that they couldn't stay together. My mother was born in Massachusetts and my father was a born in Alabama. He's a Rastafarian living in Hawaii now. But it was definitely my mother who raised me. She exposed me to things like drugs, sexuality, politics, whatever.

What do you mean by "exposed"?

She was very honest with me. She talked to me and made sure I was aware of the truth about everything. She put things in a light that I could understand as a child. When people went to jail, they weren't going on a vacation. They were going to a school to learn and understand where they went wrong.

I was also more aware. We lived in Denmark for two years, then in Bahrain, and in the Middle East for three years. We traveled to Ghana, Pakistan, Germany, England, Greece, Italy, the whole thing. I have pictures of me sitting on camels and standing with native Africans. I never had to live in the American system until I was

eight. I was exposed to different languages and different people. I wasn't worried about "nigger," "honky" and all that. That made no sense to me.

Tell me about your Rastafarian father.

(Laughs) My father seemed to find his peace through the Rastafarian religion. I don't know how closely he follows it, though. I've spent time with him sporadically throughout my childhood. When I was about 11, he moved to Japan. He had some differences with the U.S. power system. He was also very creative in his mind and heart, and he wanted to travel to educate himself. My father wasn't very educated through the school system, but he's been very educated through life. He's very street smart.

It certainly wasn't an Ozzie and Harriet childhood.

Not quite. When I was growing up, my mother had to work. I had to commute long distances from home to school and back. It was a pain in the ass for both my mother and me, but it taught me to fend for myself. My mother had to feel secure enough so that I could handle myself with strangers.

I would spend hours in the bus station, which gave me plenty of time for people-watching. It's almost like a hobby with me to this day. People fascinate me, and I think it's because of my experience as a kid. I like to figure out what's going on in their minds.

What do your ex-girlfriends have to say about you?

They'd say that Shemar's great on first impressions, but he'll never let you in. It's funny, because on the one hand I'm generous and wear my heart on my sleeve—I don't go in to a relationship with my defenses up. But if you walk out of my life, no matter how important you are to me, I'll get over it like nothing ever happened. There's no mourning. It's not something I necessarily like about myself, but sometimes I appreciate it because it's helped protect me.

What would you like to be doing 10 years from now?

Ten years from now, I'd like to have the same excitement I have for my job and my life. I'd like to be an established actor and be appreciated for the work I've put in. If I were a garbage man, I'd put forth my best and would want to be appreciated. If I were a schoolteacher, I would want those kids to really learn something. It's not about being praised or having people kiss your butt and tell you how good you are—it's about giving back in some way.♥

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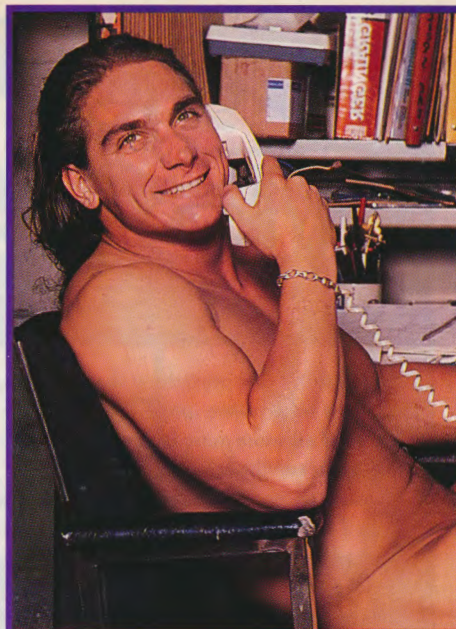
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The Probe

(Continued from page 11)

There I go, forgetting what publication I was talking to. (laughs) I've always been the guy who was pursued. I was never the pursuer. **Like when you asked for that change you didn't need?**

That was a rare occasion, and quite honestly, it's why I married her. I just chose not to partake in the mating ritual. If you meet someone and it's organic and you get along, that's one thing. But to go out and see if you like each other and then pretend to be somebody else for a couple of months to please them—I've never done that.

So scoring was never important to you?

Don't get me wrong. I've always had a great fondness for women. I'm really not bragging, but women would just come to me.

Are you a romantic?

I would really love to say that I was, but I'm not. It's not the right music on the stereo, chilled champagne and all that stuff. I just don't do that. I don't baby the ones I love. We talk about real things.

Describe the sexiest moment in your life.

That's a really hard one. God, it can't be raunchy because I'm married. And I can't talk about the time on the balcony....

Where was the balcony?

No, no! (Laughs) You're incorrigible. I'm beginning to think the first few questions were just foreplay.

Whatever gets you started, James.

OK. It was with my wife, of course. She was wearing an incredible negligee, and we had that little phrase we used with each other. I could feel the hair standing up on my arms. It was the most incredible feeling in my life. Two days later, we both regained consciousness. I don't remember a whole lot, but it must have been great.

If only the readers could see your deadpan expression and sly grin right now....How do you keep a healthy marriage going with everything that's around you?

I stay off the street. When you're involved with kids and stuff, your libido just naturally drops down. You close your eyes to things, and you sort of live in a falsely made world.

Do you have a particular philosophy in life that you hold on to?

It always comes back to working on yourself. One day, I was doing research on a character and I went to an AA meeting. The common denominator of all the people talking was that they felt lonely and inadequate. The felt like they were outside of the group and they couldn't get in.

One woman who got up to talk was hilarious. She'd talk really fast, then lay in the punch line, and the crowd was roaring. She just didn't realize how funny she was. She was of mixed parentage and was never accepted by blacks or whites. So she was always doing something outrageous to fit in. She had been sober for three years, and she's wonderful just the way she is.

I went home to my kids that night and said, "I want you to remember something for the rest of your lives." They were looking at me like I was nuts. I said, "Whenever anything gets rough, I want you to remember that your daddy says you are enough. You are all right with me no matter what you do." So many people need to hear that...that they're all right.

So are you, James. So are you....

—Charman Carl



(Continued from page 32)

Puppets were on tour with Soul Asylum) some girls who were hanging around the room wanted to take pictures of us," he says with a grin. "So Troy—our other guitar player—and I grabbed a camera, went into the bathroom and took some real nasty pictures....Some nights, girls would say, 'Can you get a picture of Dave Pirner for us?' So we'd take the camera backstage and take pictures of our dicks instead, then give the camera back to them."

He also has especially fond memories of a certain tour date in Oklahoma City. "There was a chain-link fence," he says, smiling. "At one point Troy came over to me, and he was pointing, saying, 'Look at that stuff!' There was a line of girls with their shirts up and they were poking their breasts through the fence....It looked pretty cool."

"Wasn't that distracting?" I ask.

"At that point," he replies, "if I'm going to stay serious about what I'm doing, I can't look at it too closely or I'll be making mistakes. It's human nature."

By now, we were up to our zillionth cup of coffee (mornings are not prime time for Meat Puppets), and I'm ready to pose the age-old, "Why we think musicians are hot" question: "So, if you're really good with a guitar, does that translate to..."

"My 'little function?' You mean am I good in bed? Oh, yeah. Definitely. I don't think there's any question about it. My girlfriend says I'm hot."

Somehow, I never doubted that for an instant. —JC

TYPE O NEGATIVE'S PETER STEELE

(Continued from page 59)

touching her face.

She's touching my face now. There would be a lot of touching. Like I said earlier, I would pass wine from my mouth to hers.

Does that have anything to do with all the blood in your lyrics? Blood is very sexual....

Blood is sexual. Blood is violent. Blood means something extreme to everyone.

It's life, isn't it?

And it's death. It can mean pretty much whatever you want it to mean. It's the ultimate symbol....But as far as the wine goes, it's a very sensual drink. It's sensual to give somebody wine from my mouth...as long as I've brushed my teeth within the last couple of hours. (laughs)

What is feminine to you?

High heels, skirts, not a lot of makeup, but some. It doesn't really matter if she wears makeup or not. It doesn't change her psyche. It just appeals to me. I like long hair. It doesn't always have to be long, but that's what I prefer.

There are some women who know how to smoke and some women who don't know how to smoke....

Do you smoke?

No. I think that smoking is an extremely feminine thing. When I see men smoke, it's very effeminate to me. It's like a man walking around with a dildo in his mouth. It's the same thing.

What about kissing women who smoke?

Sexually speaking, I like to watch women smoke. It's very sensual. If I'm going to kiss a woman who smokes, it's probably because I'm attracted to her, first off, and the act of smoking just augments that. So even though I don't like the taste, I can overcome it.

So, when I go back to my office to write your "as told to PLAYGIRL" fantasy, I'm going to have to have this high-heeled babe in latex in the middle of the forest smoking a cigarette.

That's pretty much it.

So, one more time, tell our readers what your ultimate sexual fantasy would be.

An old mansion in the dead of winter, in front of a huge fireplace, on a bearskin rug, surrounded by a circle of black candles...just having foreplay for hours. I would be working my way along her body from top to bottom—extremely slowly—over the course of days maybe...until she passes out.

From pleasure or exhaustion?

Pleasure....or maybe lack of food. (laughs) ♥

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Signature: _____

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PLAYGIRL (ISSN 0273-6918) (USPS 560-210)
AUGUST, Volume 23, No.3. Published monthly by
PLAYGIRL Inc., 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY
10017 in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at
New York, NY and additional mailing offices. This
issue published in national and separate editions.
PLAYGIRL, INC. certifies that this matter contains no
visual depiction of actual sexually explicit conduct.
PLAYGIRL INC., PLAYGIRL, AUGUST, 1995, date of
production: May 31, 1995. Any records publisher
is by law required to maintain are located at 801
Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

PLAYGIRL, INC. ADDRESS ALL SUBSCRIP-
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I, the undersigned, hereby warrant that I am over 18 years of age. I have seen and read PLAYGIRL magazine and am familiar with its content. I have freely posed for the enclosed pictures, which I understand are submitted for consideration for PLAYGIRL's "Real Men" pages and may lead to publication in that magazine. If any pictures of me are chosen by PLAYGIRL as one of its monthly winners, in exchange for valuable consideration paid to me, I, in my own behalf and on behalf of my estate, grant to and release to PLAYGIRL, and those acting with its permission, the right and permission to use, re-use, publish and re-publish, in any form deemed appropriate, the photographic pictures of my likeness in conjunction with my name. In the event any action is brought by me or any third party concerning the use of photographs and name, I hereby agree to save PLAYGIRL harmless. I have read the foregoing release and understand it fully before signing.

RULES FOR ENTRY

Send in very clear color prints or slides (nude shots will have the best chance of being published), a completed model release signed by both the Real Man and photographer, a short bio with the model's stats, hobbies and favorite things, a photocopy of his driver's license or passport (for proof-of-age purposes) and a self-addressed stamped envelope, to "Real Men," PLAYGIRL, 801 Second Ave, New York, NY 10017. Polaroids are not acceptable.

TO BE COMPLETED BY MODEL

Model's name _____ Date _____
Address _____
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Telephone (_____) _____
Social Security Number _____
Signature _____

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Photographer's Name _____
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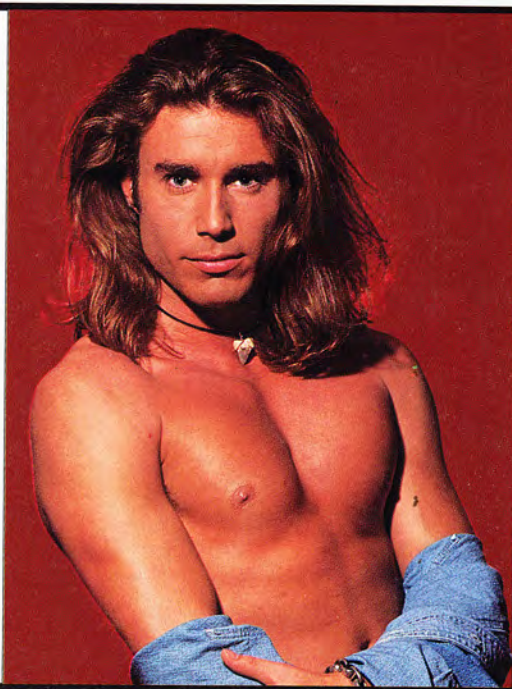
Coming Up

in September



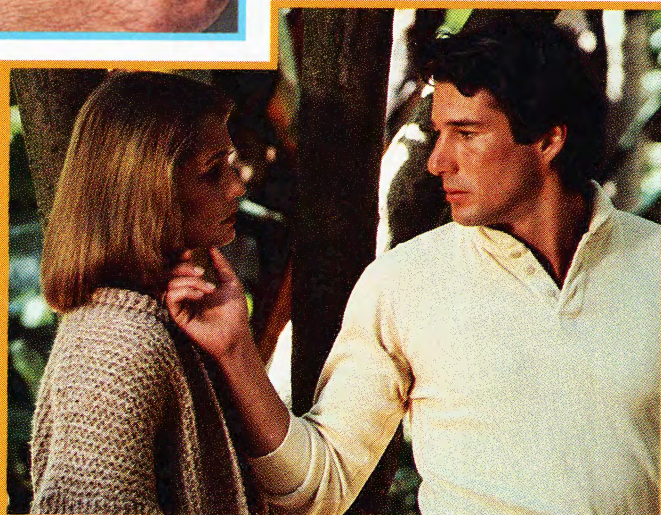
How many times have you listened to the deep, sexy voice of **Barry White** while making love? Get ready for some *real* ear candy as PLAYGIRL slips between the sheets with Barry for his most **intimate** interview to date. Find out what motivates this R & B Casanova to compose and communicate through the tunes that inspire people to make beautiful music *together*....

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